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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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COUNTRY.

1798.

43526

43526

CONTENTS OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE TOY.
THE CZAR PETER.
THE LONDON HERMIT.
THE IRISH MIMICK.
TANTARA-RARA.
THE BIRTH DAY.
A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

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THE TOY;

OR,

THE LIE OF THE DAY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1788.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. MIDDLETON.

WHO wrote this play ſome might be glad to know,
And why a ſecret---I'll attempt to ſhew---
A certain youth, his name---no matter what,
Reſolv'd to try if he could act or not,
And to be ſeen by all, by none be known,
Fixt on this project to deceive the town.
Cautious, or voice, or feature to expoſe,
Poor Mungo was the part our Novice choſe.
He locks his door, and ſmears his face with cork,
Looks in the glaſs, laughs, and admires his work;
He dances, ſings, and all ſo like a black,
An elbow chair, the hamper on his back;
Aſks of the manager to take a trial,
And ſpouting decent, meets with no denial.
Up go the bills, the Padlock now the farce is,
So careful, even in black face he rehearſes;
Curious to know who this fame ſtranger is,
We ſcan each tone and trace the ſooty phiz.
It's Mr. this---Lord that---conjecture, doubt,
Not one of us can make the younker out.
The houſe is full, behind the culprit ſtands,
Now fear appalls, now hope his breaſt expands;
Peeps thro' the curtain, trembling cons his part,
The prompter's bell now ſtrikes upon his heart.
Off plays the Overture; the piece begun
Up goes his hamper, Mungo marches on;
He bows---confus'd, the loud applauſe he hears,
A generous public diſſipates his fears,
Encouragement draws forth his latent powers,
And approbation falls in grateful ſhowers.

Poor

PROLOGUE.

Poor Mungo meeting with deſerv'd ſucceſs,
Now wipes his face, puts on his real dreſs,
Speaks in his natural voice, and Oh! ſurprize!
An old acquaintance ſtands before our eyes.
Juſt ſo, the fearful author of our play,
Dreading the nettle, anxious for the Bay;
With timid prudence, has himſelf conceal'd,
And by ſucceſs alone, can be reveal'd;
His fears exhibit ſome ſmall ſigns of grace,
Oh kindly bid him ſhew his fooliſh face.
Yet if ill-natur'd folks ſhould break his Toy,
I fear the bard will blubber like a boy;
But on this baſis ever will he truſt,
A London audience is as kind as juſt.
To pleaſe alone, he takes your two hours leiſure,
Wiſh to be pleas'd is half way meeting pleaſure.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Carrol O'Donovan, ... Mr. AICKIN.
O'Donovan (under the name of Lary Kavanagh), ... Mr. HOLMAN.
Aircourt, ... Mr. LEWIS.
Larry Kavanagh (under the name of O'Donovan), ... Mr. BLANCHARD.
Alibi, ... Mr. QUICK.
Metheglin, ... Mr. EDWIN.
Nol Pros, ... Mr. BOOTH.
Pavot, ... Mr. WEWITZER.

Lady Arable, ... Mrs. BERNARD.
Lady Jane, ... Miſs BRUNTON.
Sophia, ... Miſs FONTENELLE.
Fib, ... Miſs STUART.
Katty Kavanagh, ... Mrs. WEBB.

SCENE, *Hampton-Court.*

THE TOY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room at the Toy Tavern.

Enter AIRCOURT *and* 1*ſt* WAITER.

AIRCOURT.

ANY of our lads here at the Toy ſince, Ned?

1ſt *Wait.* Yes, your honor—the crew of your pleaſure barge dined with us laſt Sunday.

Air. Is old Alibi, the Attorney, often down at Hampton Court?

1ſt *Wait.* Why, yes, Sir—he's now over at his houſe.

Air. Have you ſeen his ward, Miſs Sophia, lately?

1ſt *Wait.* Ah, poor young Lady! he ſeldom lets her go out, but to church;—a charity for ſome Gentleman, like your honor, to whip off to church with her.

Air. Why, Ned, I have ſome notion;—but to give you a ſimile in your own way—the old black raſcal keeps her cloſe as a cork in a bottle: which, to get out, I muſtn't bolt inward, but turn ſcrew

round and round, and then (*imitates the drawing of a cork*) cluck's the word. (*bell rings*)

[*Exit Waiter.*

How ſhall I get to ſee her?—My new rival too!—who can he be? where did Sophia ſay ſhe ſaw him? (*takes out and peruſes a letter*) "Noticed his watching me at the gate of Sir Aſhton Lever's Muſeum—heavy ſhower at Chelſea—brought guardian and I to town in his hackney-coach—a monſtrous fool!"—Yes, but if this monſtrous fool ſhould prove an over-match for all my wit—If I could only contrive to ſee her——

The Door is flung open, and 2d WAITER *introduces* LARRY KAVANAGH.

2d *Wait.* This way, Sir.

Larry. Why, you ſcoundrel, this room is engag'd!

2d *Wait.* Sir, I aſk your pardon, but I didn't know——

Larry. Pray, Sir, excuſe this intruſion——

Air. O'Donovan!

Larry. Aircourt! who thought of meeting you here. [*Exit Waiter*] How could you mention my name; I'm incog.—down here upon a love-ſcheme—You know I told you over the laſt bottle we crack'd together at the Bedford—

Air. True, our candles went out, and your ſtory ſet me aſleep—(*yawns*)

Larry. Well, rouze now—You know, my father (who, from my having been educated abroad, has never ſeen me) taking a fancy to marry me to a daughter of Lady Arable's, that's coming with him from Ireland, ſends for me to meet him at her houſe, ſomewhere about Hampton-Court here—

Air.

Air. Lady Arable!—D'ye ſee that avenue? Her houſe is—

Larry. Let it ſtay there—Allibi, the Attorney, that's his houſe. (*pointing off*) He's guardian to the moſt lovely, the ſweeteſt—

Air. Eh! my Sophia? (*aſide*)

Larry. I'll have her.

Air. Will you faith? (*aſide*) What, then you're acquainted with her?

Larry. The firſt time I ſaw my charmer, ſhe was engaged in a wrangle with her guardian, ha, ha, ha! —at—the gate of the——Muſeum in—Leiceſter Fields.

Air. Leiceſter Fields—Oh, Oh! (*aſide*)

Larry. She would ſee the butterflies, ha, ha, ha! —He, in a rage, ſlapping his cane on a ſhew-glaſs of watch-ſtrings, ſeals and ſleeve buttons, cries—Zounds! it's half a crown—the exact price of that pane, ſays the man of the ſhop. The expence of this accident determined the affair; and the generous Attorney, inſtead of Sir Aſhton's, propoſing a trudge to Don Saltero's, I whip'd in a hack before them to Chelſea. An humble diſh of tea, ſweeten'd by Sophia's dulcet tones in praiſe of the wonderful curioſities——Returning home, down comes an auſpicious ſhower, and to ſave eighteen pence, Alibi accepts part of my coach.

Air. Your own hack, ha, ha, ha!——Yes, this is Sophia's monſtrous fool. (*aſide*)

Larry. I throw a tender glance, Sophia bluſhes, and we exhange hearts thro' our eyes——Such ogles!——

Air. Damn your ogles! (*ſurlily*)

Larry. What!

Air. I want to know your ſcheme. (*recovering an aſſumed gaiety*)

Larry. Will you help?—Read that letter---*(gives it.)*

Air. (Reads)—" Capias Alibi, Eſq. Dear Sir, " the Bearer is a young man from Yorkſhire: " being deſirous to improve himſelf in the profeſ- " ſion of an Attorney, I recommend him to you, " and think a dealing in this caſe will be to the " advantage of both. Your's, Nol Pros:" Well, what of this?

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Can't you ſee?—That letter I procur'd for a little caſh, of a brother Lawyer of Alibi's—I deliver it—it gains me free acceſs to Sophia,—of which, if I don't avail myſelf——

Air Muſt turn him off from this *(aſide)* Won't Alibi—remember you in the Chelſea ſhower, ha, ha, ha! Won't he?

Larry. No, he won't, ha, ha, ha! *(Mimicking.)* for to get the worth of his money in gaping about, he ſcarce look'd at me at Don Saltero's—and then, to face the Lady I ſat beſide him in the coach—then I ſhall change my voice; and to provide for that, you ſee I've made Nol ſay in the letter, I am from Yorkſhire—and look,—clerkify'd all over *(diſplays his dreſs)*.

Air. But really now, do you think old Alibi is ſuch a dupe as not to perceive from your air, perſon, and addreſs, the faſhion that's in your—a together—What!—take you for a ſordid—little—ſhabby—Curſitor-ſtreet—Ram-ſkin Scribbler? Ha, ha, ha! Never, never!—The Gentleman in your coat wou'd belie Nol Pros's letter, and get you, and it, kick'd out of the houſe, to the eternal diſgrace of St. James's, and the triumph of Chancery-lane, ha, ha ha!

Larry.

Larry. Aircourt, I believe you're right—No diſguiſing one of us.

Air. Depend upon it the old Attorney wou'd perceive the diamond, tho' ſet in copper.

Larry. This air of travel that we acquire abroad—I wiſh I was'nt ſo—elegant in my—I wiſh I had a little of the common of—Now, you, Aircourt, how natural you'd look the Ram-ſkin Scribbler.

Air. Oh, you flatter me!

Larry. Nay, now 'pon honour, I don't mean to—only you are ſo good a mimic—and by acting at thoſe private plays, ha, ha, ha! you'd be moſt capital in the Yorkſhire Tike!

Air. D'ye think ſo?

Larry. O, you'd top the character!

Air. Then, I'll appear in it. (*aſide.*)—Now two. (*Looking at his watch*) I can get to Drury-lane by the ſecond act.

Larry. 'Sdeath!—don't think of Town or Play-houſes to night! you are a man of wit and ſpirit, and may help me in this affair.

Air. Her Caliſta is one of the moſt capital—when ſhe tears the letter, "to atoms—thus let me tear the wicked lying evidence of ſhame." (*Having unſeen put Larry's letter in his pocket, tears a paper*).

Larry. Why 'Sdeath Sir, you've tore my letter!

Air. And then her ſmile of contempt upon Horatio after——

Larry. The devil take you and Horatio! d'ye ſee what you have done, Sir? knock'd up my whole affair!

Air. (*Looking at the fragments.*) Eh! I aſk pardon! I did'nt think what I was about; only your

your mentioning private plays, threw my ideas at once upon the boards.

Larry. Bleſs my life!—Now, if I know what I ſhall—I woudn't wiſh for——

Air. Come, tho' I have deſtroy'd your paſsport, no harm done, ha, ha, ha!

Larry. No! Upon my ſoul and honor, this is exceeding cruel!

Air. O'Donovan, you'd beſt give up this ſcheme—Beſides Lady Jane Arable is one of the moſt amiable girls——

Larry. Eh!

Air. An elegant creature! Hadn't you beſt ſee her firſt, before you commence operations againſt the Attorney?

Larry. I don't know; if Lady Jane is ſo very amiable,—as it's a match of Dad's,—I may couple duty and inclination—thank'ye—I will.

Air. And if you don't like her—For any project to gain Sophia, I'm yours, from a ſpank to Scotland—burning his houſe—or—any trifle of that ſort.

Larry. That's kind!

Air. It's miſchief, and you know that's my element.

Larry. I live in it, ha, ha, ha!—"Love, Fire, and Frolick," that's my motto.—My dear Aircourt, I thank you heartily—I'll go dreſs (my baggage is here at the Toy,) and then for Lady's Arable's—Ha, ha, ha! Dad don't know I have been five months diverting myſelf in England—thinks I'm ſtill at the Univerſity in Paris, ha, ha, ha!—I've rais'd a curs'd ſight of caſh beyond his allowance—ſported all—and, now, here in London, when the old one comes over, my bills will come

come pelting in upon him; but I'll take a ſquint at Lady Jane, and if ſhe is—(*makes a face*) I've Sophia at a beck.

Air. Your Sophia perhaps is at home now?—that is—he keeps her cloſe—

Larry. Cloſe!—He told me ſhe ſaves him the expence of a clerk. A pen in her hand, (I warrant,) this inſtant; and inſtead of an—"Expects her ladyſhip's company to cards" in a delicate Italian upon French paper,—it's a "Whereas," ha, ha, ha!

Air. Or a twenty-corner'd black text of "Know all Men by theſe Preſents" upon a ſhrivelled roll of yellow parchment, ha, ha, ha!

Larry. But Aircourt, don't think of the Siddons's Caliſta to-night.

Air. Well, well, I won't.—This letter will do, and for change of cloaths, friend Ned here, the Waiter, can equip me. (*aſide*)

Larry. (*looking at the fragments of the letter*) Honeſt Nol Pros's letter! what is to be done?

Air. Oh, Nol Proſs's letter will do ſomething yet. (*aſide*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An office in ALIBI'S *houſe.*

SOPHIA *diſcovered writing at a high deſk.*

Soph. (*Daſhing the Pen away.*) I won't, I will not write any more of his plaguy conveyances and law-

law-gibberiſh!—Was ever poor girl ſo uſed as I am by this wicked old Attorney! Cruel Mama! —to make ſuch a wretch her executor, and condemn me to the guardianſhip of one, who will never ſuffer me to be united to the man I eſteem, whilſt it's his intereſt to keep my fortune in his hands.—Here—won't even hire a clerk, but claps a pen in my hand, and ties me like a ſeal to his ugly parchment, while my heart can receive no impreſſion, but the idea of my beloved Aircourt--- "Young Harry's the lad for me." (*Sings and walks about.*)

ALIBI (*without.*)

Ha, ha, ha! Yes, the very thing I wanted— [*Enters*] Sophy, look at my forehead; any blood come? I only wiſh it wou'd!—I've been endeavouring to provoke the Exciſeman, and abuſing him theſe ſix weeks; but at laſt I've work'd him up to it—Od! he has given me a choice knock on the pate—Yes, 'twill bear a moſt delicious action---the rogue's worth money, and I'll have ſwinging damages.

Soph. La Sir, do you go out to quarrel with the people only on purpoſe that they may beat you?

Alibi. To be ſure---Beat! why, I have made fifty pounds out of the threatning wag of a finger, and have earn'd a hundred guineas of a morning only by ſingle claps on the ſhoulder. Now, Miſs, have you drawn up the bill of indictment (*Looking over the Papers*). Child, you'll have no uſe for your fortune---your knowledge in the law will---By the Lord, you'll make a choice chamber-counſel! he, he, he! this thump on my forehead has made me ſo merry---but 'twill bring me thumping damages; let's ſee, have you done it? It's my way to have the information ready even before the battery is given

given---*reads.*—" Pariſh aforeſaid—County afor-
" ſaid—did make an aſſault, and did then and
" there beat, wound, and cruelly ill treat, againſt
" the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King—but
" of all the fine wreſtlers, that dance on the green,
" young Harry's the lad for me."—Oh! the De-
vil!—Here's a Bill of Indictment to come before a Grand Jury!—So the exciſeman breaks my head with his gauging ſtick, and then, " young Harry's the lad for me!"

Soph. Well, and ſo Harry Aircourt is, in ſpite of you or all Weſtminſter Hall, with Lord Chief Juſtice Mansfield at your head.

Alibi. I wiſh I cou'd but once ſee this fine Mr. Harry Aircourt—in the ſtreet tho': only to ſee if he's ſuch a Prime Serjeant as you make him.

Soph. He a Prime Serjeant!—No; heaven made my Aircourt handſome, witty, gay, generous and good-natured.

Alibi. It's his good-nature that ſhoves him on to make ballads about me, and ſet all his drunken companions at the Globe roaring out in chorus, " O rare old Alibi!"

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Yes, it's a fine laugh——And it ſeems, when I'm lying peaceably in bed, I'm a ſtanding jeſt at their Anacreontics, Sols, Free-and-Eaſy Johns, Knights of the Bruſh, and Comme-il-fauts.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. And to clap me up in the print-ſhops, as you tell me, he threatens to do.

Soph. He ſhall; you ſhall be caricatur'd, the citizen at his villa, juſt return'd from town on a Saturday evening; unloading the ſeat of your whiſky for Sunday's dinner, or painting your little

green rails before your door, in your red night-cap, with your pipe in your mouth.

Alibi. Pipe and cap!—nobody ſhall know it's me, for I'll ſmoak ſegars, and paint the rails in my three cock'd hat, and my one-buckled wig.

Soph. Ah, you'll ſell for half a crown, that's more than all the Attornies in England are worth, ha, ha, ha! Indeed, my dear guardian, Johnny Gilpin ſhall be a fool to you!

Alibi. Hark you, Miſs, I'll Johnny Gilpin you!

Soph. Yes; and you're Iriſh too, tho' you deny it—but you're right there, for you're a diſgrace to your country.

Alibi. I'm not—I'm not Iriſh——Who could have told her this? (*aſide*)

Soph. Have I touch'd you! Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Very well—you know Miſs you mount a new hat next Friday—that's all. But hats may happen to ſtay in milliner's ſhops, and old Gentlemen may keep their money in their pockets—that's all.

Soph. You mean old knaves may keep other people's money in their pockets. Oh, my Aircourt! the worſe I'm treated by my ungenerous perſecutor, the more I long for liberty by ſuch a dear deliverer.

Enter AIRCOURT, (*diſguiſed as a Country-Lad.*)

Alibi. (*ſeeing Aircourt, in a great hurry puts Sophia out.*) Who are you, what do you want?

Air. (*in a country dealect*) I want to larn the Laa.

Alibi. You want to larn the Laa!—I wiſh you'd learn manners.

Air. Oh, I have, for I daunce mortiſhly weel—

Alibi. You dance!—then perhaps you come here for a partner. (*looking after Sophia.*)

Air. Yez.

Alibi.

Alibi. What do you want?

Air. I want—that letter. (*gives it.*)

Alibi. You want this letter—then what do you give it to me for?

Air. Look at the outſide.

Alibi. "Capias Alibi;" (*peruſes*) "Bearer—from Yorkſhire Attorney—recommend—dealing—this caſe—advantage, yours, Nol Pros."—Well, Yorkſhire's a good country to produce an Attorney—my friend Nol gives you a good character.

Air. Oh, yez Zur, I'm a very honeſt lad.

Alibi. Honeſt, and want to be an Attorney! I don't think I can do any thing with you.

Air. No! then what am I to do with the money feyther has ſent up wi me for it?

Alibi. You have money! now I look at you again, you're a very promiſing lad.

Air. Couſin Nol ſaid I might larn, board and ſleep here.

Alibi. (*aſide.*) If you ſleep here, you muſt board, for I've no bed for you.

Air. You ſee, my money is ready, zo I hope you'll afford me a good bed.

Alibi. Why, you dog, your ready money ſhews you don't want to lie upon tick, ha, ha, ha!—An able rogue, (*aſide*) and if, in one of my paſſions, I ſhould cane him, he may be for——Hark'ye, perhaps I ſhan't beat you above once before you commit a fault.

Air. Before!

Alibi. Yes; I may threſh you out of pure good nature, only to ſhew you what you are to expect if you deſerve it.

Air. Oh, then I'm to be beat to ſave me from a threſhing! that's good nature indeed, ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. (*aſide*) I think I may venture to let this young owl into my neſt——You are not given to girls, are you?

Air. I zometimes play wi the meads, a wi bit.

Alibi. "You play with the meads a wi bit"—well ſaid Yorkſhire; but you won't dare to ſpeak to a young Lady?

Air. Oh, not for the world—I'd bluſh ſo hugely.

Alibi. That's right; I like a modeſt youth—becauſe I have a young Miſs within here——

Air. Oh, lack-a-daiſy, do you keep a Miſs?

Alibi. Ha, ha, ha! what a ſimpleton!—But ſtay, before I determine to retain him, I'll firſt ſee their behaviour together—Miſs Sophy?

(*Unlocks the door and calls.*

Enter SOPHIA.

Air. (*aſide*) My dear girl! I hope ſhe'll know me.

Alibi. Well, now Sophy, as to the writing—I think I can—

Soph. 'Pon my honor I will not write any more for you.

Alibi. Well, well, you ſhan't, child.—I've got a new Clerk, a very ingenious perſon.

Soph. Some Fineſſe here. This muſt be the fop that follow'd me to Chelſea—he ſaid he'd viſit me in diſguiſe---but I'll diſcourage his impertinence in time (*aſide*) Ha, ha, ha! my very wiſe, vigilant guardian! where's all your ſhrewdneſs and ſagacity?---Ha, ha, ha! you can't ſee that this is an impoſtor?

Alibi Eh! Haikee, Sir, who are you?---Aircourt perhaps --but, no, ſhe woudn't diſcover I im. (*aſide.*)

Soph.

Soph. A clerk! ha, ha, ha! this is only a very facetious Gentleman that's come hither on a ſcheme to run away with me,

Alibi. How!

Soph. Look! you can't know the polite Strephon that brought us from Chelſea in the hackney-coach?

Alibi. This! (*looking earneſtly at him*)

Air. What, I---He, he, he!

Soph. Bleſs me, it's Aircourt himſelf. (*aſide*)

Alibi. Why, Sophia, you're the moſt conceited---when neither you or I, ever ſaw this young man before---Ah, that coxcomb Aircourt, has blown you up ſo with his nonſenſe, that you imagine all the young men in the town are laying plans and metamorphoſes; ha, ha, ha!---Come to run away with you!---Well, this is the moſt egregious piece of vanity! you are welcome, my lad; and ſo is your money.

Soph. Oh, you'd better not keep him, for now I look at him again; he's vaſtly like Aircourt.

Alibi. She only ſays this to vex me;- -he ſhall be my clerk above all the clerks in Chriſtendom.

Air. (*Bows*) thank y'e, Sir,

Soph. Well---mind, if you keep him---he ſhall make love to me above all the clerks in Chriſtendom.

Alibi. Hey! Ah, ſhe wants to frighten me, --but 'twont do, Sophy.

Soph. Won't the fool even look at me?

Air. He, he, he! thank'ee, ma'am (*bows awkwardly.*)

Soph. (*Imitating*) "He, he, he! thank'ee ma'am!" —Oh, you ſhock!

Alibi. He s no ſhock! he's a pretty boy.

Air. Thank ye, Sir.

Alibi.

Alibi. And will be Lord Chancellor, won't you, Robin?

Air. That's my name, ſure enough.

Soph. Well, mind you Jack Robin—ſince guardian will keep you here, you ſhall be my beau, and make love to me.

Air. (*affecting a baſhful ſimplicity.*) Love!—Oh, Miſs! He, he, he!

Alibi. If you really wiſh'd he ſhou'd, you'd never bid him do it before me, no, no; you know I know you, my little Soph!—

Soph. Indeed you flatter yourſelf my little guard.

Alibi. Get you in.

Soph Now, pray——

Alibi. Go—— (*puts her in*) Don't mind her, Robin; her head's ſo full of this Aircourt, that I believe ſhe'd deſpiſe even a judge upon the bench.

Air What then, ſhe loves one Aircourt?

Alibi But, my young clerk, by way of beginning, I'll ſet you a taſk; ſtep into that room there, and ingroſs this deed. (*Gives him papers; Aircourt is opening the door at which Sophia went off.*) —Stop,—that door, if you pleaſe—(*Prevents his entrance, and points to the center door.*

Air. I thought I was to ingroſs there, he, he, he! (*pointing to Sophia's door*)

Alibi. Robin, you're a good lad, but for a lawyer—heaven ſave us!

Air. Then you think my coming here anſwers the purpoſe?

Alibi. Oh, yes, your coming here anſwers the purpoſe. (*chinking the money*)

Air. And that by this means I ſhall get all I want? (*ſtealing the key out of Sophia's door*)

Alibi.

Alibi. (*counting the money*) Yes, by this means we get all we want. Go yonder.

Air. Dear, how much I am obliged to Mr. Nol Pros! [*Exit in at center door.*

Alibi. Write away, my boy; and I warrant you'll be Attorney General ſome Sunday or other. I'll dreſs my wig upon your block to-morrow.

METHEGLIN. (*without*)

Are you above, Maſter Alibi?

Alibi. Mr. Metheglin, Lady Arable's butler—then ſhe's return'd from Ireland——Oh, the ſnug thought of me, to ſet her on to purchaſe that little eſtate of Sir Carrol O'Donovan, the ſpot on which I was born! I've made her bear all the expence of going over—and now I'll frighten her ſo with bad tenants, White-Boys, and Peep-a-Day Men, that ſhe'll be glad to be off her bargain—Yes, I ſhall have it for a ſong. Ah, Metheglin!

Enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. How are you, Maſter Alibi?

Alibi. Well, and what, and how's Lady Arable?

Meth. Rare and buckſome, and ſo am I. She has brought over a huſband from Ireland, and I have brought a wife.

Alibi. Your Lady going to marry, and who, pray?

Meth. He's called one Sir——My wife's a fine woman.

Alibi. Sir who?

Meth. His name is——She's ſo plump!

Alibi. She!—but my Lady's huſband—

Meth. He's a man about——She ſings like a bullfinch.

Alibi.

Alibi. Tell me, who's my Lady going to marry?

Meth. They call him——her name is Katty—Charming Katty Kavanagh.

Alibi. Katty Kavanagh!—Zounds! if that ſhould be——

Meth. Nurs'd Sir Carrol's only ſon, the young Squire, that's expected from France.

Alibi. (*aſide*) The very wife of my boſom!—She thinks I'm dead; ſo as I've chang'd my name, I'll keep out of her way.

Meth. My Lady's as fond of me as ever, it isn't for her money I marry Katty, tho' ſhe's a deal of that.

Alibi. What, has Katty money?

Meth. Plenty.

Alibi. Send her to me.

Meth. Send her to you, for what?

Alibi. Why only—to draw up your marriage-ſettlements. But I muſt go and pay my reſpects to her Ladyſhip.

Meth. She's not got home yet—ſomething the matter with the wheel of her carriage, ſhe and Sir Carrol ſtept into the Toy—Come—

Alibi. Stay.——No going into an inn without ſpending money. (*aſide*) Metheglin I'll wait in your room 'till my Lady comes home.

Meth. Why, you may fare better in being my gueſt than my Lady's—for our ſervants all ſay, that you never gave one of them a ſixpence.

Alibi. Wou'd you have me make Lady Arable's houſe an hotel?—Uſe her Ladyſhip ſo ill as to offer to pay for my good cheer?—Me!—never, ye rogues—Not one of you ſhall ever ſee the colour of my coin—Metheglin, you're an honeſt fellow, and

and while you keep the keys—want a job in my way, you ſhall only pay for the ſtamp.

Meth. Come along, Mrs. Girkin the houſe-keeper has been regent of the wine-cellar in my abſence—but now ſhe reſtores the key to me the lawful governor—the Old Hock has had a long nap—Come, we'll take off its nightcap. [*Exit.*

Alibi. No harm to lock up my charge—the key gone! how's this?—(*Looking at both doors.*)—But ſoft—(*Steals over to the center door, locks it, and puts the key in his pocket.*) One key is as good as another—Good bye, Robin. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room at the Toy.

WAITERS *diſcovered.*

Sir CARROL O'DONOVAN (*without.*)

My dear Lady Arable, don't vex yourſelf—we'll walk to your houſe.

Enter SIR CARROL *and* 1*ſt* WAITER.

Sir Ca. And ſo, my friend, this is your Coffee-room?

1ſt *Wai.* Yes, Sir!

Sir Ca. Bring me a newſpaper. [*Exit Waiter.*

Enter O'DONOVAN, (*with a ſmall bundle hanging on a ſtick over his ſhoulder, duſty and weary*) *Sits.*

Sir Ca. (*having looked at him attentively*) This poor young man ſeems to have had a long walk of it. (*O'Donovan rings, then leans upon the table in a melancholy poſition*)

Enter 2*d* WAITER.

2d *Wait.* (*to Sir Ca.*) Did your honor call?

O'Don. 'Twas I that rung—a glaſs of wine and water.

2d *Wait.* (*ſurveys him with contempt, then turns away*) Coming Sir. (*calling off*)

O'Don. I ſpoke to you.

2d *Wait.* This room is only for gentlemen.

O'Don. (*looks ſternly at the waiter, then bows with reſpect to Sir Carrol*) Sir, I aſk pardon. (*retiring confuſed*)

Sir Ca. Stop a moment Sir, (*to O'Don.*) Hearkee, friend! you may know how to rince glaſſes, but remember, as you live by the public liberality, your gueſt, (be his appearance what it may) has a claim at leaſt to your civility.—You ſay this room is appropriated to gentlemen—I am one, and maſter of a parlour in Ireland to the full as good as this: and, by the word of a gentleman, I cou'd never think it more highly honor'd, than by giving a welcome to the weary traveller. [*Exit Waiter*] I aſk pardon, Sir, but pray, from whence are you come?

O'Don. Sir, I am from London now, and arrived there only laſt night from Glaſgow.

Sir Ca. Then you're Scotch.

O'Don. No, Sir, I'm from Ireland.

Sir Ca. Born there? (*O'Donovan bows*) And pray, my young traveller—excuſe my queſtions, for I don't enquire to gratify an impertinent curioſity—but I feel myſelf intereſted in your concerns, tho' a ſtranger; tell me, what brought you here, and what are your views?

O'Don.

O'Don. Sir, In my infancy, my father (I never knew the cauſe) came over to England; and thus deſtitute, providence rais'd a friend, who ſent me to Glaſgow-College; the death of this benefactor ſtopping my reſources, oblig'd me to quit my ſtudies, and I have been drawn to Hampton Court, on the credit of a disjointed ſort of ſtory, that my father had retired here in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, which he had acquired by the practice of an Attorney—but after a long journey, and every poſſible enquiry, I can hear of no ſuch perſon.

Sir Ca. And pray, from what part of——

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH *dreſs'd.*

Larry. (*calls as entering*) Pavot! Bring a glaſs: Such an abominable room you put me to dreſs in! for a mirror, you thought, I ſuppoſe, Narciſſus-like, I was to ſet my face in a baſon of water. Hah; this is ſomething. (*adjuſting himſelf before a large glaſs that hangs near Sir Carrol*) There you are, from toupee to ſhoe-ſtring. (*viewing himſelf*)

Enter PAVOT.

As this Lady Arable's houſe is ſo near, Pavot, another volley from your powder-puff, (*Pavot in powdering puffs it round Sir Carrol and O'Donovan*).

Sir Ca. Why, you ſcoundrel! what do you mean to make a barber's-ſhop of a coffee-room. (*to Pavot*)

Larry. A little more on this curl, Pavot.

Sir Ca. Your maſter's a puppy, whoever he is.

Larry. (*ſtepping up to Sir Carrol*) Can you fence, old Touchwood?

O'Don. (*interpoſing* I can a little, Sir.

Larry. You! ah! (*ſurveying him with contempt*) Tol, lol, lol! [*Exeunt Larry and Pavot.*

Sir Ca. (*looks after Larry, then at O'Don.—pauſes*) Oh, what a bitter miſtake has fortune made in this buſineſs! Now that thing, devoid of manners and humanity may have a worthy old ſoul for his father, who, while he ſupplies with a liberal hand, little thinks he's throwing his money away upon a raſcal! Ah, this is your home education! I have a ſon that I expect in a few days, ſtay 'till you ſee him, I warrant he's an accompliſh'd elegant fellow. Ay, aye; quite the oppoſite to that bit of a buckeen that went out there, and he, my generous lad, ſhall thank you for your politeneſs to me.

O'Don. Sir, it ſhall be my ambition to prove deſerving of the notice with which you have been pleas'd to honor me.

Sir Ca. Aye, I'm ſure you'll juſtify the good opinion I conceiv'd for you, even at firſt ſight.—So, ſince you have loſt your friend and can't find your father, enquire for me at Lady Arable's here at Hampton Court, ſomething may be done.——Hold, I'll perform firſt, that ſaves the trouble of a promiſe, and precludes even a chance of diſappointment. (*offers a bank note*)

O'Don. I thank you, Sir: but it's too ſoon to accept of favours even when we ſtand in need of them.

Sir Ca. Well, well, my lad——I won't hurt—I, I like your ſpirit.——I, I was abrupt; I aſk your pardon.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Sir, (*to Sir Ca.*) her Ladyſhip waits for you. [*Exit.*

Sir

Sir Ca. Call on me at Lady Arable's. Aſk for Sir Carrol O'Donovan; (a brave boy) be ſure you call.—What an unhappy father muſt he be that could abandon ſuch a ſon! [*Exit.*

O'Don. Can this be Sir Carrol O'Donovan, come over to England? then, the ſon that he ſpeaks of, muſt be the child my mother nurs'd; now I ſhall know if ſhe's yet living; but alienated by her neglect, as I never knew the tender care of a parent, I don't feel that impulſe of filial affection, at leaſt for her—no—no longing even to ſee her, yet I am ſuſceptible; the deſpair of ever again meeting that lovely young lady——but adieu Scotland, and in it all that's dear. Sir Carrol ſhall not know who I am; the meanneſs of my birth, might add contempt to the compaſſion that my poverty has already excited—However, I'll get off the duſt of the road, and wait on him immediately. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lady ARABLE's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir CARROL *and Lady* ARABLE.

Sir CARROL.

AH, my Lady Arable, at my laſt ſtep from Stephen's-Green, I ſwore by the honor of Knighthood, that I woudn't part with your Ladyſhip 'till I ſat you down under your own roof, and there you are. (*bows*)

Lady A. And now, Sir Carrol, you are welcome, heartily welcome to a widow's houſe. But I'm apprehenſive that our Engliſh good-cheer will fall ſhort of your Iriſh hoſpitality.

Sir Ca. Ah, my Lady! our hoſpitality is poliſh'd down of late days very genteely. We're not ſo ready now to lock doors, hide hats and canes, and nail our gueſts to their chairs as we us'd to do—No,—Now the third bottle ſneaks back to the bin with a pitiful—" What, wou'd you rather not?" where once the glorious " ſix bottles more" was uſher'd in with a thouſand welcomes. (*ſings*)

Though

" Though poor was our trade,
" We had claret galore,
" And generous hearts
" To give ſix bottles more."

Lady A. Then I muſt ſay with our bard, that your ſix bottles more was a cuſtom " more honor'd in the breach than the obſervance."

Sir Ca. Faith, and my lady, a lecture on temperance is a comical ſort of grace to your good-cheer that you were talking of juſt now. But, my dear madam, I long for the honor of ſaluting my ſon's Lady that is to be. Where is your daughter? at the Toilette, I warrant,

Lady A. Why, indeed, I fancy, Sir Carrol, the expectation of your ſon's arrival is the beſt apology for Lady Jane's delay in having the honor of receiving you—Oh, here ſhe is.

Enter LADY JANE.

Sir, my daughter. Sir Carrol O'Donovan, my dear. (*introducing them*)

Sir Ca. Madam, tho' I never ſaw my ſon (*ſalutes*) yet, upon my honor, my firſt preſent of this fair hand, muſt give him a treaſure of delightful recompence.

Lady J. Vaſtly obliging, Sir Carrol; but you Iriſh Gentlemen are ſo very general in your compliments, that, not to doubt their ſincerity, one muſt have a great deal of merit, or a great deal of vanity.

Sir Ca. And ſo, my ſweet Lady Jane, while your mother took her trip to Ireland, you, to paſs the time in her abſence, paid a viſit to your friends

in

in Scotland. But I hope no bonny Scots lad has—my ſon will be diſappointed if you have left your heart behind you.

Lady J. (*aſide*) Then he will be diſappointed!

Lady A. You ſee Jane—Sir Carrol is ſo gallant—ſo irreſiſtibly importunate—that—I think you muſt ſoon have a father-in-law.

Lady J. Madam, I ſhall receive your choice as ſuch with all reſpect and duty.

Sir Ca. Then for your ſake, Lady Jane, I wiſh your partner, my ſon, was come; for I long to ſee the love-affairs going forward—Oh, this ſame love, ſpreads joy and comfort round about us!—and, upon my honor, a houſe is never lucky without it.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, a young man enquires for you.

Sir Ca. O, the poor lad I met at the tavern—ſhew him up, with your permiſſion, Ladies. [*Exit Foot.*

Enter O'DONOVAN, *he and Lady* JANE *ſurvey each other with ſurprize and embarraſſment.*

O'Don. Sir, I have waited on you, in obedience to your commands—

Sir Ca Lady Arable, a boon—you'll oblige me by taking this boy under your protection, until I can ſee what I can do for him---You complain that Metheglin's love affairs with Katty Kavanagh, make him neglect yours---I dare ſay this young lad writes---caſts accounts---and tho' he's a ſtranger, I'll ſtake my fortune on his honeſty.

O'Don. (*bows*) Sir---

Lady A. His looks do not diſgrace your recommendation indeed Sir Carrol---an exceeding handſome young man! (*aſide*)

Lady

Lady J. (*aſide*) Now I think he looks like an errant knave of hearts.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! If your ladyſhip had ſeen how he made the powder-monkey ſkip off, ha, ha, ha! --But my ſon ſhall take you by the hand for it: and from what I have ſeen of you, I ſhou'd wiſh for nothing more than a ſtrict friendſhip to take place between you and Edward..

La. J. Can he forget me? (*aſide*)

O'Don. She's aſham'd to recollect me; but ſhe's right. (*aſide*)

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, Mr. O'Donovan is arrived. [*Exit.*

Sir Ca. (*with great joy*) Hah, my ſon! My Edward! Now, my lady, here's the ſpark that's to light your nuptial torch.

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. (*ſpeaks as entering*) The company are here, you ſay?---As I never had the honor of paying my duty to a father, I preſume, Sir---you are —— (*Looking at Sir Carrol, he is ſtruck with ſurprize and confuſion.*)

Sir Ca. What, this Edward! Ladies, my ſon has paid his duty to me before——in a powder-puff.

Larry. I'm—ſurpriz'd—with—ſuch—awe—

Sir Ca. "Pray, can you fence, Old Touchwood?"

Larry. Sir,—I—I—(*ſees O'Donovan.*) "He can a little."

O'Don. Then this is my foſter-brother. (*aſide*)

Sir Ca. Why Ladies, the affair is—that young ma--a--n my ſon here, (not thinking I look'd venerable enough for his father) inſtead of grizzly time,

made his French footman ſhake his ſnow-white honors o'er my hoary pate.

Larry. I aſk pardon, Sir, but at the firſt tranſient glance, I proteſt I miſtook you for—a—a——ſome mechanick.

Sir Ca. Did you faith? Ah, then at my firſt glance, I proteſt I miſtook you for—a—a—— gentleman, ſo we were both miſtaken. There Ladies is my ſon, you ſee what he is. (*mortified and diſappointed*)

Lady A. Sir, you are welcome; Lady Jane Arable. (*preſenting her*)

Larry. (*ſalutes Lady Jane*) More faſhion here, but leſs prettineſs than Sophia. (*aſide*)

Sir Ca. Shake hands with that young gentleman, and learn more than you have been taught at College; to eſteem modeſt merit where you find it.

Larry. Modeſty and merit, hah!

Sir Ca. Welcome them, they are a couple of ſtrangers.

Larry. Oh, yes! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ca. (*aſide*) So, when I expected a ſon, they have ſent me over a monkey.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Madam, Mr. Alibi is below.

Lady A. O, my Attorney Sir Carrol, by whoſe advice I made my Iriſh purchaſe, we muſt conſult him further.

Sir Ca. Edward, tho' your marriage with the daughter of this Lady is rather to be hoped than expected, endeavour by reſpectful aſſiduity to make up for your ſmall ſample of merit, try if you can win her heart; for in whatever ſtate of life fortune may throw him, the affection of an amiable woman

is

is the firſt ſupreme luſtre that can illumine the ſoul of man—My Lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter METHEGLIN *and* KATTY.

Meth. Come in, I tell you Katty, Mrs. Katty this room and furniture is worth your ſeeing above all the reſt; why, there's nobody here, or, if there was—La, what are you afraid of?

Katty. Yes, but Mr. Metheglin; if your Lady ſhou'd catch you bringing folks all about her rooms; beſides I ſhou'd die with ſhame.

Meth. My Lady!—Ah, my dear, you little know——She's a Lady, its true, and I am only her butler——but when Ladies have taſte, and butlers have beauty—But mind, I don't ſay that any body has taken a fancy to ſomebody—but there are ladies, that would give all the plate on their ſideboard, to be in your place this moment, my ſweet Katty!

Katty. Certainly, Mr. Metheglin, you are a very comely man.

Meth. Am I?

Katty. Oh, that you are, to give the Devil his due. But why do you think your Lady has taken a fancy to you?

Meth. My reaſons are here; (*putting his finger to his head*) I may be wrong, but—mum—She's going to be married to another—therefore—honor ——A bird in hand is worth—Katty I'll make ſure of. (*aſide*) If ſhe wasn't quite in love with

me, ſhe'd have turn'd me out of the houſe long ago, I'm grown ſo idle. But with docking the tradeſmen's bills, Chriſtmas boxes, and ſo-forth, I've got ſnug. Oh! joyful day that my Lady took me to Dublin, or I ſhould never have ſeen you, my dear.

Katty. Indeed, Mr. Metheglin, I think myſelf a very happy woman, after all the ups-and-downs of this troubleſome world, to get ſo good a huſband as I hope you'll make me; but, as I have had one bad huſband already, the trifle I bring you, you muſt ſettle upon me, in caſe I ſhould outlive you, my honey.

Meth. I hope there's no fear of that, my ſweeteſt. But we've an Attorney here, one Alibi----I've already engaged him to ſecure your money in the law way, my love.

Fib. (*without*) Mr. Metheglin!

Meth. Don't you hear?---Theſe women won't let me alone.

Enter FIB.

Fib. Mr. Metheglin, pray come---my Lady wonders you don't mind your buſineſs.

Meth. Oh, this jealouſy!—So here my Katty ſays, "ſit with me my Comfort," and my Lady wants me "to mind her buſineſs---Here's the curſe of it; if we're ordinary, we're ugly fellows; and if we are any thing beautiful, we are cruel ſouls and barbarous Gentlemen, and from the Lady in the drawing-room, to the maids in the garret, they buz about us like flies round a honey-pot.

Fib I tell you my Lady ſent me to——

Meth. Yes, your Lady ſent you to me, I ſend you to my Lady, and ſo return the compliment.

Fib.

Fib. Well, but ſhe'd have you——

Meth. I know ſhe'd have me; you ſee, Katty, how it is.

Fib. She bid me tell you this inſtant to go——

Meth. Huſh!---have you no modeſty? Don't you ſee; before my intended ſpouſe too!

Fib. She wiſhes——

Meth. I know ſhe wiſhes.

Fib. Pſhaw! ſhe wants——

Meth. I feel for her wants.

Fib. I tell you, man, ſhe deſires——

Meth. I'm ſenſible man ſhe deſires—but I'm Katty's man, and her Ladyſhip's humble ſervant.

Fib. Ah, you won't be long her ſervant, if you go on this way, I can tell you, you'll get the wrong ſide of the door.

Meth. The wrong ſide of the door Madam Fib! ---Here's my thanks for not telling, when I caught you daubing my Lady's rouge upon your cheek, and cribbing her imperial tea.

Fib. Upon my word, Mr. Metheglin, you take an immenſe many airs upon you, ſince you have brought over your bog-trotter, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Katty. Bog-trotter! Only ſtop a moment, Mrs. Minikin—only ſtop a moment, and I'll give you one mighty handſome ſlap on the forehead.

Meth. Katty, you are very good, but ſhe wouldn't ſtop if you'd even give her two; I know that girl.

Katty. Bog-trotter indeed! then here's my hand -- now will I marry you, if its only to vex them.

Meth. Sweet good-nature!

Katty. I'll ſoon ſhow the proudeſt of them all, ladies and maids---ſtay---only ſtay till they ſee my ſon Larry, maſter of Sir Carrol O'Donovan's eſtate, that's all.

Meth.

Meth. A ſon of yours maſter of Sir Carrol's eſtate! My dear Katty, your paſſion makes you that you don't know what you are ſaying.

Katty. I do—and ſince you and I are ſo ſoon to be one, you ſhall know too—I'll ſoon ſhew them who I am, and who my ſon Larry is—Bog-trotter!

Meth. And who is he, my beauty?

Katty. Why you muſt know——but, my dear ſweeteſt honey, have a care, for the whole kingdom of Ireland it muſn't paſs your lips, till his marriage with Lady Jane is ſafe and well over. You think I only nurſed this fine young Gentleman that's come over from France, but that's my own child.

Meth. Yours!

Katty. Mind—Sir Carrol here making a ſtolen match with a Lady of no fortune; his father on hearing it ſent him abroad, and the poor young Lady lying in privately at my houſe, died in child-birth; ſo faith, my huſband, who was a little bit of a lawyer, made me ſend our own infant to the grand-papa, inſtead of Sir Carrol's baby; and by this my ſon Lawrence is bred up in grandeur like a fine Gentleman, and t'other poor fellow, Sir Carrol's real ſon, was placed at the College of Glaſgow, thro' the charity of my huſband's old maſter, Counſellor Fairplea, and moreover do you ſee---that's all the whole ſtory.

Meth. I'm in aſtoniſhment, and ſhall I be ſtep-father to the Maſter of Sir Carrol O'Donovan's eſtate---See Katty, if I don't manage it ſmartly for him, I'll be his ſteward, agent, and bailiff; encourage him to run out; lend him his own money; borrow myſelf of every body; get into parliament, and pay nobody---Oh my poor Lady---This way, Katty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter LADY JANE *and* LARRY, *at oppoſite ſides.*

Larry. Moſt obedient Ma'am!

Lady J. Sir, I thought her Ladyſhip had been here.

Larry. No, my Angel, you knew I was here alone; and ſent by your Mama; you come influenced by duty and inclination.

Lady J. Then Sir, you infer duty to my mother, and inclination to——

Larry. No—not abſolutely ſo, he, he, he! (*affectedly*) I woudn't be thought vain, but——

Lady J. O dear! I don't think you have an atom of vanity.

Larry. Ma'am! (*bows*)

Lady J. And indeed, I can't ſee how you ſhou'd; but where the travell'd, the accompliſh'd youth approaches, with the addreſs of faſhionable eaſe, temper'd by reſpectful tenderneſs—

Larry. Ma'am!

Lady J. The manners refin'd; perſon graceful; mien elegant—

Larry. Oh Ma'am!

Lady J. With phraſe claſically correct, yet ſimply unaffected.

Larry. Dear ma'am!

Lady J. Now, Sir, to one of theſe you not having the ſmalleſt pretenſion——

Larry. Eh!

Lady J. Vanity in you, muſt appear with ſuch monſtrous abſurdity—

Larry. Hah!

Lady J. That as a friend I adviſe modeſty as your only recommendation.

Larry True, ma'am!—I think I heard my father call me, I come, Sir Carrol—Madam your moſt---Yes, Sophia ſhall have me.---Tol, lol, lol.

[*Exit mortified.*

Lady

Lady J. Ha! ha! There goes the travell'd man of faſhion; and here comes the home-bred, humble candidate of chance; but, perhaps, no more than my hand, is his heart his own: ſomewhat particular his taking no notice of ever having ſeen me before when introduced here!---Yet he was viſibly agitated and abaſh'd---Yes, his not claiming me for an acquaintance, ſhew'd a modeſty, that, when I conſider, ſhou'd recommend him more to my heart than if he had approached me with all the raphſody of an ardent lover. (*retires*)

Enter O'DONOVAN (*with papers*)

O'Don. I wiſh I hadn't met Sir Carrol—I coud n't fail of getting into ſome employment in London—It hurts me to receive favors while hopeleſs of ever making a return—and the only woman in whoſe idea I wou'd live exalted, ſo unexpectedly meeting me in ſuch a humiliating ſituation—Yes, ſhe was aſham'd to acknowledge ſhe had ever been in my company—Yet, charming Lady Jane, I will indulge my ſight once more upon your picture—(*admiring a picture that hangs up*)

Lady J. (*advances*) Sir, that's thought to be a good likeneſs; and that the painter has been very happy in the portrait.

O'Don. He muſt ma'am, have been eminently ſo, as you ſat for it. (*retiring*)

Lady J. Nay, Sir, I ſhall be jealous of my picture, if I drive you away when that had charms to detain you—Pray, how have you left our amiable friends in Scotland.

O'Don. Madam!

Lady J. Don't you recollect ever having ſeen a face like that—(*pointing to the picture*) in a very agreeable party one evening at Glaſgow?

O'Don.

O'Don. I hadn't a thought that the pleaſure of that hour, cou'd be ſucceeded by the honor of this.

Lady J. You were then, I underſtand, at College, Sir. But the cauſe of your coming to England, is—I think I heard you were a relation of Sir Carrol O'Donovan?

O'Don. I haven't that honor, Madam.

Lady J. Oh, you're only his countryman, and from that, he——

O'Don. Madam, he has favor'd me with his protection—he found me friendleſs; and country is a motive unregarded by a liberal mind.

Lady J. Sir Carrol ſeems a very worthy character indeed. I like his notice of my picture. (*aſide*) I preſume, Sir, you are not ignorant of the alliance that's likely to take place in our families?

O'Don. I have heard, Madam——

Lady J I never ſaw Mr. O'Donovan, my intended, before to-day;—It's an odd ſort of queſtion from me—But, you're a ſcholar, and will excuſe a woman; pray, do you know any thing of Mr. O'Donovan?

O'Don. Only, Ma'am, that he's the happieſt of mankind. (*bows*)

Lady J. I'm apprehenſive, that where a miſtreſs is the object, your judgment of happineſs is not very extenſive. Devoted to the muſes, you are, I preſume, only their humble admirer; ſo that were you the happy man, in his ſituation, it wou'd be nine to one againſt the happy maid in mine?

O'Don. Oh, Madam, was there a muſe for every ſtar, and that maid a Lady Jane, the odds wou'd ſtill be in her favor. (*bows and is retiring*)

Lady J. You are now going to——

O'Don. Yes, Madam, through the friendſhip of Sir Carrol, her Ladyſhip has done me the honor to employ me in reviſing ſome ſurveys of her late purchaſe in Ireland.

Lady J. You underſtand maps and things of that ſort?

O'Don. Madam, I ſhou'd have been more competent, had I thought that my ſtudies cou'd ever have procured me the happineſs of being in any manner ſerviceable to her Ladyſhip. [*Exit.*

Lady J. O that blind fortune had my eyes, to take but one look at the dear youth; unlucky, Sir Carrol to bring him here at this juncture, his ſon perhaps might have appear'd more tolerable, but now the coxcomb ſuffers ſo miſerably by the compariſon, that where I might have only deſpiſed, I now moſt ſincerely deteſt!—no way to avoid this hated match?

Enter FIB, (*haſtily*).

Fib. O, theſe deceitful men! I've no patience with them—its a ſhame for him, ſo it is.

Lady J. What, what's the matter?

Fib. You are too good for him, and ſo I told Mr. Pavot; Mr. Pavot, ſaid I, my young lady is too good for your maſter, that's what ſhe is; Madame Fib, my maitre is fine gentilhomme, ſays he, ſo I ſaid to him, ſaid I, your maſter is a perfidious viper.

Lady J. Pray—I'm in no humour now for trifling.

Fib. Then I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip haſn't heard of your lover, Mr. Donovan's falſehood?

Lady J.

Lady J. Falſehood!

Fib. Iſn't it the blackeſt?—think now only of his being ſent for over here to marry you, and all the while going on with an underhand ſcheme to carry off a young lady in the neighbourhood.

Lady J. But are you certain of this?

Fib. At the mention of this barbarous uſage to you, Lud I was fired—I feel my ears ſtill as hot—

Lady J. Well, well; but how can this be, when he is only juſt arrived from Paris?

Fib. Juſt arrived! why, Ma'am, he has been figuring about London for I don't know how many months, unknown to his father.

Lady J. Indeed!

Fib. And that Pavot his Frenchman, is as well known in all the tricks of London, as if he'd been born in Covent-Garden.

Lady J. Paying his addreſſes to another! O, if I can but bring this to a proof, it will be a charming pretext, yes, my mother wou'd certainly break off our match. (*aſide*) But didn't Pavot tell you who the young Lady is?

Fib. No, Ma'am, with his ſhrugs, nods, and French gabbering, I cou'dn't get that from him; but it ſeems, your lover, Mr. O'Donovan, by means of a letter that he had from a Mr. Nol Pros, in London, was to introduce himſelf into the family as a Clerk or a ſomewhat—

Lady J. Stop! Sophia knows every body at Hampton Court, I may hear from her who this rival is—here is a gleam of hope however—my cloak and gloves. [*Exit Fib.*

Ah, if I thought this dear ſtranger entertain'd one tender ſentiment for me, for the firſt time

in my life, I'd rejoice at being born to a ſplendid fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

ALIBI'S *Houſe.*

Enter SOPHIA, (*ſpeaks at the center door*)

Soph. Mr. Aircourt, Mr. Aircourt! My guardian's gone out.

Air. (*Within*) But how ſhall I get out?

Soph. What a malicious old creature, to lock you in! can't you puſh back the lock?

Air. I have already broke his penknife attempting it.

Soph. Well, here—try my ſciſſars. (*Puts them under the door,*) there, take them up.—(*pauſes*) la, man! Try (*pauſes*) why don't you do it Mr. Aircourt? (*Liſtens*) what the deuce have you fall'n aſleep?

Enter AIRCOURT *at the ſide,* SOPHIA *not ſeeing him.*

You're a pretty Pyramus! Why do'nt you try my ſciſſars?

Air. What, to cut love, or to kill the lion, my Thiſbe?

Soph. Hah! How did you get there?

Air. Pop'd out of the back window, perch'd upon a cucumber frame, hop'd up ſtairs, and here I am your own poor Robin.

Soph. Ah, "you fooliſh fluttering thing." (*ſings*)

Enter

Enter ALIBI.

Alibi. Lady Arable's tent is balſamic—But I was right not to ſee my wife Katty, 'till I have her here ſafe under my own roof.

Soph. (*Singing*) " Sweet Robin, ſweet Robin, " no no, you ſhall not go."

Alibi. (*Aſide, and looking at Aircourt*) Now do I ſuſpect this Robin to be a Canary.

Air. (*Perceiving Alibi*) The old one! But mind me—(*apart to Sophia*) Yes, Miſs, I think I cou'd teach you to play at cribbage after dinner, for I was counted a dab at it in our parts.

Soph. Thank you, Robin.

Alibi. (*aſide*) This muſt be Robin Goodfellow, and has whip'd thro' the key-hole. I won't ſeem to know he's got out, only to ſee how he'll carry it off. (*Trys the center door*) No burglary here, however. (*Unlocks it and calls*) Well, Robin, have you engroſs'd that? Come out here, my lad. (*Aircourt walks by him in at the door, and returns*) Hey, that's one way of coming out.

Air. The Yorkſhire way, Sir; whenever we'd come out of a room, we always go in firſt.

Alibi. Your hand—you'll make an excellent lawyer. But the manner in which I found you here, explain. I left you in that room, and I lock'd the door.

Air. Yes, Zur; but you didn't lock the window.

Alibi. Didn't lock the window! He'll do.

Soph. Yes, he'll do.

Alibi. Peery enough, but a queer beginning tho'—no doing without application, my friend—I ſet you about an affair of conſequence within here

here, and I find you with my ward without here: how dare you quit your ſtation.

Soph. O, my poor guardian! So when you thought you had Robin in crib, here was he teaching me to play cribbage.

Alibi. Hearkee! If you wou'd make your fortune in the law, inſtead of Hoyle, ſtudy Styles's Reports. I never touch a card, except now and then I divert myſelf with a little game of Beggar-my-Neighbour—but how dare you quit your ſtation?

Air. Oh, Zur, I thoft it was dinner-time.

Alibi. "Thoft it was dinner-time!"—Hah! there's no danger in this fellow; for I never heard or read of a lover that was hungry. (*aſide.*)

Air. La, Zur, there's no danger from me, but I'd have you take care of one Aircourt—her head runs on nothing but him—he'll certainly carry her off.

Soph. Oh, that nothing may hinder him!

Alibi. Yes, but ſomething ſhall hinder him—my wit, my vigilance ſhall hinder him.

Air. But what's your wit to a fellow with ſtrength in his arm, and the Devil in his head?

Alibi. What do you mean, to talk ſo, Boy? Do I ever go out, that I don't carry the great key in my pocket? Nay, even now I'm here, isn't the door below lock'd on the inſide?

Soph. Yes Sir, but in ſpite of all your keys and caution, if my Aircourt, inſpir'd by love and ſuperior wit, had by an ingenuity of ſtratagem got in here, what wou'd you do then?

Alibi. What wou'd I do then?

Air. Aye, Sir, what wou'd you do then?

Soph. Cou'dn't he puſh a little feeble old quiſby like you down into a chair?

Alibi.

Alibi. How, pray?

Soph. Shew him how, Robin?

Air. Why there—(*puts him into a chair*) Juſt that way

Alibi. Well, now Old Quiſby's down in the chair—what wou'd he do then?

Air. Why he'd carry the girl off.

Soph. Yes, to be ſure he'd carry the girl off.

Alibi. If theſe are your notions, your friends did well to have you larn the law, if only to ſave you from being hang'd ſome time or other—A good occaſion this to give him his firſt lecture (*aſide*) Well, honeſt Robin, you ſuppoſe it a very eaſy thing for a young fellow to run away with a Lady from her Guardian?

Air. Quite eaſy, and vaſtly pleaſant mayhop.

Alibi. Then I'll ſhew you how, for ſuch a pleaſant trick you may hop and dance too——Sophy, hand me down that Coke yonder. (*Sophy goes to the ſhelves*)

Air. Stop, Miſs, I'm taller nor you. (*helping her with the book, it falls*)

Alibi. Why you dog, do you want to kill the girl?

Soph. Yes, he's quite a killing creature.

Alibi. Well now, you Sophy, you only juſt lay that book before me. (*ſhe lays it on his knee*) Now, my boy, I've ſomething here under my thumb that will open your eyes to the danger of breaking the laws of your country.

Soph. But a true lover deſpiſes law and danger.

Alibi. Deſpiſe law! that's a decent word out of your mouth Miſs, before my pupil. (*apart to her*) Now, Robin, for argument ſake, we'll ſuppoſe

poſe that this young lady has thirty thouſand pounds—I don't ſay ſhe has, only putting a caſe —and here, I am her guardian, ha, ha, ho! It's admitted, you know, that I'm the Old Quiſby in the chair, he, he, he!

Air. Yes, zur—we know your Old Quiſby.

Alibi. Very well; and we'll ſay ſtill for argument's ſake you are Aircourt.

Soph. Aye, now you are my Aircourt, and I am your Sophia, and there ſits my gentle old guardian with Lord Coke under his thumb—

Alibi. Now, Robin, I beg your pardon—Mr. Aircourt,—only juſt take that young lady out of that door, and if you can read, I'll then ſhew you a few lines here, that will convince you what a hopeful hobble one of us will be in.

Air. But let's underſtand—Oh, I'm to make belief to run away with her—and we're to leave you in a hobble.

Alibi. What a ſtupid—He, he, he!—Sophy carry it on with him.

Soph. Me go out of the room with him!—Silly! —Indeed I ſhan't.

Alibi. Why, you perverſe girl, mus'n't I give the lad ſome inſight of the profeſſion, ſince I've touch'd his money!—and no conviction like example—Do it. (*apart to her*) Well, now then, you take her away.

Air. Well, I take her away—Good bye, 'till we ſee you again—This is ſo comical, that when folks hear of it they'll only think it the lie of the day. [*Exit whiſtling, with Sophia.*

Alibi. He, he, he! O you ignoramus! The fool little thinks that a man can't even run away with his own wife, without being puniſh'd for it. Now, where is the chapter? Don't come in yet—

Now

Now I'll ſhew him that he may get hang'd for what he whiſtles at. Deſpiſe law! Hah! We'll teach him to deſpiſe law! Here, Robin—Sophy, don't ſtand grinning out there at him—Bob, Bobby——Eh! Zounds! Come! (*riſes*) I ſay—(*Turns the button of the door*) the door's bolted faſt on the other ſide—Treachery! Sophy, Murder! I'm plunder'd! Plague o' my Lord Coke, Burne, and Blackſtone. (*Knocks the books about*)—Oh, I am nonſuited—Oh, that villain. Nol Pros! Oh, curſe Yorkſhire! [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room at the Toy.

Enter SOPHIA, *and* AIRCOURT *in his own dreſs.*

SOPHIA.

OH, my dear Aircourt, you're the moſt wicked, the moſt comical creature, ha, ha, ha! But upon my honor I am vaſtly frightened—By this time my guardian's in a precious fury—Heigho! I'm like a bird juſt got looſe, can ſcarce believe my own happineſs—This is the beſt houſe we could have taken ſhelter in, he has ſuch an idea of its being ſo expenſive.

Air. Ha, ha, ha! I ſuppoſe never walks by the door, leſt they ſhould ſend him out a bill for looking at the ſign; but I'il inſtantly order a chaiſe, and we'll daſh into town.

NOL PROS (*without*)

Nol. Never mind, my lad, I ſee him coming.

Air. Eh! my love, you had beſt ſtep in there a moment. I don't ſuppoſe, if I ſhould meet Alibi, he can know me in my own cloaths.

Soph.

Soph. Well pray now Aircourt, don't ſtay—I'm ſo terrified.

Air. At what, my dear creature?—There—ſtep in. (*puts her in*) I won't ſtay ten minutes. ——No bad policy in me to keep O'Donovan's part in this clerk's ſcheme a ſecret from Sophia.—Women like the man they find takes a deal of pains about them: and with all his puppyiſm, did ſhe know he went ſuch lengths to obtain her, perhaps I ſhould not ſtand ſo high in her opinion.

[*Exit.*

Enter NOL PROS *and* WAITER.

Nol. What time did Mr. Callipaſh order dinner, did you ſay?

Wait. On table at three, Sir.

Nol. Then get me a ham-ſandwich. [*Exit Wait.*] I long to know what ſucceſs the young fellow had with my letter to Alibi.

ALIBI. (*without*)

Alibi. Ah, no matter—I'll have her.

Nol. Oh, here he comes, he's loſt his ward, charg'd like a pop-gun—but I muſt ſtand the fire.

Enter ALIBI.

Alibi. Oh, you're there, Nol—An't you aſham'd of yourſelf, Nol Pros?

Nol. Ha, ha, ha! What, for ſending you an active clerk, with a banging purſe of money?

Alibi. Yes, he has been active, with the devil to him—but I'll bang him!—I'll catch him—hang him—I'll teach him to run away with heireſſes.

Nol. Ha, ha, ha! Now from your paſſion do

I ſuppoſe he don't want teaching, ha, ha, ha!—I thought the young rogue look'd like a proficient, ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Ha, ha, ha! (*mimicking*) And an't you an old rogue, to be aiding and abetting in ſuch a ſcheme of villainy?

Nol. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. What, do you laugh, when I tell you he has carry'd off my ward?

Nol. Here he comes—the very ſpark!

Alibi. Does he!

Nol. Huſh!—Be you cool; we'll make ſomething of him yet; tho' I've reaſon to think he conceal'd his real name from me, yet I have found out he has got the acres——Stand aſide, and we'll nab him. (*Alibi retires*)

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. Yes, I'll give up Lady Jane, and now for Sophia—I muſt get Aircourt's advice—I know he's in the houſe. (*ſees Nol Pros*) The Attorney that gave me my clerk's letter—Zounds! if he diſcovers who I am—my plan on Sophia may come to my father's ears. As he don't know my real name, I'll brazen him out that I'm not the man.

Nol. Servant, Sir!

Larry. Sir, you've the advantage of me.

Nol. No, Sir, the advantage is on your ſide—I find you've got the girl.

Larry. Girl!

Nol. Aye—my letter was the thing—your hand——I'm heartily glad you've carried old Alibi's ward off.

Larry. Stop!—In the firſt place, I never ſaw you before:

before: and as for thoſe girls and Alibi's you talk of—curſe me, if I know what you mean, friend.

Nol. Ha, ha, ha! Then you did'nt get a letter from me, recommending you to Mr. Alibi?

Larry. Not I.

Nol. That's good enough—Step hither, Alibi—

Alibi. (*advances*) Tell me, you villain, where is —(*to Larry, in a rage, ſtops ſhort*) Hah, how do you do, Sir?—I'm very glad to ſee you—You remember giving me a lift in the coach, when Sophia and I were weather-bound at Chelſea, 'twas vaſtly kind!

Nol. I think you're vaſtly kind to the fellow you were to hang juſt now. Didn't you tell me he ran away with your ward?

Alibi. He!

Larry. Me! Did you ſay ſo, Sir? (*to Alibi*)

Alibi. Not I!

Enter AIRCOURT.

Air. The chaiſe is ready: but how to cut our way thro' the enemy. (*aſide*)

Larry. Ha! my dear boy—I've been looking—

Alibi. Yes, this is the cut-throat, I know him. (*to Aircourt*) Where is ſhe? What have you done with her?—Here, you Nol, confeſs, this is the chap you ſent with your Yorkſhire letter.

Nol. That! I never ſaw the Gentleman before.

Air. (*aſide*) That brings me off.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha!

Air. Ha, ha, ha! Gentlemen, you are all very merry here.

Alibi. Yes; but I'll make you laugh another way, Maſter Robin!

Larry.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Why the Gentleman's name's Hal.

Alibi. Yes; but he was Robin in Yorkſhire.

Air. I was robbing in Yorkſhire!—What do you mean by that, you raſcal?

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Be quiet; he's a worthy old ſtick, but not quite clear at preſent, for I ſee he's been tipling.

Alibi. I ſay again, this is the fellow that brought the letter from you (*pointing to Aircourt*)

Air. Did you ever give me a letter? (*to Nol Pros*)

Nol. No; but I ſay again and again, that's the fellow that brought it to him. (*pointing to Larry*)

Larry. (*to Alibi*) Did I ever bring you a letter?

Alibi. No, no; 'twas he. (*to Aircourt*)

Air. Then you inſiſt I got a letter from him?—I've a mind to pull your wig, you ſcoundrel! (*to Alibi*)

Larry. And if you have the impudence to ſay I carried off his ward, I'll break your back, you old prevaricator. (*to Nol*)

Alibi. Aye, his turning it upon you (*to Larry*) is only to ſcreen his accomplice here. (*to Aircourt*)

Nol. No; but your turning upon this Gentleman, is clear ſham. (*pointing to Aircourt*) But I ſuppoſe, if my chap has got her, you'll keep a good ſlice of her fortune—I'll be up with you, my little Alibi! [*Exit.*

Larry and Air. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Very well, ha, ha, ha! But ſee if I'll be laugh'd out of my charge, good Maſter Hal and Nol. I'll ſee if my Lord Chancellor will grin at this. [*Exit.*

Larry.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! What does old Alibi mean by this paſſion that he's got into?

Air. It's plain Nol Pros has told him of the letter he gave you—and the fears of Sophia's actually eloping, operate ſo powerfully upon his fancy, that—

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Quite mad!—but Aircourt, I've been affronted ſo by Lady Jane—I find her the moſt ſupercilious capricci——Do you know, that upon my honor, ſhe laugh'd at me?

Air. No!

Larry. She did!—Think of laughing at me!—But I'll make formal propoſals for Sophia.

Air. Do, and I dare ſay you'll obtain her.

Larry. I haven't a doubt.

Air. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. What do you laugh at?

Air. Why, to tell you the truth, O'Donovan, I'm down here on a love-ſcheme of my own.

Larry. You!

Air. Ha, ha, ha! My girl too, has got a crazy old guardian—ha, ha, ha! I ſhall carry her off though.

Larry. Why don't you?

Air. I wou'd; only the blockhead, my rival's in the way.

Larry. What, he's a troubleſome puppy, hey!

Air. That he is indeed, ha, ha, ha!—How ſhall I ſhake him off? (*aſide*)——O'Donovan,—You'll excuſe me now.

Larry. Where are you going?

Air. Only—you know at ſuch a juncture, one has fifty things——

Larry. Well, I won't interrupt you; but Aircourt, who is your girl?

Air.

Air. No, my friend, O'Donovan, you're too fine a Gentleman for my charmer to ſee—come—you dangerous beau! (*Takes him under the arm*)

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! I fancy I am a little dangerous—I don't know but your right not to let her ſee me—Ha, ha, ha! the girl! I thought you didn't come to Hampton-Court merely to dine with your rowing party, you fly poacher; I can't help laughing at the fooliſh puppy your rival.

[*Exeunt both laughing.*

LADY JANE (*ſpeaks as entering*)

Lady J. The Lady's in this room, you ſay—

Enter SOPHIA (*from the Room*)

Sophia! What can have brought you to ſuch a houſe as this? I cou'd ſcarce believe it was you tapp'd at the window.

Soph. O, Lady Jane, I've done the maddeſt thing, ha, ha, ha! I've elop'd from my guardian.

Lady J. Indeed!—And, with who, my dear?

Soph. Oh, he's a comical ſoul!—he ſtays very long!—I wiſh you were coming with us.

Lady J. But, my dear Sophia, who—and what—and how?—Elop'd!

Soph. As to your who, 'tis with Mr. Aircourt;—your how—he came and got me off, diſguiſed like a Yorkſhire clerk—the what—we'll be married directly.

Lady J. Diſguis'd like a clerk! the very circumſtance Fib told me! are you ſure your lover's name is—What do you call him?

Soph. Aircourt.

Lady J. That may be his name to you; but don't be ſurpriz'd, my dear, if I aſſure you, that your

your very Mr. Aircourt is no other than my Mr. O'Donovan, that was to have been married to me directly.

Soph. Oh, dear! Lady Jane, how can ſuch a thing come into your head!

Lady J. Well now, ſtop; pray what kind of perſon has he?

Soph. The prettieſt perſon in the world, or d'ye think I'd have thought of him?

Lady J. The prettieſt perſon in the world!—that is, in a wounded Lady's dictionary, the flower of Fop's-Alley.

Soph. My Aircourt a fop! Upon my reputation, Lady Jane, you make me exceedingly angry.

Lady J. Waſn't his letter of introduction from a Mr. Nol Pros?

Soph. The very name!

Lady J. I'm right.

Soph. Eh! (*pauſes*)

Lady J. Believe me, it's beyond a doubt; yet I had'nt an idea that you were my triumphant rival.

Soph. No; but ſeriouſly, can this be true?

Lady J. Moſt indubitable!—Fib has got the whole affair from Mr. Pavot, his valet, ha, ha, ha!

Soph. Nay, but don't laugh at me, Lady Jane, for I'm really hurt—It's impoſſible though—— and yet the fear of his deſign upon me, coming to the knowledge of your family, accounts for his aſſuming another name.

Lady J. Pray what introduction—how came you acquainted?

Soph. Mere accident. At the dancing-maſter's ball, at the London Tavern, he happen'd to be my partner.

Lady J. Yes, his man told Fib, that the Gen-

tleman had been dancing about London under a fictitious name, and his good father, Sir Carrol (who is really a worthy man) thinks he's only juſt arriv'd from Paris.

Soph. He's one of the moſt diſſembling—— cruelleſt——

Lady J. I requeſt, my dear Sophia won't imagine that I made the diſcovery out of jealouſy, envy, or any other female principle of good-nature —You like him, take him; you pleaſe yourſelf, and do me a very ſignal piece of ſervice.

Soph. I will not—I'll never ſee him more—I deſpiſe—I'll try to forget him. (*weeps*)——He's gone for a chaiſe——but let him go by himſelf for a traitor.

Lady J. O then he left you there till his return. (*pointing to the room*)

Soph. Yes; but he ſhan't find me there.

Lady J. Then he ſhall find me there.

Soph. I'll go directly back to my priſon. Don't be angry with me, my dear Lady Jane—I'm ſo vex'd—— [*Exit crying.*

Lady J. I'll take Sophia's place here within, and bring conviction in his face, beyond the power of denial. (*retires*)

Enter AIRCOURT.

Air. What a troubleſome cur it is! My poor girl has had a tedious time of it here within. (*taps at the door*) Come, my Love, the chaiſe is ready.

Lady JANE *advances.*

Lady J. I'm glad to hear it, Sir---Eh! Sir, I beg a thouſand pardons; I expected another Gentleman!

Air.

Air. Yes, madam, and I expected another lady.

Lady J. Pray, Sir, is your name Aircourt?

Air. At your ſervice, ma'am.

Lady J. What an error have I been in! what miſchief! My poor Sophia! (*aſide*)

Air. Pray, madam, did you ſee a young lady—

Lady J. (*looking out*) Oh, here comes Mr. O'Donovan, I can't wait for an explanation now, Sir; I have ſeen the Lady, and as I was the cauſe, tho' innocently, of your loſing Miſs Sophia, you ſhall command every effort of mine to regain her. [*Exit.*

Air. What magic could have transform'd Sophia to Lady Jane?

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Aircourt, you're right about Alibi's mad freaks; why Sophia's now at home, I had this moment the ſweeteſt ſmile from her window.

Air. Gone home! was ever ſuch a little twirl about tee-to-tum. (*aſide*)

Larry. I ſhall make formal propoſals for her to Alibi, but on ſecond thoughts I think I had better for a while conceal my name though, becauſe then, in caſe of diſappointment, I ſhall ſtill have Lady Jane in Petto; I have ſent my man to Alibi's to requeſt an interview.

Air. What could have made her ſcamper back again. (*aſide*)

Larry. But Aircourt, what are you about? you told me you were on a love ſcheme.

Air. I don't know. (*quick and peeviſhly*)

Larry. Don't know! Don't bite me; Ha, ha, ha! I ſee it; your puppy rival's in the way.

Air. He is, (and juſt as you intend to Sophia.) I am told without revealing his name, he deſigns to make propoſals for my miſtreſs to her guardian.

Larry. But what objection has this guardian to you?

Air. Why, really I can't ſay, ſome buſy body has been chattering that I made a ſong upon him, or intended to have him caricatur'd in the print-ſhops; the thing above all others it ſeems he's moſt afraid of.

Larry. Is he? Ha, ha, ha! I have it—your hand—I'm your oracle—your rival deſigns to go and propoſe for her, and yet conceal his name; ſend an anonymous line to her guardian that a moſt notorious hummer, has laid a plan to come as a ſuitor to his ward, but his that real purpoſe, is to get his perſon and manner for a caricature print, or ſong, or ſomething of that ſort, to turn him into ridicule: and if he is ſuch an unique, he'll take the alarm at once, I warrant your rival trundled out of the houſe without a hearing, ha, ha, ha!

Air. And ſo, my friend O'Donovan, this is your comfortable advice?

Larry. I only wiſh I had a rival with Sophia, that I might put the joke in practice, what a fooliſh figure he'd cut.

Air. You really think he wou'd?

Larry. O by heav'n, it wou'd be the higheſt—Only do try it.

Air. Well, perhaps I may—You've ſent your man, you ſay, to Alibi's?

Larry. Yes, and in three minutes I ſhall be there myſelf, and make propoſals, Ha, ha, ha! but never mind me—Aircourt, do ſend the letter to your old lad—You may ſign yourſelf "Unknown

known Friend," or, "Q in the corner"—I'll anſwer for its ſucceſs—it will make a ſcreeching laugh for us! ha, ha, ha!

Air. I think it will—I'll try it—Ha, ha ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ALIBI's *Houſe.*

Enter ALIBI *and* SOPHIA.

Soph. Don't mention him, I hate him now as much as ever I lov'd him.

Alibi. Ha, ha!—I thought you'd repent of your fondneſs for your charming Aircourt—the fellows an adventurer!—But no more guineas for dancing maſter's balls!

Soph. Oh, Sir, his elegant perſon—grace in dancing—polite attention, charm'd my heart; and when I was taken ill, his concern at the accident claim'd my gratitude.

Alibi. So you muſt fall in love with him, becauſe forſooth he danc'd you about 'till you fainted and then, as if he was tipping for nine, he overſets half a dozen little miſſes only to throw a glaſs of water in your face.

Soph. Do now let's hear no more about him, and upon my honor I won't run away again.

Alibi. 'Pon my honor, I don't think you will—Boy, my gown and cap; I won't ſtir out—I don't think you'll run away again, little Soph. if a wiſe brain, brick wall, ſtrong bolt, and double lock can prevent it.

Soph. Ah, guardian, if a woman's mind is ſet upon a kind youth, with a true heart, and I an-

ſwe.e

ſome face; your wall's,cobweb;—bolt, ſtraw—pye-cruſt-lock, and your brain, ſyllabub.

Alibi. Don't tell me of pye-cruſts!—you ſhall find me a ſpider, Mrs. Ladybird—Why, you little boy.

Enter BOY, *with a cap and gown,* ALIBI *put them on.*

There, now I'm at home for the day, the night, the morrow; I'll not ſtir from the houſe theſe three weeks—You won't get off again, I think.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, that they may! (*ſurveying and turning him about.*)

Alibi. May what?

Soph. Take you off. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Take me off!

Soph. With your red cap; you only want the pipe in your mouth.

Alibi. If they gibbet me in their print-ſhops, I'll bring my action for a libel—their windows are a nuiſance, exhibitions of ſcandal and indecency, to block up the footpaths, and make a harveſt for pickpockets.

Enter PAVOT.

Pav. Monſieur, mon Maitre has ſent his humble reſpect, to know if he can have the honor of waiting upon you?

Alibi. Well, and who is your mon Maitre, pray?

Pav. Gentilhomme of the bon fortune, to beg permiſſion to pay his addreſſes to your young Lady there.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, hadn't you beſt advertiſe me at once—"To be ſold, purſuant to a decree of the High Court of Chancery, that capital

capital meſſuage, known by the name of Sophia Seymour; for particulars, enquire of Capias Alibi, attorney and turnkey, at his villa at Caſtle Nab?"

Pav. Bon! Monſieur, you are de turnkey, and your Chatteau—here is Caſtle Nab.

Alibi. Did your maſter ſend you here to laugh at me?

Pav. No, Monſieur—Pardie, I wiſh I vas ſafe out of dis Caſtle Nab.

Alibi. You impudent baboon, who is your maſter? And who are you—

Pav. Monſieur, don't be angry, he is de finiſh'd gentilhomme; oh! Miſs Sophia, he is much in love with you—for you he do forſake de great Lady Lady Jane vid grand fortune.

Soph. Forſake Lady Jane!—It muſt be Mr. Aircourt. (*aſide*)

Pav. Monſieur—I vil run and deliver him your anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alibi. There's a polite fellow, ſav'd me the trouble of even thinking of an anſwer;—I'll ſee this perſon, and if he is "de man of bon fortune," I'll get you off my hands, my pretty dear, indeed I will.

Soph. O yes, this is his valet that Lady Jane mentioned, this is her O'Donovan and my Aircourt, but my heart is ſteel'd againſt him (*aſide*)—Sir, I beſeech you not to admit this gentleman.

Alibi. I will.

Soph. To tell you the truth, Sir, this is Aircourt; but I'm quite indifferent about him.

Alibi. Eh, Robin return'd to the attack.

PAVOT (*without*)

Pav. Oui, Monſieur Alibi will be rejoice to ſee you, Sir. *Alibi.*

Alibi. Sure of that Monſieur?

Soph. Yes, he's confident—a diſſembler—Eh! why this is my Chelſea fop. (*ſurpriz'd*)

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. Mr. Alibi!—Ma'am, your moſt—ha, charming by heaven!

Alibi. Nol's pidgeon! Why, Sophia, look, here's more of your conceit—this Robin.

Soph. Very myſterious!——I fear Lady Jane has been miſinformed, and led me into an error—Actually diſtinct perſons! Have I wrong'd Air-court, and ſurrendered to my priſon? (*weeps*)

Larry. I have taken the liberty to wait upon you, my old friend, in hopes that my addreſſes to this young Lady may prove agreeable to her tender inclinations and your ſage opinion. (*bows*)

Alibi. Why, Sir, as to the tenderneſs of that lady's inclinations, that's a matter with me of juſt —about—three half pence—(*bows*)

Soph. And, Sir, the ſagacity of that gentleman's opinion, with me is juſt—about—a penny farthing under that ſum—(*curtſies*)

Larry. As I have quite forgot the multiplication table, curſe me if I can ſtrike a balance upon this buſineſs—but, Sir, I love, and will marry this lady, that's my ſum total.

Alibi. Hah!---but I muſt know the ſum of your fortune, before you lay a finger upon that Lady's ſum total---But why, did you go about the buſh with your falſe letters?---Why did n't you at firſt come and aſk my conſent fair and openly?

Enter

Enter BOY.

Boy. (*giving letter to Alibi*) A man left that for you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Alibi. (*reads, while Larry entertains Sophia apart*) "An unknown friend warns you againſt a deſign "form'd by a junto of wits, to turn you into ri-"dicule, by caricaturing you for the print-ſhops; "'tis to be enriched with a ſatyrical ballad. For "this purpoſe, the Preſident, (who is a noted "hummer,) introduc'd himſelf to you at Chel-"ſea."—Chelſea! the very fellow. (*looking at Larry, reads*) "And to finiſh his outrè pic-"ture, he's to obtain an interview as a man "of fortune in love with Miſs Sophia." Oh, oh, is that your buſineſs, my friend. (*aſide*) "Like "this hint from your's, Q. in the corner." I ſuſpected ſomething, when I ſaw him ſo thick with that rogue Robin; ſo, ſo, it's all a colluſion. (*ſtifling reſentment, putting the letter up, drops it, goes to Larry and holds his face up to him.*) Well, look; have you got a likeneſs?

Larry. Eh!

Alibi. I've a ſtriking Phiz, haven't I?

Larry. You have a very good phiz indeed, Sir.

Alibi. But when I've the pipe—

Larry. What has he got at now? Ma'am, can you ſmoke his pipe?

Alibi. No, but I ſmoke your pipe. The tune of the ballad, I ſuppoſe will be "Bow-wow," or, ſtop, Derry down's a good tune.

Larry. Sir, I don't know what you mean by Derry Down.

Alibi. Don't you? then I'll ſpeak plainer.—There's the ſtairs, and pray, Sir, do you walk down, down, Derry down. (*ſinging*)

Soph. (*having pick'd up the letter and peruſed it*) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, this is the pleaſanteſt—ha, ha, ha! the very thing I was wiſhing for; ha, ha, ha! There, Sir, you ſee him to advantage. Guardian, make a face for the gentleman. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. The laugh is againſt ſomebody, but for the ſoul of me, I can't tell who!

Alibi. Ma'am, do you ſtep in— (*puts Sophia into a room*)

And, Sir, do you ſtep out.

Larry. Sir, this is not behaviour to a gentleman. I'm a perſon of rank and conſequence, and muſt deſire, Sir——

Alibi. Yes, Sir, and I muſt deſire you'll pack up your conſequence, be your own porter, and carry it out of my houſe.

Larry. Then, Sir, I muſt diſcover myſelf——

Alibi. You are diſcover'd.—Thanks to Q in the corner. (*aſide*)

Larry. I never met with ſuch a mad old fellow!

Meth. (*without*) Are you above, Maſter Alibi?

Larry. Oh, Lady Arable's butler here can tell you that I am a perſon of faſhion. Hear from him who you have affronted, and bluſh for your behaviour.

Enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. Ah, what are you here, Larry? gad I forgot. (*aſide*)

Alibi.

Alibi. Ha, ha, ha! So then Larry you're a man of faſhion.

Larry. (*to Metheglin*) Pray be ſerious, friend, this old gentleman won't believe that I am——

Meth. The deuce, has he found out that you are Larry?

Larry. Fellow, I'll ſee if your lady authorizes your inſolence to her gueſts, and as for you, old Coke, I'll carry your ward, by all the powers of love and ſtratagem. [*Exit.*

Alibi. A gooſe quill for your ſtratagem. Did you ever ſee ſuch a puff crack—who is he, Metheglin.

Meth. Can't reveal that without my wife's leave.

Alibi. Wife! You haven't married Katty Kavanagh?

Meth. No, not yet.

Alibi. Where is ſhe.

Meth. So eager to have her little penny ſettled upon her before our marriage, that ſhe wou'd come with me; ſhe's in the next room.

Katty. (*Without*) Mr. Metheglin.

Alibi. The very voice of my dear wife! (*aſide*) And has ſhe really much money?

Meth. A power.

Alibi. I feel all my conjugal tenderneſs revive. (*aſide*) Metheglin, reach the ink-ſtand off the deſk yonder.

Meth. I will, but be civil to my wife; ſhe's a jolly body—the pen and ink, Aye. [*Exit.*

Alibi. Yes, it is ſhe; I gave her time to roll; and the prudent creature, in purſe and perſon, has gather'd like a ſnow ball.

Enter KATTY.

Katty. Mr. Metheglin, is it your manners to leave a body ſtanding in the entry. Oh Mr. Counſellor, do you know much of this huſband I'm going to marry.

Alibi. I know a huſband you did marry. Ah, Katty!

Katty. And is it! Oh St. Patrick! Are you alive, my Bryan, my own Honey.

Alibi, Kate, Katty! Oh my Catherine Pear. (*Embraces her.*)

Enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. Here is the pen and ink. (*ſtops ſhort*) Is the world at an end!

Alibi. Mr. Metheglin, your wife turns out to be my wife.

Meth. I know with lawyers our money turns out to be their money, but you——

Katty Huſh; Mr. Metheglin, you and I are now two, ſo good day to you. Come, my dear. [*Exeunt Alibi and Katty.*

Meth. To quit my lady for this falſe woman, and ſhe to run away from me for this big little old villain, becauſe of his money, and in a moment too: ſome myſtery here—I'll go home, and throw myſelf at my lady's feet—I'll make her happy. Now for the drawing room; but firſt for the wine cellar; yes, aye. [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Outſide of the Toy.

Enter AIRCOURT.

AIRCOURT.

AY, ay, you may put up the chaiſe; my capricious, lovely, Sophy! her running back is the moſt vexatious—the ſtrangeſt—however, if my lum letter has done its duty, by this the lawyer has ejected the beau, here he comes—Ha, ha, ha! By his furious face it has ſucceeded.

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Ha O'Donovan! well have you propoſed for the lady—

Larry. Aircourt, never knew any gentleman ſo uſed as I have been by her guardian.

Air. Then my letter has taken. (*aſide*)

Larry. Never was ſo treated——

Air. Treated! you went at his dinner hour; ay,

ay, your country people are never contented but when they are cramming their gueſts, ha, ha, ha!

Larry. Cram! he cramm'd me down ſtairs.

Air. Why I ſuppoſe you dined in the parlour.

Larry. Dine!

Air. By what I have heard of him I did not think he was ſo hoſpitable. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. He very hoſpitably turned me out of doors.

Air. What "trundled you out without a hearing?"

Larry. Gad as you ſay, trundled me out without a hearing. But held up his phiz as he called it, and in the moſt rude and ill-bred manner, fairly derry-down'd and bow-wow'd me out of his houſe.

Air. Well done Q. in the corner. Ha, ha, ha! (*aſide*)

Larry. Nay, but Aircourt don't laugh—ſo unfriendly.

Air. Why faith I've little cauſe for pleaſantry. How ſhall I recover my Sophy. (*aſide*)

Larry. And yet, ha, ha, ha! in my vexation I can't help laughing—for bruſhing thro' Alibi's hall in my fury, who ſhould I ſee ſitting very ſtately in the parlour, but my Iriſh nurſe. So prompted by curioſity and another peep at Sophy.——

Air. Sophy! well!

Larry. I pop'd into the adjoining room, and overheard.—Why the gentlewoman is Alibi's wife—and old Pettifog is in ſuch a dread of a moſt tremendous Iriſh admirer who paid his addreſſes on the ſuppoſition of her being a rich widow—

Air. Ay—well?

Larry.

Larry. Alibi fears he'll certainly follow her over from Ireland, and piſtol him.

Air. Eh, this promiſes ſomething. (*aſide*)

Larry. Ha, ha, ha!

Air. Pſha, dem your grinning, let's hear?—

Larry. Why Sir, this hero that they're ſo much afraid of, it ſeems is really a devil of a wicked fellow, has been in the German ſervice, and in ſome of the moſt dangerous actions on the Turkiſh frontiers.

Air. Alibi in dread of this formidable Hibernian Hector—This may prove a coup de main. (*aſide*)

Larry. But Aircourt about your miſtreſs—What have you done with your fool of a rival?

Air. As great a blockhead as ever; he has been juſt now communicating a circumſtance to me, that I hope will put it in my power to jockey him once for all. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. A blockhead, indeed, to make you of all men his confidante. Jockey him?

Air. I will.

Larry. Yes, but you promiſed to aſſiſt me in getting Sophia out.

Air. If I don't get her out may I ——— Well, good bye, when next we meet you ſhall hear ſomething of your girl that will aſtoniſh you.

Larry. Thankye, I muſt now meet my father. Adieu!

Air. I'll about it my boy—The plan is here—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Lady ARABLE's *Houſe.*

A glaſs door, a writing table ſeen thro' it.

Enter LADY ARABLE.

Lady A. I bluſh even to confeſs to myſelf. that this youth introduced by Sir Carrol ſhould inſtantancouſly ſupplant him in my affections, and for me ſo ſuddenly to break off with Sir Carrol! but this ſtranger is ſuch a charming young man, yet without family, connections—what does he want but riches which I can ſupply from our diſparity of condition in life, all overtures muſt come from me, yet I may diſguſt him by overſtepping the bounds decorum has preſcribed to my ſex. Heavens! yes, he is coming here to write, he can't miſs thoſe lines they will be the moſt delicate conveyance of my ſentiments.

[*Lays a paper on a table and Exit.*

Enter O'DONOVAN.

O'Don. I think I left the maps on this deſk.

[*Exit in at the glaſs door.*

Enter METHEGLIN *with wine.*

Meth. Perfidious Katty! but let her go to the ——Indeed the black gentleman has got her, oh for—(*ſits and drinks*) Sweet revenge, I'm ſo vext I could quaff aqua fortis—how to ſtep above this affront—yes its beyond a doubt that my

my lady has conceived tender notions for me, but love for this falſe widow, totally put me from puſhing my fortune—I obſerv'd to-day my Lady look'd very cool on Sir Carrol; her mind muſt run on ſomebody elſe, and who but—— Yes, I'll return your ſmiles with ogles, your leers with kiſſes, your money with myſelf, ſuppoſe to turn Lady Jane more againſt Katty's ſham ſquire, maſter Larry, what if I ſtart this young beagle at her? Fib told me ſhe liked him—Yonder he is—Hip! boy! my lad!

Re-enter O'Donovan.

I've a ſecret for you, take a drop out of the bottom of that glaſs?

O'Don. I thank you, but I'm in a hurry now.

Meth. A falſe woman's worſe than an empty glaſs.—"Adieu to the cellar delights," (*ſings*) As I've made up my mind to marry Lady Arable, I muſt hire a Butler of my own.

O'Don. You marry Lady Arable; and what's to become of Sir Carrol?

Meth. Pho! Her thoughts on him were vexation, from my attachment to a deceitful ſyren.

Enter Fib.

Fib. Mr. Metheglin, run to my lady!

Meth. There you ſee.

Fib. She wants you in her dreſſing room.

Meth. No, Fib, my lady wants me in her undreſſing room. This room is my ſanctum-ſanctorum; ſo ſince you have put your foot

in here, ſit down with devotion, and taſte a drop of the righteous? (*gives her a glaſs*)

Fib. I'll take a glaſs, if its only to drink my young lady's health.

Meth. Compliment to you. (*to O'Don.*)

O'Don. Me! how pray?

Fib. Yes, I muſt ſay that Lady Jane has no averſion to one in my eye—Sir, your health. (*drinks to O'Don.*

O'Don. Pray is not the match concluded between Lady Jane, and Mr. O'Donovan?

Fib. Yes, it's at an end, if that's a concluſion; no, I aſſure you my Lady's a high-flyer, not to be brought down by a holliday ſportſman, that cocks his gun at every little bird that hops before him.

Meth. He, he, he! Little bird hop before him!—Fib's a mighty pretty ſpoken young woman.

Fib. Ah, I wiſh all the great folks with great fortunes, would marry us little folks with no fortune, and then the world would be better divided. (*Bell without*) I muſt run; pray cork up your bottle and come to my lady. [*Exit.*

Meth. What! do you take me for a Portſoken ſhopkeeper, wou'dn't cork a bottle for all the ladies—in——

O'Don. But I muſt prepare the papers for her ladyſhips inſpection.

Meth. What paper's this? (*takes the paper Lady Arable left*) My Lady's hand! I thought it was ſhe went out as I came in—a bill of fare for the Houſekeeper, I ſuppoſe—let's ſee what's for ſupper to-night—(*reads*) "You have merit, I have fortune to reward it; for your ſake I am ready to recede from an engagement with my equal

equal in point of rank. If you think it in my power to make you happy, be ſo."—Houſe-keeper! No, this is a bill of fare for the butler—never ſo openly declared her love for me before; I thought it might be ſo, but my modeſty ſtifled the flattering idea—what a pretty method has ſhe taken to let me know it.

O'Don. Very ſtrange this.

Meth. I will make you happy, my dear lady, give up the great Sir Carrol O'Donovan for me! I'd be a moſt ungrateful fellow to refuſe "I have fortune," 6000l. a year; "you have merit"—hem—merit! (*bell rings*) Aye, pull away now my Lady, but preſently, when I'm your Lord and Maſter, I'll teach you to knock my bells about in that manner.

O'Don. This double marriage rupture muſt give Sir Carrol great uneaſineſs; tho' I cou'dn't rejoice at Lady Jane's union with Mr. O'Donovan; yet I moſt ſenſibly feel at every cauſe of diſtreſs to his worthy father—but you have not told me the ſecret.

Meth. Put your beſt foot foremoſt, my boy, Lady Jane has caſt an eye upon you, and Lady Arable has caſt two eyes upon me; it's not birth, beauty is the mark, not for the root, but the fruit of the tree, their mouths water.

O'Don. Hold! if this is your ſecret—I muſt inſiſt you'll not even think, with levity, on Lady Jane; tho' you may be well with Lady Arable, her amiable daughter could never loſe a thought on ſo lowly a being as myſelf.

Meth. Well, don't go to law with me about it—I tell you that Fib told me that Lady Jane ſwore this morning, you were the pretticſt man in the houſe, except me.—I'll bring you together; you

ſhall have the mother's conſent too; I'll marry the Dowager on no other terms. You ſhall be my ſon-in-law, or her Ladyſhip never ſteps into church with Jack Metheglin.

O'Don. I requeſt you'll ſay nothing about me, you'll only do miſchief; but I muſt adjuſt the papers her Ladyſhip gave me to look over. [*Exit.*

Meth. You ſhall unhorſe ſquire Larry for all this. Now to make my lady happy, (*looks in a glaſs*) do I look—but ſhe always thinks me comely; and that glaſs of red mantles in my cheek, and ſparkles in my eye—ſmile, you monkey, (*grimaces*) the other corner, the other eye; oh bravo, Metheglin! Now have at her noble countenance; ſoon ſhall I be Lord of all her houſes out-houſes, conſols, hogſheads, jointures, mills, meadows, plate, and puncheons. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in LADY ARABLE'S.

Enter LADY ARABLE.

Lady A. Now is this ſtep of mine ſo very conſiſtent? marry a handſome young fellow without money; I pleaſe myſelf, yet I dread an eclaircifement with Sir Carrol. The lines are gone; I long to know what effect they have had on him, cruel, partial decorum! while man freely courts the fair one he admires, woman, like a poor ghoſt, muſt hover round the hidden treaſure, condemn'd never to ſpeak till ſpoken to. He's here.

Enter

Enter O'DONOVAN, (*with papers*)

Oh, Mr. —— Pray, have you—this love! I feel myſelf more awed by his preſence than he can poſſibly be with mine. (*aſide*)

O'Don. Madam, agreeable to your orders, I have look'd over the ſurveys of the lands you have purchaſed of Sir Carrol.

Lady A. You are very good—thoſe inſtruments were drawn up in Ireland, but tolerably accurate, I fancy.

O'Don. They correſpond with the rent-roll, Madam.

Lady A. Well, my young ſurveyor, to tell you a ſecret, I made the purchaſe only on commiſſion for a certain Lady, who, if your heart is diſengaged, wiſhes to cheriſh ſome idea in your favour.

O'Don. Confuſion! then Metheglin, I find, has been talking here of Lady Jane! (*aſide*) The Lady's goodneſs does me too much honor, Madam.

Lady A. No, I'm certain you are a very deſerving perſon.

O'Don. Sir Carrol too, will ſuppoſe that I have dared to aſpire to her—and what muſt he think of me. (*aſide*)

Lady A. By his agitation, he takes the meaning of my note. (*aſide*)

O'Don. Madam, whatever you may have heard, be aſſured I never had the preſumption to——

Lady A. He underſtands me—but as my name wasn't to it, I'll ſet him beyond a doubt (*aſide*) tho' the Lady flatters herſelf that her offer is agreeable to your wiſhes.—

O'Don.

O'Don. My wiſhes! I beſeech you, do me the juſtice to believe——

Lady A. Yet, to ſpare her the indelicacy of an abſolute declaration, that is, Sir, tho' apprehenſive, you may think ſhe has already been forward in advances, yet ſhe deſired me to preſent you with her picture. (*gives it*)

O'Don. Ah, Madam! With all thoſe charms, my heart while I confeſs it ſenſibly awake to each perfection, never harbour'd a thought, aſpiring to the lovely original. (*looks at it*) Eh! Why, Madam, this is your picture!

Lady A. Pray let the artiſt's vermilion ſpare my bluſhes.

O'Don. What a miſtake!

Enter METHEGLIN.

I am ſo overpower'd by the effect of your Ladyſhip's condeſcenſion, that—permit me, Madam, to withdraw. [*Exit.*

Meth. You may withdraw.

Lady A. In ſuch a tender moment—what an impertinent intruſion!

Meth. You've made an impertinent intruſion here. (*calling after O'Donovan*)

Lady A. What do you want?

Meth. What do I want! Here's mock modeſty! Aſhamed to think of the tender epiſtle ſhe left for me.

Lady A. I can't ſpeak to you now.

Meth. How ſtrong is the conflict between her love and jealouſy, for my thoughts of Katty. (*aſide*) My Lady, I'm all contrition for paſt coldneſs—and am willing

willing to make amends, tho' you have caſt your affections on a perſon far beneath you.

Lady A. (*aſide*) Then my paſſion for this youth has tranſpired! Well, no matter, Metheglin, tho' it may be thought that I have plac'd my affections unworthily!

Meth. Pardon me, Madam, not ſo very unworthily—no fortune, 'tis true, but as to every thing elſe——

Lady A. Fortune's but light in the ſcale, when counter-balanc'd by tranſcendent merit.

Meth. Tranſcendent merit! Heavens! ſhe doats on me!

Lady A. What do you ſuppoſe people will think of my choice?

Meth. My Lady, I admire your choice. (*looks in the glaſs*)

Lady A. Metheglin, I have a high opinion of your fidelity; I wou'd have concealed—but, heigho! ſince diſcover'd, I own my weakneſs.

Meth. Weakneſs! No, my Lady, it is amorous ſuſceptibility, caught by parts and graces.

Lady A. I wou'dn't have this affair get much abroad yet awhile.

Meth. Huſh! not a word; but the marriage, once over, 'twill be only a nine day's wonder.

Lady A. Why, ſo I think; Sir Carrol, indeed, will have moſt reaſon to be offended.

Meth. I don't care a broken cruet for Sir Carrol.

Lady A. You! But I muſt not loſe ſight of propriety.

Meth. You never do, my Lady—I think you proper, and that's ſufficient.

Lady A. You! you wretch! [*Exit Meth.*

Meth. (*Pauſes*) Wretch! that is a term of love I know; but as nobody's bye, ſhe might have ſaid agreeable wretch: to command a little more reſpect, I'll inſtantly put on my wedding cloaths, white fring'd gloves, and be-wig my head in a new Brigadier. Eh! you wretch—Oh, ho! I fancy the firſt thing I ſhall have occaſion to buy out of my new fortune, is a hazle ſwitch, about as thick as my thumb—ſuch airs, after all her ſqueamiſh advances! But my rival, Sir Carrol—how vex'd, He, he, he! But egad, I muſt make it up with him tho', becauſe he'll be a decent ſort of viſiting acquaintance for us—Odſo! true—To diſcover Katty's change of his ſon, aye, that nails Sir Carrol's good will, as ſure—Yes, that does it—my full vengeance, too, upon Kate and Alibi. Yes, yes—Eh! I'll tell all—Oh—aye—hem! aye. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Road near the Lodge of LADY ARABLE'S *Houſe.*

Enter LADY JANE.

Lady J. Poor Sophia! her ſecond impriſonment, all from my error: but if her whimſical lover, Aircourt, ſucceeds in his Iriſh Captain's ſcheme, I muſt, as I promiſed, deliver her the letter he gave me for her, or ſhe may be as much terrified at his appearance as Alibi; but my mind is

is wholly occupied by this diſcovery Fib has made. I can't help thinking I'm more conſiſtent in my partiallity for this young man, than my wiſe Lady-mother. How it has aſtoniſh'd me, ſo very unaccountable and abſurd Sir Carrol's time of life renders an union with him much more ſuitable than this very prepoſterous match with one young enough to be her ſon. She has, in her ſpring of life, cropt the ſweet bloſſom of love, and now in mine, ſnatches it from me, with a viſionary idea, that ſhe can cheer her winter with an artificial warmth. But let her take him, I'll expel him from my thoughts; his ſoul, like his fortune, is ſordid and mercenary —Isn't this he? 'Tis; and my beating heart tells me I have blaſphem'd "the God of my idolatry."

Enter O'DONOVAN, (*with a ſmall bundle*).

O'Don. I'll firſt apply to this old lawyer, he may afford me at leaſt a temporary employment; if not, I muſt for London: thrown upon the world, conſcious honour be my pilot.

Lady J. His face does not wear the joy of a bridegroom.

O'Don. Let me take one farewel of that belov'd manſion—Adieu, dear caſket, that contains the jewel of my ſoul! Heavens! She's here!

Lady J. Are you going to take a walk, Sir?

O'Don. (*Embarraſs'd*) No, Madam, having particular buſineſs in London, I had hopes a ſtage might take me up on the road.

Lady J. Buſineſs in town! O true, at Doctor's Commons—but, ſtage!—ſure, Sir, you might have commanded Lady Arable's, or rather your own coach to attend you.

O'Don. Alas, Madam, I too ſenſibly feel the poignancy of your Ladyſhip's remark; but cou'd you ſee my heart, your gentle nature muſt conſider me more the object of compaſſion than ridicule—You may think me a ſort of boaſter, when I confeſs, that in proportion as fortune depreſſes me, a ſtubborn pride elevates me to myſelf, and while you view me here a forlorn wanderer, you, madam, are the only being on earth to whom I wou'd ſue for pity.

Lady J. Indeed Sir?—but hold! pity a man going to be married to a rich well-jointur'd widow?

O'Don. And deſtroy the hopes and happineſs of my all-worthy benefactor! Never! were there no other motive. (*ſighs*) You ſee my page—(*ſhewing the bundle*) This I prefer to an Ambaſſador's retinue.

Lady J. Be quiet, my beating heart! How have I wrong'd him! (*aſide*) Sir, then you reject my mother's matrimonial overtures, merely becauſe you wou'd not obſtruct Sir Carrol's happineſs——That Sir, is your only motive—Isn't it?

O'Don. Not altogether, Madam—But permit me, as this may be my only opportunity, to wiſh your Ladyſhip every felicity that can attend your union with Sir Carrol's ſon.

Lady J. Felicity in an union with him!—Never! was there no other motive? (*ſighs*)

" Poverty

" Poverty ſhould be my page, in preference to an Ambaſſador's retinue."

O'Don. Pardon me, Madam—I—underſtand that he—as to other motive than——if there ſhould exiſt any——But, no; my vanity ſhan't draw me into another deluſion. (*aſide*) Pleaſe, Madam, to accept as the repreſentative of Lady Arable, my moſt grateful thanks for the kind and hoſpitable reception, with which, from Sir Carrol's friendly introduction, ſhe was pleas'd to honor me. (*bows*)

Lady J. Then, Sir, as her repreſentative, I muſt hope, we are not ſo ſoon to be depriv'd of your company——You're not really going?—And whither if I may aſk.

O'Don. Madam, when you know who I am, indignation will take place of this generous concern for a friendleſs outcaſt—by concealing the meanneſs of my origin, I have impoſed upon the unſuſpecting credulity of Sir Carrol, and preſumptuouſly obtruded my company, where humility ſhould have taught me to wait.

Lady J. You have education and accompliſhments, and for your family, Lady Arable muſt certainly have known that, before ſhe determin'd to——

O'Don. My education was a gift from the open hand of benevolence; and as for my parent—I ſcorn to claim a ſubſiſtence, where without a bluſh, I cannot aſk a bleſſing—Heav'n protect you, deareſt Lady—My heart is full!

Lady J. Nay, but, Sir!

O'Don. Adieu, moſt honor'd Lady!—I wiſh—I cou'd—forget that there was——Oh, fortune!—— [*Exit.*

Lady J. Diſintereſted——ſenſible——generous youth! Dare I think he loves me?—If he does, he dare not think ſo himſelf—It's his extreme ſenſe of the gratitude he owes Sir Carrol, that deprives us of him. Which way is he gone? I poſitively muſt not——that is——no, my mother muſt not loſe him. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Hall with ſeveral Doors in ALIBI's *Houſe.*

ALIBI *with Wine,* KATTY *and* SOPHIA *with tea diſcover'd at a Table.*

SOPHIA.

HA, ha, ha!

Katty Faith, you ſay right tho' a joke Miſs Sophy—You ſhou'd now think yourſelf very happy, my gay little old man; in your warm manſion here.

Soph. And ſince now you taſte the ſweets of marriage and ſocial comfort; why deny it to me my dear guardian?

Alibi. Since you're ſo marriage-mad, my dear Ward, don't I conſent to give you young Mr. O'Donovan?

Soph. Yes, but I hate him.

Alibi. apart) Our ſon, Katty—prattle him into her favor.

Katty. Now, indeed, Miſs, he's a pretty boy.

Alibi.

Alibi. And pays you ſuch a compliment; for you he forſakes Lady Jane Arable, a woman of high top quality.

Soph. He forſake!—She deſpiſes him, if poſſible, more than I do.

Katty. Indeed, and you're both very nice, faith!—And Miſs, if you was as handſome as an allybaſter, and as rich as a Jew,—I'd think your face and pocket well beſtow'd on my boy——— I mean young Squire O'Donovan.

Soph. Let me peep at this letter Lady Jane ſlip'd me. (*peruſes it*)

Alibi. O dear, here had I retir'd after all my turmoils, to enjoy, as I thought, the ſnug chimney-corner of life; yet, I don't know how, all of a ſudden, I'm wound up in cares, like a ſilk-worm in his woof, all of my own ſpinning too, a young wild ward, that I'm weary of managing, a ſon all ſnuff and feather that I dare not own; and from our long ſeparation, my wife being thought a widow, has raiſed me up two inveterate enemies—here that ſcoundrel Metheglin—and as I deſign venturing to Ireland to pick up that eſtate Lady Arable purchaſed, there I have ready before me that terrible Iriſh Captain. Katty, my love, what was that Hector's name—the Captain, that Metheglin told me lov'd you ſo much?

Katty. Oh 'twas Captain Killmainham O'Squromough; and he did love me dearly. I am ſure if he came over here, he wou'd ſhoot me in your arms.

Alibi. I thank you my dear, but I wou'd as lief he wou'd ſhoot you any where elſe.—But is he ſuch a terrible Coſſack?

Katty. No; he would not kill any body unleſs he

he had taken his bottle;—then he did'nt care what miſchief he did. Why in the Caſtle of Dublin he'd pick a quarrel with the Lord Lieutenant himſelf, that he wou'd—and why not? a great man he was himſelf in gunnery, and ſcrimaging againſt the Turks.

Alibi. Why there's a ſcrimage in his very name, the ſound is more terrible than an Indian war hoop.

(*A loud noiſe without.*)

Air. (*without aſſuming the Iriſh brogue*) Tell her it's her friend, Captain Kilmainham O'Squromough, juſt arrived from Dublin.

Alibi. What!

Soph. 'Tis he, my dear Aircourt keeps his promiſe. (*aſide*)

Katty. Yes, I vow to Heaven, I believe it is the Captain, and ſeems to have been at the bottle ——Here will be fine cutting and ſhooting!

Alibi. Cutting and ſhooting!

Katty. O, dear huſband! to come all the way from Ireland after me, what good nature!

Alibi. Confound his good-nature.

Katty. You'd better not ſpeak ſo loud.

Alibi. I will ſpeak loud—Confound your good-nature. (*in a low tone*)

Soph. A Captain!—Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad we have'nt finiſh'd our tea:—he'll take a diſh with us.

Alibi. Tea! Give him the devil.

Katty. Honey, don't let him hear you.

Alibi. He ſhall hear me—Give you the devil. (*in a tremulous voice*) (*glaſs broke without*) Zounds! if he has'nt broke the lamp in the hall!

Soph. Lud! he muſt be a tearing fellow.

Alibi.

Alibi. Tearing——Who's there? (*at the door trembling*)

Enter AIRCOURT, *diſguiſed in military dreſs.*

[*Exeunt Katty and Sophia, haſtily.*

Air. Sir, as I am a gentleman, I think it rudeneſs to force into any man's houſe.

Alibi. Really Sir, I am ſomewhat of your way of thinking.

Air. I find you are, Sir, as we both think of having the ſame woman; and, Sir, with ſubmiſſion, I think that's damn'd impudent in one of us.

Alibi. With ſubmiſſion I think ſo too, Sir—but pray, Sir, to whom am I indebted for this honor?

Air. To that amiable inconſtant, the widow Kavanah!

Alibi. (*aſide*) 'Tis the very deſperado!—Sir, one might imagine you deſigned to affront me?

Air I came on purpoſe.

Alibi. Vaſtly civil. (*aſide*)

Air. Look you, Sir; I have had the honor to ſerve at home and abroad—Ockzakow and Balbriggin—The Danube and the Liffy—Volunteer reviews and Belgrade ſieges—all one to Killmainham O'Squromough—and I have learnt in Ireland and Germany, by Tactic, Theoretic and Practic, that there are two ways of doing things—The firſt is— (*fills*) Sir your health, (*drinks*) That's one way—the ſecond, is—(*fills*) Sir, your health. (*drinks*) That's another way.

Alib. Now, Sir, with deference to your tactics, thoſe two ways ſeem to me but one.

Air.

Air. Right Sir, two and one make three. (*fills and drinks*) and that being the firſt way.

Alibi. Pardon me, Sir, that was the third.

Air. Three are odds, and I come here to be even with you. (*fills*)

Alibi. The moſt barbarous marauder I ever ſaw. (*aſide*)

Air. You ſee how I love my bottle.

Alibi. Yes, Sir, I ſee you love my bottle.—— What a daring braggadocia! (*aſide*)

Air. How can you keep ſuch wine?

Alibi. It's difficult indeed, Sir——I wiſh I had conſtables. (*aſide*)

Air. Now our Iriſh claret glides down like new milk—makes a man ſprightly and good-natur'd—but your gun-powder port ſets my kiln a-fire— (*ſtrikes his head*) and makes me as hot and as wicked——it has juſt prim'd me for buſineſs; ſo, hearkee friend—now to the affair that brought me before your citadel—As I doat on Mrs. Kavanagh, the man that loves her is a ſcoundrel.

Alibi. Sir, we ſtill agree in opinion; but, this widow happens to be my wife.

Air. What!—then you've married her, O you moſt outrageous——

Alibi. Yes, my good Sir, but it was long before you ever ſaw her.

Air. Then you didn't give me fair chance—election, or rejection—but it can't be, ſhe was never before in England.

Alibi. No but I was in Ireland.

Air. Sir——I have done—— I aſk pardon for all favors (*bows*)

Alibi. But Sir, now you're cool—with all civility, (*bows*) if I ſhould thruſt myſelf into your

houſe—break your lanthorns and glaſſes, and make all this uproar—what wou'd you ſay?

Air. Say! faith Sir, I'd ſay nothing at all, at all, but I'd like a crow have the honor to take you up to the garret window and decently drop you down upon the flags, and crack you like a cockle—Oh! I'd knock your head againſt the walls of Bender, as Charles the XIIth did the Janiſſaries—I'd kick you, (*throws down the table and breaks the china*) juſt ſo. (*Sophia runs out ſhrieking*)—I'd turn you out of my houſe, juſt ſo—Get along you little raſcal! (*puts Sophia out*) I would demoliſh all your aiders—

Enter METHEGLIN.

(*Aircourt huſtles him*) and abettors—I'd flay you—

Enter LARRY.

(*Aircourt ſhoves him*) and every ſcoundrel, who'd take a lady from Captain Killmainham O'Squiromough. [*Exit.*

Larry. Bravo!—Oh, yes, it's Aircourt—he has got her out for me—Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Come for Katty, and its Sophia he has put out!—Here's a mad—drunken—Holloa!—Stop! Sophy! (*calls*)

Larry. A word if you pleaſe?

Alibi. My ſon! but I muſtn't own him. (*aſide*) You ſtupid fellow! Do you know what you are doing?

Larry. My good friend, be cool—I come once more to beg your permiſſion to addreſs Miſs Sophy; but as I now find ſhe'll ſoon be mine without it, I ſhall ſpare giving you that trouble.

Alibi

Alibi. Why, zounds! I was keeping her for you.

Larr. For me!—No, no, my dear, Sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi Provoking! If I tell the fellow he's my ſon, Sir Carrol finds out my trick upon him—(*aſide*) Mr.—'Squire O'Donovan, recover Sophy for me, and ſhe's your's, upon my affidavit.

Larry. Indeed!—no, no; ſince my friend has got her out for me; I'll have her and no thanks to you—Good bye, Old Hillary—"Down, down, "derry down."—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Alibi. Here's an unnatural ſon of a villain!

Re-enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. (*Peeping*) Is the Dragoon gone?

Alibi. Down the road; ſtop him, and I'll give you an hundred guineas.

Meth. Me! I wou'dn't ſtop a man on the road, for five thouſand!—Sir, if Lady Arable's Marriage-articles are drawn up, you muſt inſert my name inſtead of Sir Carrol's.

Alibi. What is this muzzy-headed blockhead at?—If you won't help me to recover Sophia, do, friend, go home to your ſideboard.—If ſhe meets Aircourt, ſhe's irrecoverably loſt! (*aſide*) Furies!——

Meth. Oh, oh! Muzzy-headed!—Sideboard!—Very well, Sir.—Yes, I think I'll introduce one Sir Carrol O'Donovan into this good family.—Yes; he may be liſtened to, tho' I can't—Eh! Aye!—I will indeed!—Aye! [*Exit.*

Alibi. This barbarous Sclavonian Mohawk!—I'm well out of his clutches—I'd be after him myſelf

myſelf, only I'm afraid.—Damn the fellow! he got ſo buſy with his twos and threes at my unfortunate bottle, that he totally forgot the buſineſs that brought him.—Zounds! here are people walking in upon me out of the ſtreet!

Enter O'DONOVAN.

Who are you? What do you want?

O'Don. Sir, excuſe this freedom, but hearing you have an office in town, if you ſhould have a vacancy, I beg leave to offer my ſervices.

Alibi. This may be another Poor Robin.—Who recommends you? Have you any friends of credit?

O'Don. I have no friends, Sir, and my only recommendation is neceſſity.

Alibi. I don't love neceſſity, I deſpiſe it!—But, as Sophy will ſoon be diſpoſed of, I ſhall want a clerk; this turns out opportune enough; beſides I ſhould have ſome ſort of man in the houſe, if this civil Captain ſhould repeat his viſit. (*aſide*) Could you on occaſion, ſave a gentleman from being cracked like a cockle?

O'Don. Sir!

Alibi. Sir!—Well, zounds!—Can you write?

O'Don. Yes, Sir; and have ſome knowledge of——

Alibi. Knowledge!—Can you poliſh a boot?

O'Don. I ſhall endeavour to render myſelf uſeful, and it ſhall be my ſtudy to prove it by gratitude.

Alibi. No flouriſhng!—for fear of being the cauſe of ingratitude, it's my maxim never to do good to any body.

O'Don.

O'Don. My expectations are extremely humble, and I ſhall hope for no more encouragement than you may find I deſerve.———

(*loud knocking without.*

Alibi. Heh!—If this ſhould be again the deſperado—I feel comfortable tho' to have ſomebody here that's able to defend me—Now, my lad, you may have an occaſion to convince me, by your ſpirit and attachment, that you deſerve encouragement—ſtep aſide a moment.

[*O'Donovan retires.*

Sir Ca. (*without*) And which is his office?

Alibi. Sir Carrol O'Donovan himſelf! I find a ſort of a—queer—kind of a—I begin now almoſt to ſuſpect that an honeſt man may be happy; for I, with all my knavery, never was ſo—Shew the gentleman up—won't you pleaſe to walk in Sir? I haven't ſeen him ſince we were lads—tho' I remember his voice, I hope he forgets my features.

Enter SIR CARROL.

Sir Ca. Well, Mr. Alibi, alias Kavanagh! (*Alibi ſurpriſed and confuſed*)—I left you in Ireland, twenty years ago, a profligate young man, and now I find you in England, a harden'd old knave.

Alibi. Sir!

Sir C. In youth when the paſſions take the lead, vice may be the effect of folly; but when judgment is matur'd by age, a vicious man is a confirm'd ſcoundrel!

Alibi. Really, Sir Carrol, this is language I don't underſtand, and didn't expect from an old friend.

Sir Ca. So you thought to ſhuffle in your ſon

ſon to inherit my eſtate, and graft your raſcally bramble on the noble ſtock of the O'Donovan's?

Alibi. Nay, my good Sir, I—

Sir Ca. No evaſion! I want no proof that the jay, feather'd out at my expence, is a bird of your own neſt; but confeſs where you have conceal'd my boy.

Alibi. 'Pon my word, I don't know what you mean by boys and bird's neſts: I haven't troubled my head with ſuch fopperies theſe many years.

Sir Ca. I expected nothing from you but quirk and chicanery—Where's your wife, the wretched partner and tool of your deception? From her ſimplicity, I may extort ſome truth.

Alibi. (*aſide*) Yes, Katty has ſqueak'd, and I muſt ſlip my neck out of the nooſe. Sir Carrol, I poſitively don't comprehend what you are at, but you are welcome to put any interrogatories to my wife—ſhe doats on a little chat—ſhe'll give you replication, I warrant; Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ca Fly. Sirrah! This inſtant let me ſee her.

Alibi. (*Muttering*) Sirrah! Don't underſtand a man—comin,—into—man's houſe—command—man's wife—abuſe—uncivil—gooſe-quill—any man— [*Exit.*

Sir Ca. Yes, yes; ſo many circumſtances to confirm the truth of Metheglin's ſtory. This young Larry, as he calls him, is certainly Alibi's ſon—Then, my poor unhappy boy, whom they have bred as their own, wherever he is, muſt go by their name, Lawrence Kavanagh; but where they have ſecreted him, to diſcover is now my grand object—Perhaps they have abandon'd him, and he pines in penury, or worſe—Brought up with

with vulgar aſſociates, habitual depravity may bring a ſhame, where a fond father, like me, expects a comfort—Perhaps dead!

(O'DONOVAN *advances.*)

Ha, my dear boy! who thought to have met you in this fox-trap.

O'Don. Sir Carrol, before I quitted Lady Arable's, I enquir'd for you, and wiſh'd for this opportunity of returning you your favor of this morning. (*offering a bank note*)

Sir Ca. Come, come, a decent pride is manly—but I—think—you won't refuſe to accept, if you believe I feel a high gratification in beſtowing.

O'Don. Tho' I confeſs myſelf an unworthy object of your bounty, I'm not yet ſo baſe as to receive an obligation from the perſon I have injured.

Sir Ca. Eh!

O'Don. Yes, Sir; I have repaid your goodneſs with ingratitude, by inſidiouſly cheriſhing a preſumptuous admiration of your ſon's intended Lady; and tho' unintentionally, I fear I have robb'd you of the felicity Lady Arable's hand could beſtow.

Sir Ca. Then it was for this you withdrew yourſelf from us? So, rather than obſtruct the happineſs (as he thought) of me or my ſham ſon, from the affluence which muſt have been the reward of his merit—here has he again thrown himſelf upon the world: a noble-minded lad, faith. (*aſide*) They ſtay long, but I ſuppoſe little Honeſty is giving his wife her leſſon.

O'Don. I interrupt you—you have buſineſs, Sir. (*going*)

Sir Ca.

Sir Ca. Stop! You talk of obſcurity of birth, but as it was your perſonal merit that attracted my eſteem, your origin to me is of no conſideration; infamy is the only ſcandal, and if your birth is free from that, never let your honeſt cheek bluſh at declaring it—What's your name?

O'Don. Kavanagh.

Sir Ca. Kavanagh! Your chriſtian name?

O'Don. Lawrence.

Sir Ca. Let me contain myſelf—who are your parents? (*with great emotion.*)

O'Don. I have juſt now, for the firſt time theſe many years, ſeen my mother in this houſe, but I think ſhe did not know me.

Sir C. She nurs'd my ſon! (*O'Donovan bows*) It is my darling Edward—my generous—my noble-minded ſon—(*embraces him*) So long the forlorn child of penury—alike an unhappy ſubject for the ſcorn of pride, and the tear of pity. (*Puts his handkerchief to his eyes*)

O'Don. Can this be?

Alibi. (*Without*) Aye, wife, you deſerve it, but you ſhan't prevail on me to connive at your moſt attrocious impoſition on this worthy gentleman; I'm a man of conſcience—

Enter ALIBI.

Sir Carrol, ſhe acknowledges the cheat ſhe put upon you, with a good deal of threatening and entreaties—All true that Metheglin told you.

Sir Ca. And where's my ſon, raſcal?

Alibi. Nay, Sir Carrol, be calm. Your ſon, it ſeems, after my quitting Ireland, was ſent by my maſter Counſellor Fairplea, to ſome diſtant college—No, he'll never find him. (*aſide*)

Sir Ca.

Sir Ca. And you really don't know where he is?

Alibi. No, upon my integrity! I'd give a thouſand pounds out of my own pocket to find him for you.

Sir Ca. Then I'll find him for you. (*points to O'Donovan*) Look—admire—honor, and aſk his pardon.

O'Don. Merciful Heaven! I came hither to ſeek, but to find ſuch a father. (*kneels*)

Sir Ca. Riſe to my heart, my dear ſon! When I firſt beheld you, the voice of nature bid me love you as a parent; but ſince, your inherent virtues claim'd the permanent eſteem of my ſincereſt friendſhip. Now I am proud indeed—not more rejoic'd at finding ſuch a ſon, than by fortune's knocking at the door of poverty, to ſee it open'd by an honeſt man.

Enter LADY JANE *and* METHEGLIN.

My ſweet Lady Jane, as I underſtand you had the generoſity to honor my boy with ſome notice, when you thought him not worth a ſhilling, you alone deſerve him, were he heir to an empire.

Lady J. This gentleman your ſon, Sir Carol! This confirms what Metheglin told me, and I hope, may in ſome degree juſtify, what I dreaded wou'd prove the inexcuſable error of my heart.

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Lar. Hah! my haughty goddeſs! (*To Lady Jane*)

Meth. How d'ye do, Larry? (*Goes up to O'Donovan*) Sir, haven't I made a man of you? Didn't

Didn't I promiſe you Lady Jane? I have brought it about rarely, ha, boy!

Lar. Madam, as I frankly own that my heart is engag'd, I hope you will be candid enough to acknowledge, that you think a ſon of Sir Carrol's unworthy of your merit.

Lady J. Sir, I muſt, with all who know him, acknowledge the merit of Sir Carrol's ſon.

Lar. Ma'am, I thank you for the compliment.

Meth. You thank her! Well ſaid, Larry?

Lar. But the Lady's conſent comes now too late—upon my honor ſhe can't—cannot have me indeed!

Sir Ca. Upon my honor, you're giving yourſelf a great deal of trouble about what doesn't in the leaſt concern you. Thank Heaven, Sir, you are no ſon of mine.

Alibi. Sir Carrol's right—this is his young gentleman, and you are my own dear boy.

Meth. How do you do, Maſter Larry?

Lar. Eh, why what are you at Old Lyttleton—Ha, ha, ha, the Lie of the Day?

Sir Ca. You'll find it a very ſerious truth, Sir.

Lar. Truth! I obſerv'd a ſneer—very odd buz about this, at Lady Arable's—but if 'tis ſo—and my—new old dad gives me the charming Sophy——

Alibi. Me give! Didn't you brag to me juſt now you had her without my permiſſion—Where is ſhe?

Lar. I've been upon the hunt, but ſink me if I can find either her, or Aircourt—Ha, ha, ha! Here they come.

Alibi. The Captain again! hide that bottle, and lock the china cupboard.

Meth.

Meth. Captain! give me the bottle, and lock us up together.

Enter AIRCOURT, (*in his diſguiſe*) *and* SOPHIA.

Air. Be it known from Belgrade to Balbriggin, that old gentlemen may keep their widows, for this Lady is now the wife of Captain Killmainham Scuromough.

Alibi. Your wife! Who are you?

Air. (*In his own voice*) Mr. Alibi, I ſuppos'd, from the known venality of your character, had I made a fair and open demand of your conſent, I never ſhou'd have gain'd it—But, inſtead of a needy adventurer, planning ſchemes for her fortune, my Sophia ſhall prove, that to obtain her charming ſelf, was the ſole object of her affectionate Aircourt.

Lar. No, my dear fellow; I've told him you took her off for me.

Air. And I tell you, my dear fellow, I took her off for myſelf—Come, don't be angry, for my claim of affection was prior to yours. With any other motive I'd ſcorn to circumvent a friend, but in love, all ſtratagem is allowable.

Alibi. Aircourt!

Air. Ay, and poor clerk Robin.

Alibi. Here's deception with a vengeance!—Mind, her fortune's yet in my hands—I'll let you know I'm her guardian.

Soph. No Sir, you're not---the name for executor, in my mother's will, is Alibi. Now, as I under-

ſtand that your's is Kavanagh, we ſhall make your part void by the miſnomer.

Alibi. Here's petticoat pleading! I muſt make her a chamber counſel, and be curs'd to me!

Lar. Dad! (*to Alibi*) You find your ſon a ready-made gentleman to your hand! but as I am out of finance my dear fellow—down with the Louis.

Alibi. I'll down with you, you villain!

Larry. Some money, Sir?

Alibi. Money! Get along, you foreigner! Do you come over here to rob me?

Sir Ca. Chearfully reimburſe the four thouſand it has coſt me in the training of your foreigner, and without litigation, give this lady her fortune, or for your fraud on me, I'll proſecute you to beggary—As to acquire riches was the cauſe of your crime, let the loſs of them be your puniſhment. You profeſſed honeſty and practiſed law; now for a change tho' the law is your profeſſion, let honeſty be your practice.

Meth. Sir Carrol, if you can forgive a ſucceſsful rival, I ſhall be proud if you'll honor our wedding. Daughter Jane!—Jenny I give you leave to aſk your friends to ſupper, and I ſhall give orders to Tom the footman, whom I have now preferr'd to be my butler, to take care of you Alibi, Katty and Maſter Larry in the pantry.

Lady J. Sir Carrol, my mother deſir'd me to apolig ze for not appearing before you, at leaſt for ſome time; and tho' ſhe acknowledges that her caprice in a certain in'ance. (*looking at O'Donovan*) has wr ng'd you, yet ſhe feels herſelf extremely diſtreſs'd that Methegl.n's doating conceit

conceit and vanity, have had power to impoſe on any one a belief ſo injurious and diſgraceful to her.

Meth. Eh, what's that?

Lady J. And as ſhe has given orders that he be diſcharged from her ſervice—

Meth. Heh!

Lady J. To convince you ſhe's in earneſt, ſhe begs you'll be obliging enough to provide for him in ſuch a manner that may ſecure her from ever being troubled with him any more.

Alibi. Tom the footman, now the butler, will entertain you with us in the pantry. (*to Metheglin*)

Meth. Under her own hand too—Very well—ſhe'll be ſorry yet—Only if I ſhould marry Fib—keep her Ladyſhip from the fiſhpond.—After—White gloves, ſattin waiſtcoat—my brigadier—wig.

Alibi. You're ready dreſs'd to—wait at the ſideboard. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ca. I owe Mr. Metheglin many obligations for his important diſcovery. I ſhall not at preſent enquire into his motives for it, but my "ſucceſsful rival," venture back with me to Ireland, and I'll make you lord of my wine-cellar.

Meth. Will you?—Sir Carrol, I am your humble ſervant, and when I again think of the ſoft deluding perfidious ſex, diſcharge me from the glorious Dublin delights of fiſh and claret.

Sir Ca. Then my new butler, begin your du-

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ty by ordering us a noble ſupper at the Toy, over which, we'll laugh at the events of the day; and yet they have proved, that the eye which ſees all, directs an unerring hand to give vice the laſh, and drop on the brow of honor, the blooming wreath of unfading happineſs.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR,

SPOKEN BY MR. EDWIN IN THE CHARACTER OF METHEGLIN.

MASTER Sir Carrol, pray don't make a doubt,
When I'm your Butler---(*the curtain falls*) Eh! They've
ſhut me out!
I had a Story, or a ſort of Riddle,
And here I'm left alone, like "Fool in th' middle."
Strange! that by this Green Curtain dropping down,
From Hampton-Court, I'm whiſk'd to London town.
My part's not over---pray ring up again. (*calling behind*)
You won't?---Oh, ho! Since I've got here, why then
I'll lay before the houſe our poor petition,
To-morrow night this play, by your permiſſion.
How ſuch a maggot got into my head!
That I, (her Butler) ſhou'd my Lady wed!
When but her Footman as behind I walk'd,
To me ſhe often o'er her ſhoulder talk'd;
She'd ſtop---"Heigh ho! I'm tired---do, pray ſtep on
I'll take your arm now, if you pleaſe, good John."
In my new Livery dreſs'd---Bag---large Bouquet,
Her admiration all her looks betray.
Giving a meſſage, my poor heart ſhe wins;
Such looks, down glancing at my portly pins.
Then ſtepping to her Chariot hung ſo high,
I ſtoop'd---puſh'd in the ſtep, but dar'd to ſpy---
Oh, ſuch a foot and ankle! But, alas!
Slapping the door, I ſhiver'd the plate-glaſs:
I ſnivel out, "Lord, Ma'am, the glaſs I've bent;'
"Don't cry, poor John, 'twas but an accident."
If this was Love, ye Lovers, Oh, cou'd I
Let a ſweet Lady for her Butler die?

If not, ſweet Ladies, don't throw out ſuch whetters,
And then we'll keep our diſtance with our betters.
Now, gentle Sirs, an't mine a ſad diſaſter?
A Servant ſtill, who thought to be a Maſter!
Again to Dublin go---my noddle ran on't;
I might ſometime go over Lord Lieutenant---
No Servants ſhall I have, no powder'd Pages;
For Thouſands Sall'ry, Five Pounds my Quarter's Wages!
Not waited on---Metheglin ſtill muſt wait!
No ſervice of---no, I muſt clean the plate!
No, never ſhall I draw my ſword all bright!
And bid a drunken Tapſter riſe a Knight;
Make him a Rector who can make me laugh,
And give a penſion for a paragraph!
And yet, ye Gods, I will in fortune's ſpite---
Oh, what a Bottle I'll uncork to-night!
And then I'll be myſelf, my bright Decanter,
When fill'd---that little Fib, how I'll gallant her!
To order Supper now I think expedient,
So Ladies, Gents, Metheglin's your obedient.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, IN THE CHARACTER OF SOPHIA.

FOR ſev'n long years I've been a Lawyer's Clerk,
My ſteps were doubtful, for my ways were dark;
I'm ſkill'd in Error, Sham-plea and Demur,
Aye, and a notable Conveyancer.
The fearful Debtor trembled at my nod,
Full many a Youth this pen hath ſent to Quod.
I han't much time to chatter here to you,
Yet take a hint of what I mean to do:
As Sol, from clouds more brightly darts his rays,
So, long pent up, I'll burſt into a blaze.
For Dreſs, Ton, Life, I've a prodigious paſſion,
I'll make a pretty little Woman of Faſhion;
Round the gay circle fly my cards about,
Sunday I fix on for th' enchanting rout:
At charming Loo, my company I ſet,
Or ev'ry heart beats high at dear Piquet.
To nodding friends, I'll in my chariot bob,
Splaſh up the dirt, and rattle thro' the Mob.
Or in State Chair, my high head low I ſtoop,
My chin juſt popping out between my hoop:
My ſix tall Footmen ſtrutting on before,
Knock Flambeaux round, and beat the open door.
Mind, I'm a Lady firſt, for 'ere I marry,
My Hal ſhall promiſe that he'll be Sir Harry.
My pleaſures quite in ſtile, all brilliant, gay,
Yet ſtill ſo vulgar as to like a play.
The play-houſe crouded, how we're ſqueez'd and tumbled,
Box, Stage and Gallery, ſuch Jargon jumbled!

So pleaſant too, the converſation round ye---

(1) Are you there, Jack? (2) Hah, Tom! (3) The deuce confound ye!

(4) A charming girl that yonder. (5) La, what Brutes!

(6) Is this Seat taken? (7) Dem your dirty boots!

(8) Were you at Aſcot, Ma'am? (9) I go to Races!

(10) Hey, ſhut the door there! (11) Lady Dumplin's places.

(12) Silence! (13) Book o' the Songs, Ma'am? (14) Ah, ſuch nonſenſe!

(15) Hiſs again, I'll knock you down. (16) You! (17) 'pon my conſcience!

(18) Wins Deſdemona, ſtories all he told her.

(19) Suddenly tak'n ill! (20) Who's Bottle holder?

(21) Hip! (*ſings*) (22) "And you to bleſs this charming creature."

(23) Curs'd hot! (24) How cold! (25) Op'n the Ventilator!

(26) His Lordſhip went this morning, Sir, for Dover.

(27) A damn'd good-natur'd fellow! (28) Throw him over!

(29) Take off your Bonnet, Ma'am. (30) He'll then adore me.

(31) I ſhan't ſit down, 'till they ſit down afore me.

(32) What Act is this? (33) I drank Tea in Pall-Mall.
(34) A brazen Romp that little Fontenelle! (*bell rings*)
My Clock's cut ſhort, for there's the Prompter's bell.
Good night, kind friends, to you, and you, and you!
Here I cou'd prate for ever, but adieu!

EXPLANATION.

(1) A Sailor.
(2) Another Sailor.
(3) Woman in Gallery.
(4) Buck in the Boxes.
(5) Lady in Green Boxes.
(6) Country Gentleman.
(7) Foppiſh Officer.
(8) Man of the Turf.
(9) Old Lady.
(10) Finical Fop.
(11) Box-keeper.
(12) Noiſy Fellow in Shilling Gallery.
(13) Fruit Woman.
(14) Critic.
(15) Iriſhman.
(16) Critic.
(17) Iriſhman.
(18) Citizen's Wife in the Pit.
(19) Apologizing Performer.
(20) Pupil of Humphries.
(21) Sailor.
(22) Carlos in Duenna.
(23) Fat Citizen in the Pit.
(24) Bernardo in Hamlet.
(25) Man in Shilling Gallery.
(26) Man of Faſhion in Side Boxes.
(27) Drunken Buck in Green Boxes.
(28) Man in Shilling Gallery.
(29) Man in Upper Boxes.

(30) Frail fair in Green Boxes.
(31) Yorkſhire Man.
(32) Drunken Man.
(33) Macaroni.
(34) A Starch'd Prude.

THE

CZAR PETER,

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1789.

THE MUSICK BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Peter the 1ſt, Czar of Muſcovy,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Count Couvanſki, ...	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Colonel Lefort, ...	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Commodore Swivel, ...	Mr. DARLEY,
Juſtice Applejack, ...	Mr. QUICK.
Philip, ...	Mr. EDWIN.
Slip, ...	Mr. EGAN.
Romadanowſki, ...	Mr. C. POWELL.
Ballybough, ...	Mr. ROCK.
Nib, ...	Mr. FARLEY.
Ottokeſa, ...	Mrs. BILLINGTON,
Mrs. Applejack, ...	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Ellen, ...	Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE, *London and Deptford.*

THE

CZAR PETER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A room in COLONEL LEFORT*'s house,* COLONEL LEFORT *discovered drawing,* OTTOKESA *seated employed at a lace cushion.*

TRIO.

OTTOKESA.

TEMPTED by the bird-lime ſpray,
Clad in leaves of early ſpring,
See the finch her fears betray,
Hov'ring round on doubtful wing.

Col. L. Caution ſo, the playful boy,
To the humming bee draws near,
With the honey lies his joy,
In the ſting his cauſe of fear.

Enter

Enter PHILIP *behind, obſerving* OTTOKESA *and* COLONEL LEFORT.

Phil. Making lace---ruffle nice---genteel pawing,
To look on---tip-a-toe---pat I creep,
How I love---ſquint a bit---maſter drawing,
Pretty 'tis---faith I will---take a peep.

Otto. Lovers ſeldom make appeal,
Once the ſenſes can approve,
The deluſive paſſion feel,
Reaſon ſoon gives way to love.

Phil. (*looking over Ottokeſa*) Finger long---ſtick a pin---in a cuſhion.
Bobbing ſling---idling here---me---they'll ſnub,
(*Looking over Col. Lefort.*) Landſcape fine---blackbirds neſt---hawthorn buſh in,
Arbour green---where I tiff---ſyllabub.

Col. L. and Otto. Lovers ſeldom make appeal,
Once the ſenſes can approve,
The deluſive paſſion feel,
Reaſon ſoon gives way to love.

Phil. Ma'm, I'm going, have you any thing more to order?

Otto. You've only to ſee about a female ſervant for me.

Phil. Sir, a beautiful drawing you're on; (*looking at it*) I'll be hang'd if it isn't the dock-yard here at Deptford; ay, this is the ſketch you were at in the boat t'other day—there's the Britannia on the ſtocks as natural—and in that ſlip is the Thunderbolt juſt ready for launching.

Col. L. Go.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Juſtice Applejack's garden, where I met his niece Ellen. (*aſide, looking at the drawing*) Well ma'am I'll bring you home a ſmart maid.

Otto.

Otto. Philip, and deſire the waterman to let me know when he's going to London.

Phil. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Otto. I've juſt finiſh'd my work.

Col. L. Work! ah! ſiſter, what a change of fortune! my fall ſo ſudden! made a colonel thro' the favour of the Czar Peter, who then was content to ſerve as a ſubaltern in my regiment.

Otto. Yes, brother; but you were rather too ſevere to put your ſovereign under arreſt, only for playing a game at cheſs.

Col. L. He was irregular upon duty, and thro' the fervour of my zeal for military diſcipline, in that moment I conſider'd him not as my ſovereign, but my enſign, and myſelf not as his ſubject, but his commanding officer, I expected his applauſe; but he ſtruck me.

Otto. And then you (to the joy of your envious enemies) threw his commiſſion at his feet.

Col. L. I did; degraded by a blow (even from the hand of a monarch) I was unworthy to wear the livery of a ſoldier.

Otto. For which your eſtates were confiſcated, and your life loſt, hadn't we eſcaped over here to England.

Col. If diſcovered, I expect no mercy.

Otto. I ſhould feel rather awkward, if my Dantzick lover Michaelhoff was to ſee me in this humble ſituation—there—I've done.—(*riſes*) Let me ſee how you go on, (*looks over him*) vaſtly well.

Col. L. Ay, ſiſter, my early ſkill as an engineer, and my drawings of fortifications, firſt introduced me to the Czar's notice; yet I'll be content if the talent to which I owed my paſt honours can now procure me bread.

Otto. We ſhall do very well; Monſieur Dentelle's, in Taviſtock-ſtreet, can't refuſe me ten guineas for this lace.

Col. L. And if the print-ſeller in Fleet-ſtreet, that bought my other drawings, gives me ſix guineas for theſe—but I can't go to town with them myſelf, on account of this proclamation which the Engliſh court, in compliment to the ſovereign of Ruſſia, has iſſued for apprehending me.

Waterman. (*without*) London, hoy!

Otto. The boat's going, adieu! wiſh me ſucceſs, and pray be cheerful.

Col. L. I'll give your band-box in charge to the waterman. [*Exit with it.*

Otto. Attention to my brother's untoward affairs, gives me intervals of relief from the diſtreſs my mind muſt otherwiſe experience in ſo long an abſence from my dear Michaelhoff.

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

Ye ſilver brooks wander!
Well pleaſed each meander,
(Your verdant bounds keeping,)
We trace from the ſource,
But into ſtreams gliding,
You're loſt by dividing,
(The fond willow weeping,)
Ye die in your courſe.

My joys! thou ſhalt ſhare them,
Thy griefs! let me bear them,
Oh, calm the wild tumults that riſe in thy breaſt,
Hearts ever delighted,
By friendſhip united,
A ſiſter's affection ſhall ſooth thee to reſt.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter

Re-enter COL. LEFORT.

Col. L. My poor, innocent, amiable ſiſter to be involved in my misfortunes! (*takes a ſword, corſlet, and other armour from a cheſt.*) My only joy left now, is to look on theſe, in the reflection that I was once a ſoldier.

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

(*Col. Lefort haſtily covers the armour.*)

Com. S. Servant, Mr. Melzoff; I ſaw ſome very good ſketches of your doing at a print ſhop in Fleet-ſtreet, and it's my way, when I ſee any thing I like, to ſerve the man that does it.—Gather up all your beſt drawings, and I'll introduce you to one, that will make your fortune.

Col. L. Who, Sir?

Com. S. Only a certain inſignificant fellow, called Peter, Czar of Muſcovy.

Col. L. Is the Czar in England?

(*ſurpriſed and alarmed.*

Com. S. Indeed he is, Colonel Lefort.

Col L. Betray'd! but I'll not be taken.

(*ſnatches up a ſword and ſtands upon his guard.*)

Com. S. Sir, I am a Commodore in the Navy, and to betray the unfortunate would be a diſgrace to a Cabin boy—Come, hang it, you can't bear malice, for they who have ſpirit to reſent injuries, are ever the moſt ready to excuſe them.

Col. L. The Czar is implacable, and I cannot forget.

Com. S. You ſhall forgive and he ſhall pardon. You are the ſheet-anchor of his Military Eſta-

bliſhment; breaking from you, all run adrift; his deſigns are good and great, but his Empire will never touch at Port Glory, without Lefort at the helm —Come, cheer up, Colonel; meet me at Count Cauvanſki's, York Buildings; I'm now going there to receive his Highneſs.—I guarantee your perſon.

Col L. Yet, tho' vindictive, the Czar is brave and generous; but to purſue me thus, with unrelenting animoſity!

AIR—COL. LEFORT.

The golden Monarch of the ſkies,
Behold in Majeſty ariſe,
Sublime in bright meridian ſtate,
Around diffuſing light and heat;
But to do good the God appears,
More radiant ſhines, the more he cheers,
Unlike the peeviſh Deſpot, man,
The puny tyrant of a ſpan,
The power beſtowed to aid and bleſs,
He uſes only to oppreſs.

SCENE II.

A Garden to APPLEJACK'S *Houſe.—a cloſe arbour, at the back a wall, with a ſmall door leading to a road.*

Enter APPLEJACK *from the Houſe, in his cap and gown.*

Mrs. A. (*within*) Why Ellen! you Ellen!

Apple. Why, Niece; you Ellen!—This niece of

of mine is always doing ſomething to offend my dear wife —Oh, my ſpouſe! my pretty Winny, that I fell in love with at firſt ſight, tho' then ſhe was only a Welch Strawberry Girl, running to Covent Garden, with her baſket on her head, and her cheeks as red as her own fruit, but ſince I've made her a gentlewoman, ſhe's ſo delicate.—

Enter MRS. APPLEJACK.

Mrs. A. Ellen! (*calling*)

Apple. Stop, wife: hark'ee, Mrs. Applejack, An't I a maſter carpenter in his Majeſty's Dock-yard, here at Deptford?

Mrs. A. Yes, my dear.

Apple. An't I a Juſtice of Peace, likewiſe!

Mrs. A. You are a juſtice, my dear.

Apple. Then, when I order my niece to prepare my breakfaſt, give the juſtice leave to call her without interruption.

Mrs. A. So you ſhall, my dear.

Apple. Why you——

Mrs. A. Why, you Ellen!

Apple. We'll wait no longer—We'll go in and breakfaſt without her, wife.

Mrs. A. No, my darling; as the morning is ſo mild, we'll breakfaſt out here in the arbour if you pleaſe.

Apple. Then walk in and order out the tea things.

Mrs A. No, my dear: You'll walk in, and bring them out yourſelf, my ſweety, as the maid is buſy.

Apple. Well, this is ſo kind, to let me do every thing for you, when you know as a magiſtrate, I have ſo much buſineſs, what with licenſing Publicans;

licans, reforming manners, and fining ſwearers, damn me if I have time to think of any one thing but how to bring in the fees.

AIR.—APPLEJACK.

I'm a jolly trading juſtice,
And when a cauſe is pendant,
A bribe ne'er fails,
To kick the ſcales,
For plaintiff or defendant,
My public office puff in,
My elbow chair ſit gruff in,
Rich rogues acquit,
Poor rogues commit,
Then ſmoke and munch my muffin,

The ſun to ſea is jogging,
Let's haſte to get our grog in,
Tho' Luna peep, o'er land or deep,
Hob-nob, we'll knock the noggin.

A roaring houſe preſented,
In me the pariſh truſt is,
I bully, cant,
Nor licence grant,
Till firſt they---tip the juſtice,
To puniſh wicked ſwearers,
I'm ever briſk and willing,
Their morals mend,
When they offend,
I touch the "ſplendid ſhilling."

I'm a Deptford overſeer,
And give my men ſaint Monday,
I wink at ſlips,
So I have chips,
To boil my pot on Sunday;
I've law for every pallate,
Let my lord chief o'er haul it,
My warrant's fine,
My name to ſign,
I ſtamp it with my mallet.

[*Exit.*
Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. Ha, ha, ha! the only advantage for a handſome young woman, like me, in marrying an ugly old man, is to make him my upper ſervant, and to procure fine clothes and fine pleaſures—by a ſmile and a ſoft word I've more power over my huſband, than all the domineering wives in England. When I make up a good purſe, from the folly of my little codger here, I'll back again to Snowden, and make my own Davy a Welſh gentleman.

AIR.—Mrs. APPLEJACK.

I once was a ſtrawberry girl from Wales,
Thro' Hammerſmith trip'd it for three pence a day,
What Turnham green milk-maid with yoke and tin pails,
Was then half ſo blitheſome, ſo frolic, and gay?
When I'd ſav'd of my wages ten ſhillings or more,
Hey, home I went happy, and great as a queen,
My Davy he ſmiled when he opened the door,
To ſee his dear Winny at Cluid again.

Near the brow of high Snowden my Davy did dwell,
On the green lawn beneath ſtood his Winnifred's cot,
His kids ſkip'd the craig, my lambs brouz'd the dell;
Kids, lambs, Winn, and Davy together ſoon got,
For his wild care in gambols ran downward to meet
The ſong of my heart as I ſkim'd o'er the plain,
And Davy his flagelet tuned up to ſweet,
That my lambs clim'd the ſteep hill to hear his ſoft ſtrain.

My dreſs tho' ſo homely, each amorous boy
Would by flattery win a fond place in my breaſt,
Clear water gave beauty, contentment gave joy,
And nature and innocence did all the reſt;
I laugh'd at the nonſenſe of ſmart London beaux,
They all miſs'd their aim tho' a knight or an earl,
For none but my Davy cou'd pluck the ſweet roſe,
That was planted for him by his ſtrawberry girl.

Re-enter

Re-enter APPLEJACK, *with tea-board and china.*

Apple. Here my ſweeteſt, ſet it in the arbour.

Mrs. A. Lay it there yourſelf, and then ſtep back for the tea-kettle my love.

Apple. Step back for the tea-kettle! permits me to do every thing! how good! you remember when I was a batchelor, the ladies gave it up that no body was ſo ſmart at the tea-table, as little Billy Applejack. (*He advances to the entrance of the arbour,* ELLEN *ſuddenly ruſhes out—he drops the tea-board, &c.*)

Mrs. A. Ah! (*ſcreams*)

Apple. The devils in you, why did you pop out on a body ſo?

Mrs. A. Huſſey, what were you doing there?

Ellen. I was liſtening to a ſong, the ſweeteſt ſong!

Mrs. A. That's not true, for I havn't heard a bird this morning.

Ellen. No, ma'am, 'twas not a bird, but a charming little graſs-hopper, that had got chirping on the violet bank behind the jeſſamine.

Phi. (*Singing in the arbour*), "Fill me a bowl, a mighty, mighty bowl."

Apple. Is that the graſs-hopper? to my ear it ſounds like a thief—Oh, Ellen—I always give a young woman up, that bores her ears, twiſts paper in her hair, and rubs flour over her face.

Enter PHILIP *from the arbour, with a large bowl.*

Phil. (*ſpeaks entering*) Here you make great ſyllabubs, and I muſt eat them. (*To Ellen*).

Apple.

Apple. Sir, there's not the leaſt occaſion what brought you here?

Phi. (*confuſed*)—To——to——Sir, your health. (*drinks*)

Mrs. A. Who are you, fellow?

Phil. I am——Ma'a'm, my ſervice to you. (*drinks*)

Apple. Oh, if theſe are your replications, ſome body put a few interrogatories to me. (*takes the bowl from Philip*) Ma'am your health. (*to Ellen*) Sir, my ſervice to you—(*to Philip, drinks*) Now, whoever you are, get out of my houſe.

Phil. I'm not in your houſe, I'm in a garden.

Apple. Quit my buſhes, my graſs and my gravel—and do you huſſey, go in.

Mrs. A. Never ſhall Ellen Applejack darken a door of mine.

Phil. Then ſhe ſhall lighten my doors, illuminate my parlour, ſit by my fire-ſide, and by the powers of matrimony, ſhe ſhall place two pillows on a batchelor's bed.

Apple. Mrs. Applejack, write his commitment, and I'll ſign it.

Phil. Oh, Juſtice, I'll commit myſelf to the road immediately. (*turns towards the door in the back*)

Ellen. Why ſure, uncle, you won't think of turning me out.

Apple. Think! I'll do it tho'.

(*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Applejack into the houſe, ſhutting the door*)

Ellen. Now I'm left totally upon you.

Phil. Have they lock'd the door. (*looks diſconcerted*)

Ellen. Oh yes.

Phil. But there's another door in the front of the houſe.

Ellen. Don't you ſee my aunt has turn'd me out for good?

Phil. I'm afraid for bad.

Ellen. Lord, Philip, didn't you ſay I was to brighten your parlour and poke up your fire?

Phil. Yes; but my fire is in the flint, and my parlour happens to be not built yet.

Ellen. Didn't you even ſwear by the powers of matrimony, I was to ſleep upon two pillows in your bed-chamber?

Phil. For pillows and bed I have not a gooſe's feather.

Ellen. Lord! how you deceiv'd me, Mr. Philip, I ſee you're a fortune-hunter.

Phil. Then I have had but curſt ill-ſport to-day.

Ellen. And have I loſt the protection of my uncle? and all for—(*weeps*)

Phil. Love and me; but don't cry, my miſtreſs is gone to town to diſpoſe of her work; ſhe's only a fine lace-maker; but ſweeteſt, ſhe has ſent me to look out for a young woman to attend her—I'll prefer you to the place, and when your handſome Philip can muſter up the price of a ring, I'll marry you.

DUETT.—*Philip and Ellen.*

Phil. Arraugh! I break a lad's pate on the green,
But yet I don't bear either malice or ſpleen,
So I'm with the girls I prattle away,
Still you have my heart, for 'tis only in play.
All morning I'll help my dear Nelly to labour,
At evening we'll trip to the tap of the tabor.

Ellen. Away, men away from Willy the rake,
I mud in my boſom I'd wear for his ſake;

But

But ſoon as we parted, I flung it away,
As you have my heart, for 'twas only in play.
All morning I'll help my dear Philip to labour,
At evening we'll dance to the tap of the tabor.

Phil. I romp'd t'other evening with Peggy the brown,
And ſwore I'd give Jenny the fair a new gown;
Tho' to all the young girls I've ſomething to ſay,
Yet you have my heart, for 'tis only in play.
All morning, &c.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

COUNT COUVANSKI'S HOUSE.

Enter SLIP *and* ROMADANOWSKI *with Coat and Bruſhes.*

Slip. Aſk me to bruſh coats! Count Couvanſki's Aid du Camp in the field of Venus, the carrier pidgeon of his billet doux!

Roma. But I'm de Generaliſſimo, de great eagle over his houſehold, and if you keep your place here Mr. Slip, do as I order you. (*gives them to Slip who lays them on a chair*)

Slip. Here Thomas, bid Anthony, deſire Robin, to tell Gabriel, that Henry muſt bruſh his maſter's coat. [*Exit.*

Roma. Dat is one ſcoundrel, and he's proud of it. (*feels the pockets of the coat and takes out a parcel*) Bleſs my ſoul! the very packet of letters I gave my maſter three months ago, and he haſn't broke open the ſeal yet! Ah he is ſo taken up with his pleaſures.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. Oh, Romadanowſki, I've juſt ſeen at my miliners the moſt charming girl!—

Roma. But, Sir, dis packet from Moſcow, has been lying here dis three month, and not even de ſeal broke open.

Cou. You read and anſwer it.

Roma. My Lor, dey may be a letter here from de Czar himſelf.

Cou. No, he was before that date ſet out on his tour of obſervations, ſince he quarrell'd with his favorite engineer, Colonel Lefort, to make up for his loſs, he ſends a ſcore of us young Muſcovites of quality over the civilized parts of Europe, to pick up ſcience and mechanics, to embelliſh his riſing city of Peterſburgh. Ha, ha, ha! I am happy to be ſent to dear England, but dem mechanick's—I'll import taſte and pleaſure into Moſcow. O charming Engliſh women, in this Britiſh paradiſe, the ſhrub of pleaſure is my tree of knowledge, and I gather the ſweet roſe in bloſſom bud and bloom.—Ha, ha, ha! how the Czar will be ſurpriſed to find me ſuch an elegant young fellow—Don't you think his Highneſs will be wonderfully pleaſed with me. Eh Romadanowſki? Ha, ha!

Roma. He will indeed, my Lord.

Cou. I'll plant ſuch a colony of beauties in Ruſſia! on my return the Czar will certainly expect my mouth to be fill'd with ſmoak, ramparts, cables, baſtions and gunpowder; but I hate war, I'm not cruel enough to hurt any body, nor do I like to be hurt myſelf; no, no, for odious cannon let me have the ſound of a violin, and when I do

I do give the word of command, let it be, hey, ſtrike up gentlemen muſicians.

AIR.—COUNT COUVANSKI.

Come, ſweet muſic, ſoft and mellow,
Strike off firſt with dear viola!
Ah! the dulcet violencello!
Rolling, thrilling, melt the ſoul a.
Sweep the bow, and preſs the ſtring,
Oh! the noble contra baſſo!
Corno, for bright Dian's chace O,
Bravo! bravo! Da capo, Gods! again.
Come, ſweet muſic, ſoft and mellow,
Again the ſweet viola bring
Gentle Oboe join the ſtrain.
Gay accompliſh'd man of faſhion,
Form'd for pleaſure, and to pleaſe!
Soul awak'd to ſofteſt paſſion,
Nurs'd in elegance and eaſe.

To face the foe and guard the fair,
To rencontre mon adverſaire.
Affront, you ma'am! his ſoul I'll pierce!
Contre de quatre, contre de tierce.
For my valour is immenſe,
That is, when we meet to fence.
Feinte, demi-circle un, deux, trois,
Here, dem'me, I pink him. Ha, ha, ha!
To fight or dance, I'm always ready,
Next, to the ball I hand the lady,
Firſt I glide the minuet.
Then alons,
Rigadon.
Fas de cotè
Trip chaſsè
Contre temps battu, pas dè deux,
Briſſeè, jettè, aſſembleè.
With ſoprano,
Forté piano,
Violincello,
Oboe mellow
Melt the ſoul a,
Sweet viola!

Corno

Corno for bright Dian's chace o,
Then the noble contra baſſo,
Now I'm kind, and now I'm fierce;
Now I dance then---quarte and tierce,
Happy, airy, light and gay,
Life, I ſing, fight, dance away.

But I muſt find out where this girl lives. Slip!

Enter SLIP.

(*ſpeaks apart to Slip*) My milliner's in Taviſtock-ſtreet, Enquire! my angel was in a white muſlin cloak and green bonnet.

Slip. I'll find her out, Sir, I warrant. [*Exit.*

Roma. But Sir, dis packet may contain ſome bills from your agent.

Cou. Eh. Bills, true! money certainly is convenient. (*opens the packet, and takes out a letter*) Sdeath! here's a letter from the Czar, I wiſh I had look'd over this before—Let's hear what Peter ſays, (*peruſes*) "I ſhall be in London myſelf the 30th of May."

Roma. Dis very day,

Cou. How! You ſcoundrel, why didn't you make, force me to read theſe letters before? Here he'll take me all unprepar'd. (*runs over the letter*) Oh, confuſion! This ſeems to contain a number of commands, I was to have executed, and here I've done nothing.—As the Czar's friendſhip is warm to diligence and genius, ſo his indignation is dreadful, where his orders are diſobey'd.

(*A loud knocking without*)

If that ſhou'd——

Roma. Stop—me look—I vill ſee— (*Exit.*

Enter

Enter FOOTMAN.

Cou. Who's that? ſpeak, you raſcal, quick!

Foot. Why, Sir, he looks like a gentleman, but he— [*Exit.*

Enter ROMADANOWSKI.

Cou. Who is it? Speak.

Roma. Lor, Sir, don't put yourſelf in a flutter, he ſeems a plain ſort of a man, come in a hackney coach, ſays his name is Michaelhoff.

Cou. Michaelhoff! I don't recollect any perſon of the name—burn the fellow! why did he come with ſuch a thunder at the door? Every knock now alarms me; ſome beggarly petitioner I ſuppoſe, if ſo, 'give him a guinea, and ſhove him out of doors. [*Exit Roma.*

Cou. I muſt try to recover my ſpirits. (*takes a guitar and dances*)

Enter the CZAR *and* ROMADANOWSKI.

Roma. But I tell you, he cannot ſpeak to any one dat——

Cou. Eh! what's all this? People dare to intrude. The Czar! confuſion! (*aſide*) Your Majeſty's moſt faithful—(*kneels*)

Czar. My dear Couvanſki, I'm very glad to ſee you. (*Roma ſneaks off, the Czar offers his hand to Couvanſki, who riſes*) But, pray forget my Majeſty now—To purſue the deſign which brought me from Ruſſia with more freedom, I have left my ſovereignty behind, and have hitherto travell'd, not as Peter Alexiowitz Czar of Muſcovy; but

but plain Mr. Michaelhoff, a private gentleman in my own Ambaſſador's train.

Cou. Sir, this honor is ſo unexpected——

Czar. Unexpected! Didn't you receive my letters?

Cou. Oh, yes, Sir; but never yet read one of them. (*aſide*)

Czar. Well, the variety of commiſſions thoſe letters ſet you upon, gave you full employment ſince.

Cou. None, but what was tranſcendantly repaid by fulfilling your Majeſty's commands. (*bows*) But what they were, choak me if I know. (*aſide*)

Czar. Oh, then you've done every thing, all is prepar'd for me?

Cou. Yes, Sir, every thing. If I confeſs my negligence I'm ruined. (*aſide*)

Czar. In the houſe you've taken for me, I don't mind ſize, or even convenience, if it's near the ſituation I mention'd.

Cou. Then, Sir, it is exactly.—He'd have it near St. James's I ſuppoſe. (*aſide*)

Czar. Has it a door of communication with the yard?

Cou. Juſt in Cleveland-Row—looks into the Stable-yard.

Czar. Stable-yard! The words of the letter were, take a ſmall houſe near the Dock yard at Deptford. You know, to acquire a compleat knowledge of the Britiſh method of Ship-building, is my principal motive for coming to England.

Cou.

Cou. Was it faith, then that's the track I muſt follow. (*aſide*)

Czar. Therefore Deptford was——

Cou. The firſt place in the world for your purpoſe.

Czar. Then the houſe——

Cou. Oh, true, Sir—that houſe—but I thought you aſk'd me about the houſe—that was—another I mean—In the town—for thinking your majeſty ſhould have one in Town too—I took—do you like it? (*looking round*)

Czar. What?

Cou. Ha, ha, ha! your Highneſs is this moment in your own houſe and don't know it.

Czar. How!

Cou. Why, this is your's, fitted up for your Majeſty's reception——

Czar. But, I thought my letter informed you, that the Engliſh Court had complimented me with apartments in Somerſet houſe.

Cou. Oh, true, Sir—that to be ſure, Somerſet-houſe is a very fine building, and as your paſſion is ſhips and ſuch things, there you'll from your back window, have a delicate view of the charming Oars, Sculs, and Coal lighters.—Certainly 'twas pretty of the King to lend—but my regard for your dignity—would not ſuffer me—I wiſh'd you to be as little obliged as poſſible from the prince to the peaſant, nothing's like a man's own roof.

Czar. And pray, did you?

Cou. I did, my Lord.

Czar. What?

Cou. Sir, that—the—every thing, your Majeſty wiſh'd to have done or undone.—I ſhall never hold out in anſwers. (*aſide*)

Czar. The letter I inclos'd, how did Commodore Swivel receive you?

Cou. (*aſide*) Now, who the devil's he?—Sir, he receiv'd me like a man of honor, as he is.

Czar. I ſuppoſe then, as I deſired, he took you the round of Woolwich, Portſmouth, Plymouth and Chatham. Come, give me a full and clear account of thoſe places, the ſtate of the Britiſh Navy.

Cou. Lord, I know no more about a Navy—(*aſide*)

Czar. I had hopes of the Commodore introducing me to the ſeveral Dock-yards, but the Newſpapers ſay, he's now cruiſing in the Channel.

Cou. Is he?—Then I may venture a ſtretch here. (*aſide*)

Czar But, as he eſcorted you, you can inform me of all I wiſh to know.

Cou. Certainly Sir; the Commodore is a good-natur'd fellow, he wou'd have brought me every where; but I found this Leader of Fleets, commanded by two old Women and an Apothecary—from head to great toe ſwathed in flannel—the Gout.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, Commodore Swivel. [*Exit.*

Cou. Eh! What ſhall I do now?

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Czar, My dear Commodore, I rejoice to ſee you out of the hands of the two old women. Ha!

Com. Old women, your Highneſs!

Cou.

Cou. I muſt brazen it out. (*aſide*) Ha! my old Triton! happy am I to ſee you again abroad and well. (*ſhakes Commodore by the hand*) I hope I havn't hurt your poor dear Fingers.

Czar. Well, you've been fighting the Spaniards.

Com. Demoliſh'd only ſeventeen Galleons, ha, ha, ha! ſo civil of the Dons to ſail all the way to Peru only to bring Dollars for our Jacks to knock about the ſtreets of London.

AIR.—COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Royal orders given for ſailing,
Sailors ne'er in duty failing,
Round St. Helens boldly bearing,
Albion's coaſt proud Spaniard daring,
Politely pops a ſmart ſalute.
He ſuſpects our wiſh to flog him,
Crouds his rags, in wake we dog him;
With his ſtern chace guns he galls us,
Raking fore and aft he mauls us:
Rolling billows bring us cloſe,
Of my iron pills a doſe
Rapt in ſmoak, I ſend him
To mend him.
Thus a moment ſtrike him mute.
Now the Throat of battle roaring!
Show'rs of Bullets pelting, pouring!
Captain's Sword in hand commanding,
To the knees in Carnage ſtanding;
Life for life, the fierce diſpute.

Cannon loud 'gainſt Cannon ranting;
At his gun, poor Jack ſee panting;
As to lip he lifts the Toddy,
Off flies head, and down drops body:
Seas of drink are thine, poor Jack!
Main-maſts fall, knocks coming harder,
Fillips prove to Britiſh ardor.
Boom and Bowſprit ſnap like ſapling,
She'd ſheer off, all hands for grapping;

Now the Crew with one accord,
Piſtol, Cutlaſs, ſpring on board;
Firing! ſmaſhing!
Cutting! daſhing
Miſericorde! ah! round the Clack!
She's a log upon the water,
Pity ſtays the ſword of ſlaughter;
When the foe ſhall fall beneath it,
Britiſh mercy then can ſheath it:
Glory led to the attack.

Czar. My dear Commodore, I'm all impatience to ſee your whole proceſs of Ship-building.

Com. Hoiſt your flag, I obey ſignal.

Czar. Count, you immediately repair to Chatham——

Cou. To Chatham! with the greateſt pleaſure, Sir.—S'death I ſhall miſs the girl. (*aſide*)

Com. Get under weigh, I'll give you a line of introduction.

Cou. I thank you my dear Admiral, I wiſh to my ſoul you were on a Dolphin's back. (*aſide*)

Czar. And in the way, call at the houſe you've taken for me at Deptford.

Cou. Yes, Sir.—The Devil a houſe I've taken for you.—Poſt off for Chatham, and my ſoul with the pretty girl in Tavitock-ſtreet! (*aſide*) I ſhall order my horſes, and go directly; I wou'dn't neglect the ſmalleſt iota of your Majeſty's affairs. Your Highneſſes moſt obedient ſlave. [*Exit.*

Com. Ha, ha, ha! Can this be the young Count your Highneſs thought to turn into a ſailor or a ſoldier.

Czar. I fear I've miſtook his diſpoſition, or he muſt have gone to the wrong ſchools for improvement. Inſtead of the ingenious gallant young ſoldier I expected, I find a toying inſignificant

ficant ſhuffler. He's the only ſon of Gallitzin, the worthy preceptor of my early youth, and but for the grateful affection I owe the father, I'd ſeverely puniſh this young man, for the miſapplication he ſeems to have made of his time here in England.—But the plans of the ſeveral fortications I wrote to you about?

Com. Hav'nt you brought your engineer Colonel Lefort with you, Sir?

Czar. No. I rais'd him from my foot to my heart; he grew arrogant and ungrateful, an inſult he gave me his life ſhall anſwer for.

Com. If I can but laſh their hearts together again. (*aſide*) I know a young man of genius, a moſt excellent engineer.

Czar. And in what ſituation is he?

Com. Little better than ſtarving at Deptford.

Czar. Every reward ſhall await him, if his merit anſwers your recommendation, ſend him to me.

Com. You ſhall ſee his works, and if you approve of them you ſhall ſee himſelf.

Czar. With ſuch a man in my ſervice, I may purſue my vengeance on Lefort—That divides my ſoul with the deſire to find my divine Ottolifa, and the future glory of my Empire. For, (could you think it, my friend?) the inflexible Peter, Arbiter of the rough north is the ſlave of a woman; inſpired with the maritime genius of theſe illanders, a ſpark from a radiant eye lights in my heart the flame of glory.

AIR.—CZAR.

The night comes on without a ſtar;
Hoarſe murmurs from the main afar

A warn-

A warning ſend:
And as her threats increaſe,
In humble ſuit for peace,
To kiſs the angry wave, behold the lofty main-maſt bend;
A ſtorm! the roaring winds proclaim,
The Herald's voice in thunder drown'd;
The torrents pour, and ſheets of flame
O'er ſpread the dreadful proſpect round!
The Ship unruly ſcorns command,
And quaffs whole ſeas of brine;
The tiller flies the Coxſwain's hand,
In one univerſal wreck the elements combine,
Be ſkies of ſeas, and ſeas of ſkies afraid,
The galant Tar alone ſtands undiſmay'd;
Nor beats his heart amidſt the general roar,
But for the lovely maid he left on ſhore.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A rural view before LEFORT'S *houſe.*

Enter PHILIP *and* ELLEN *over a ſtyle.*

Phil. Yes, Nelly, there's our houſe—we ſhall live in a cottage on love, if my miſtreſs will hire you—But Nelly, you muſtn't get leering at any of our country lads here, nor any of the London ſparks, that come out a fowling and hunting.

Ellen. A pretty girl, like me, is ſportſman's true game, my gay whipper-in—

Phil. No, in that caſe, I'll be a gay whipper-out, my dear dear.

Ellen. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR.

AIR*.—ELLEN.

Bold Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds forſake the bawn,
The Lark ſprings from the Corn.
Dogs, Hunters round the window throng,
Fleet Ringwood leads the cry;
Ariſe! the burthen of their ſong,
This day a Deer muſt die.
With a Hey, ho, chivy!
Hark forward tantivy!

The Cordial takes it's merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The Huntiman blows a jovial ſound,
The Dogs ſnuff up the Gale.
The upland-winds they ſweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly;
The Game is rous'd, too true the Song,
This day a Deer muſt die.
With a hey, ho, chivy!
Hark forward tantivy!

Poor ſtag! the dogs, thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The hunter's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run us down,
Then we in turn purſue.
With our hey, ho, chivy!
Hark forward, tantivy!

Enter OTTOKESA, *with a band-box.*

Otto. How danger and fatigue endear our home!
Had the tide ſerv'd, to have returned by water—

* Leſt by miſtake it ſhou'd be imagined, that other than the Author's genuine compoſitions make any part of this collection, it is neceſſary here to obſerve, that the firſt Stanza's of this Song is introduced in other Pieces by the Performers with the words "Old Towler" ſubſtituted in place of the original "Fleet Ringwood".

tho'

tho' I ſhou'dn't have been tired walking, cou'd I have come the direct path; but I was obliged to make the way three times as long, to elude the man that I perceiv'd following me—I'm ſure he was ſet on by the gentleman I ſaw at the milliner's.

Phil. Miſs, I've brought you home a new maid.

Ellen. And pleaſe you, Miſs, hearing by Philip—

Phil. Yes, I told her all that—if this Ellen's in the houſe with me, I ſha'n't go rambling, as we're about entering into the ſtate of matrimony.

Otto. Oh, then, this is the young woman you mentioned, well, Philip, if your Ellen's company can make you happier, in the name of love, I have no objection. [*Exit into the houſe.*

SLIP *appears at the ſide.*

Slip. Then its here ſhe lives, (*looking after Ottokeſa*) ſhe has led me a rare chace.

Ellen. Lord, how that gentleman looks at me. (*She whiſpers Philip, and points to Slip, Philip looks at, then ſtruts up to him, takes Ellen by the hand, and diſplays her to Slip.*)

Phil. Then you think ſhe is? I'm of the ſame opinion.

(*Ellen makes a formal curtſy, and laughs, Philip bows and laughs, then leads Ellen into the houſe.*

Slip. (*Looking out*) Can that be my maſter! on horſeback! now, except he has had a glimpſe of her too, what can have brought him out here on the Greenwich road? He ſees me, and diſmounts.

Cou. (*Without*) Walk the horſes gently.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

So, Sir, I order you to go to Taviſtock ſtreet, and here I find you almoſt at Blackheath—What do you mean by this conduct?

Slip.

Slip. There. (*points to the houſe*)

Cou. The girl? (*in a low tone*)

Slip. In that houſe; her home too.

Cou. But are you ſure it's ſhe I ſpoke to at the milliner's.

Slip. She's in the garden; you may have a ſight of her over the hedge. [*They retire.*

Enter COL. LEFORT, *from the houſe,* (*looks round.*)

Col. L. My ſiſter ſhall go no more to town by herſelf—that gentleman's purpoſe in ſpeaking to her, muſt have been moſt diſhonorable. Philip! (*calls at the door.*)

Phil. (*Within*) Coming, Sir.

Col. L. Should the Commodore's efforts to reconcile the Czar and me, prove unſucceſsful, I muſt fall in the attempt—therefore I'll make up what money I can of my drawings, and get from this houſe as ſoon as poſſible—Cruel fortune! The Czar that now purſues my life, was once my friend.

AIR.—COL. LEFORT.

Ah, what anguiſh rends the mind,
If the torch of friendſhip dies;
When we prove a friend unkind,
Cruel doubts and fears ariſe.
Fears, ourſelves have been to blame,
Doubt 'twas but a fancied flame.

Take me, regions wild and drear,
From a faithleſs world I go;
Where no ſound ſhall meet my ear,
But the Elk that pads the ſnow.
While we ſhare the beating ſtorm,
His poor breath may keep me warm.

Enter PHILIP, *with a ſmall Port-Folio.*

Phil. Here am I, Sir.

Col. L. Well, you know you're to go with thoſe to the print-ſeller's in Fleet-ſtreet.

Phi. And whatever he gives me for them—

Col. L. You're to take.

Phi. Mayn't I take any more? Oh well, I won't take leſs. Yonder, Sir, is the fine gentleman's horſes I told you of. (*points out*)

Col. L. There may be ſome other deſign beſides that on my ſiſter—I don't think I can be eaſily recogniz'd—I'll venture to reconnoitre a little.

[*Exit.*

Phil. (*Calls after Col. Lefort*) Oh, Sir, Sir, I met Commodore Swivel on the road; he aſk'd after you.—I'll ſee if the view of the Deptford Dock Yard is here, I love to look at it. (*Opens the Port-Folio, and turns over the drawings*)

Re enter COUVANSKI *and* SLIP, *behind.*

Cou. Yes, 'tis the very cherubim. (*aſide*)

Slip. That fellow belongs to her. (*apart*)

Cou. He may give me ſome information.

Phil. Aye, here it is! (*takes a drawing from the port folio,*) Lord! How handſome! Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd, had I money, if I wou'dn't I'd buy it myſelf, if only for Juſtice Applejack's garden, and my ſweet Ellen's honey ſuckle arbour—Ha, ha, ha! (*rolls it up*)

(*Couvanſki and Slip advance.*)

Cou. Servant, Sir.

Phi. How do you do, Sir?

Slip. Moſt obedient, Sir.

Phil.

Phi. Ah! are you there again, Nelly? (*winks at Slip*) Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. Good drawings—(*looks into the port-folio.*)

Phi. Perhaps this chap would buy them, and ſave me the tramp to town—ſeems an aſs in proſperity. (*aſide*)

Cou. Drawn by you?

Phi. I may as well take the credit of them—Ha, ha, ha! And do you really think them ſo very beautiful.

Cou. Clever! very clever!

Phi. Oh, Sir, you flatter my poor abilities.

Cou. Then 'twas you drew them?

Phi. Yes, Sir.

Slip. She mention'd at the milliners, a brother of her's that draws very well. (*apart to Couvanſki*)

Cou. Then this muſt be he, between them little likeneſs in perſon or manners. (*aſide*) What have you got there? (*points to the drawing Philip has in his hand.*)

Phil. He ſhan't have this—(*aſide*) Oh, Sir, it's only a ſcribbled, dawb'd thing.

Cou. Let't ſee.

Phil. 'Tis not worth your ſeeing. (*Slip ſuddenly ſnatches it out of Philip's hand, and gives it to Couvanſki.*)

Cou. (*Looking at it*) That a clod ſhould be ſuch a proficient in this elegant art. (*aſide*)

Slip. Why, Sir, that's the Dock Yard here at Deptford.

Cou. It is.—This furniſhes a thought, (*aſide*) a plan of our naval magazine! This villain's a ſpy.

Phil. Who me?

(*Couvanſki whiſpers Slip, who goes off.*)

Cou. You're employ'd by the enemies of your country, to give them intelligence of it's naval ſtrength.

Phi. Oh, me! my Lord! 'Twasn't I did them —I was only joking—Ha, ha, ha! (*terrified*) I'm ſo merry, I'm always joking. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter SLIP, BALLLYBOUGH, *and* FOOTMAN.

Cou. Take him before the next juſtice.

Phil. Oh, lord, that's Juſtice Applejack, he'll hang me for ſpite that I've got his niece. (*aſide, and terrified*)

Cou. Confeſs: Are you not a ſpy?

Phi. Not I.

Cou. Didn't you go into the Dock Yard, and hide with ſiniſter intentions.

Phil. I never hide the Miniſter's intentions!

Cou. Own you've been a ſpy there.

Phi. I confeſs I did take a great delight in ſpying.

Cou. What? Speak!

Phil. The fine wooden Ladies at the heads of the ſhips.

Cou. For which you'll certainly be hang'd.

Phil. Indeed the cunning old woman yeſterday in the Dock Yard, bid me take care of the rope, when I tumbled over a cable.

Cou. Take him along.

Phi. Help! Murder! Nelly! Ellen! (*the footmen force him off.*)

Cou. Here, Slip! Give theſe twenty guineas to the Juſtice, and tell him it's only a frolic of a man of quality, to frighten this ſimpleton. (*gives money to Slip*) Now for my charming girl.

[*Exit into the houſe.*

Slip. Theſe twenty guineas ſhall be my ſhare of the frolic. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter COL. LEFORT, *at the ſide.*

Col. L. What tumult is this? Is that Philip they're taking yonder? What can the poor fellow have done to deſerve—But it may be a trap ſet for me—No matter for my own ſafety; as my ſervant, he's under my protection, and he ſha'n't be uſ'd ill if I can prevent it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Inſide of COL. LEFORT'S.

Enter OTTOKESA.

Otto. Now I'm ſafe, and under our own roof, I could almoſt laugh at myſelf for the fright that inſolent man put me into, and yet his maſter ſeem'd a gentleman—cruel to invade the ſolitude of our poor retreat, where hope of content makes our ſum of happineſs.

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

Oh, come ſweet gentle peace of mind,
That ever flies the buzzing throng,
In calm ſequeſter'd ſcenes I'll find,
And hear thee in the linnet's ſong;
Thou canſt enjoy the walk at eve,
On river's banks thou loveſt to rove,
Wit, wine, and courts, ah, wilt thou leave,
To meet poor me in yonder grove?

Without thee, ſpring looks blithe in vain,
In vain gay ſummer clothes the year,
Or autumn waves her golden grain,
Or blazing hearth's cold winter chear;

With

With thee the poor have endleſs wealth,
Thou canſt the ſlaves hard chains unbind,
With thee the ſick can fancy health,
Oh, come ſweet gentle peace of mind.

Enter ELLEN *haſtily, and frightened.*

Ellen. Oh, ma'am!

Otto. What's the matter?

Ellen. Do you really think they can hang him for it?

Otto. Who? heavens! my brother! if he is diſcovered, I tremble for his life. (*aſide and agitated*)

Ellen. If this face of mine ſhould be the cauſe of a man's death, I'll never forgive myſelf—the two wicked wretches ſeized my poor lad, all along from jealouſy of me; and if here isn't the other come in after me. Oh, don't tell him. (*Runs off*)

Otto. The ſame that ſpoke to me at the milliner's.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. Here ſhe is and alone—Couvanſki, you're a happy fellow!

Otto. My wretched brother!

Cou. This throws her into my arms. (*aſide*) My charming girl! I ſaw the officers take your brother away; but tho' by the law of nations his life is forfeit, yet I ſtake my ſoul, that thro' my intereſt with certain perſons in power, I procure his pardon, if you conſent, my angel, to—make me happy.

Otto. Ah, Lefort! now does your poor Ottokeſa feel ſhe has loſt your protection. (*aſide*) Sir, I thank you for your very generous concern, and entertain

entertain a due ſenſe of your very honourable motives, but wou'dn't have you waſte your intereſt in a hopeleſs cauſe, for be aſſured, this unhappy priſoner, deſtitute as he is of friends and comfort, would ſcorn even life, if purchaſed with infamy.

TRIO.

Ott. Ah! how diſtreſs'd! go, I deſire it---
Cou. Par votre mepris! you do me wrong my dear,

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Com. My pretty pink, what cheer!
Hey! what's here a pirate?
Otto. Tears flow and bring relief,
Cou. Such beauty in her grief.
Com. I'll ſet you ſoon afloat. (*To Otta.*)
Sheer off young jolly boat. (*To Cou.*)
Cou. Gad! if you tell the Czar, (*To Com.*)
'Pon life, I'm ſure undone,
A twinkle from this ſtar,
I'm in a twinkle gone.
Otto. Let fortune never ſhew,
Her open hand to me,
When gifts ſhe can beſtow,
Upon a wretch like thee.
Com. If at this ſwan you riſe,
My dainty fish, you're out,
Go, bite at gilded flies,
My little ſalmon trout.
Ott. Ah, how diſtreſs'd! &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in COL. LEFORT'S *Houſe.*

(*A trunk open—women's cloaths, laying on a chair.*)

Enter OTTOKESA, *agitated.*

OTTO. (*looking at the cloaths*)

AY; here my poor Brother was preparing for our flight juſt as he was apprehended.—To go to him, without the hopes of his releaſe, the ſight of me muſt only add to his diſtreſs.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Oh, ma'am, ma'am, he has got out of their clutches.

Otto. Where is he?

Ellen.

Ellen. Yonder, Ma'am, he comes capering and halloing along the road.

Otto. His misfortunes muſt have had an effect upon his mind.

Ellen. Here he is, Ma'am.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Oh! how happy I be!

Ellen. My deareſt! (*Ellen and Philip embrace*).

Otto. Where's your Maſter?

Phi. They have him faſt enough—Yet it griev'd me to leave my poor Maſter in the ſcrape, being, he was ſo generous to take all the harm upon himſelf.

Otto. Why Ellen, didn't you ſay my brother was releaſed?

Ellen. Philip, tell Miſs how it was.

Phi. Then, Ma'am as I was going—

Otto. You! I meant your maſter—Their ignorant miſtakes but increaſe my perplexity—If intereſt could be made with the Czar, by Mr. Dentelies account, nobody now ſtands ſo high in his favor as a Count Couvanſki. I never ſaw this gentleman, but he has the character, tho' volatile of having a humane heart, I'll inſtantly apply to him. Oh! for an Angels interceſſion to move the Czar to clemency! [*Ellen and Philip retire.* What viciſſitudes of fortune chequer the life of my poor brother! Yet why repine? We may yet be happy, and the gloom of Winter prepares us for the genial Spring.

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

Without viciſſitudes, that give
To ev'ry ſenſe it's taſte refin'd,
'Tis but to languiſh, not to live
On beds of roſes tho' reclin'd.

See the flocks bound the new born Spring to meet!
Hark! how the Birds her infant beauties greet,
In this, the joy her bloſſoms bring
Sweet Summer's promiſ'd by the Spring.

Bright hours we've known tho' now forlorn
Then why kind providence upbraid?
At beſt life's but an April morn
Poſſeſs'd in turns by light and ſhade.

[*Exit.*

PHILIP *advances.*

Phi. Maſter not at home—all the trunks open—now other ſervants would take advantage of this and ranſack and rummage—(*takes out of a cheſt a regimental coat*) how grand! they that ſeem ſo poor too, to have theſe, and walk about in a drab coat and thread ſtockings; Nelly deſpiſes me, ſince that booted beau made love to her—but in fine feathers, ha! ha! ha! If ſhe was to ſee me in this coat, I ſuſpect her ſong would be, Philip, my boy, you're as fine a bird, as any other Maccaw, he! he! he! The houſe all to ourſelves, I will—yes, I will—

[*Takes the Cloaths and Exit.*

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. So miſtreſs is gone for Town again—lord how ſhe has thrown all the cloths about; can this be a cap? (*takes an elegant head-dreſs*) Aunt and Uncle wou'd never let me go to Town to view the ladies go to Court, or I ſhoud'nt be ſo ſurpriz'd at every new finery I ſee—feathers! beautiful! then ladies make their heads grand with what was once the tail of a great bird (*puts it*

on) He, he, he! Now woud'n't Philip think me ſome ſtrange fowl or other; dear, what's this? A fine beau Banian! Ha, ha, ha! (*puts it on*) I wiſh I had a ſwaſh (*looks in the glaſs*) Can that be me? How do theſe fine ladies—Let me practice gentility—I ſtep back; muſt take care not to tread on my thing-em-derry, or down I come—Precious! If that gay gentleman was but to ſee me now.

AIR—ELLEN.

Fine ladies are accounted fair
Becauſe trick'd out in ſatins,
I've trick and fancy whim and air
Altho' I trot in pattens;
I ſneer and giggle, ſtammer, glide,
Coquet with dear flirtation
And want of breeding I can hide
With pretty affectation
State-chair, I'll look ſo well in,
Hey! ſwinging, wag a taſſel
Ho! ninky heart throb-o
Bounce!
Flounce!
Nod-dy, bobbo
Peeping,
Sweeping,
Ducking, bridling,
Blinking,
Winking,
Swimming-ſidling,
Rackit,
Clackit,
Hoop up, whip it,
Silks ruſtling,
Footmen buſtling,
Rattoo, tattle, up ſtairs trip it,
Room there, for my Lady Helen.

My teeth are white, my eyes are bright,
My hair as black as coal is,
My hands are neat, and very ſtrait,
My leg upon my ſoul is,
With teeth and eyes, to charm, ſurprize,
I ogle and tee-hee it,
But, for my leg, tho' King's ſhou'd beg;
No, hang me if they ſee it.
State-chair I'll look ſo well in, &c.

I'm nature's work, nor wool, nor cork,
Nor alabaſter baby,
Until I wed, I'll be a maid,
That ſoon a wife, I may be;
For this here lace, I think my face,
La! looks ſo monſtrous well in,
In feather fine, I'm quite divine,
Poor Nelly's now a Helen.
State-chair I'll look ſo well in, &c.

Enter BALLYBOUGH.

Bal. I am not certain that this is the houſe; but I think I'd take my oath of it.—Oh, pray ma'am, wa-n't it from here a young man was ſent to jail about——

Ellen. About a young woman?

Bal. By my word you've hit it.—That maſter has a months mind to——

Ellen. Oh, that he'd him dragged away, and then run in after the young woman?

Bal. Arrah! faith! you know all about it—She's a very pretty girl.

Ellen. He, he, he! Oh, Sir, you flatter me.

Bal. I flatter you! then for what? Now, then, ſure you can't be the very creature?—Well, little Ballybough, you're not a lucky fellow; and I hav'nt a dawny bit of a letter for you here? and that's not it?

Ellen.

Ellen. Lord, what do you want, man?

Bal. Hold your tongue, and read it.

(*gives a letter.*

Ellen. Oh! upon my honour—lord, its' very pretty.

(*turns it round, looks at the ſeal, and puts it in her pocket*)

Bal. But you'll ſend an anſwer?

Ellen. Anſwer! Give my compliments to the gentleman, and tell him, I'm very much oblig'd to him.

Bal. Well, faith, that's civil enough, and decent, and pretty; bu , we ſilly people in Ireland, when we receive a letter, have a foolith cuſtom of reading it, and writing a written anſwer.

Ellen. Oh, lord! what ſhall I do? I can't read written hand; if I had Nib, my uncles clerk here. (*aſide*) Do you know what's written in it?

Bal. Faith, and how ſhou'd I except the paper was glaſs.

Ellen. (*Pems to read*) "Dear Nelly, this comes to let you know, that all here are in good health as I am at preſent, thanks be to heaven."

Bal Maſter's grown very devout. (*aſide*)

Ellen. "No more, as the poſt is going out."

Bal. I never knowed before as I was a poſt.

(*aſide.*

Ellen. "I am your humble ſervant 'till death."

Bal. Why, Miſs, you've the letter up-ſide down; he, he, he!

Ellen. O lord!—I wiſh your maſter had taught you better manners, you bumpkin! Talk to me of up-ſide down! But it's the way of theſe low folks, that can neither read nor write themſelves.

ſelves, to envy and interrupt people who have a little learning.

Bal. Yes but Miſs, I can read, write, and cypher.

Ellen. I'm glad of it, I may get to hear what's in it. (*aſide*) You read! I believe no ſuch thing.—Now, there's your maſter's letter; that was an old one of my own; now, I'll lay any wager you can't read even that.—I long to know what's in it. (*aſide*) Come, lets hear your fine reading?

Bal. I can't read! Oh, I'll ſhew you that. (*reads*) "Divine Angel, remember nothing of me but my love, tho' it gave birth to every wrong you think I may have done you."

Ellen. Oh, that's in frightening me, by dragging Philip away. (*aſide*)

Bal. (*reads*) "For pity's ſake come to me, and be the adored wife of the faithful Couvanſki."

Ellen. Wife! Oh, joy! My fortune's made!—But I ſhould give myſelf ſome airs. (*aſide*) He might have ſent his coach for me, however deſire the Greenwich ſtage to ſtop at the corner of the lane, while I hurry on my things at the toilet.

[*Exit Ballybough.*

Ha, ha, ha! who could have thought that ſuch a poor girl as I—but if he was to ſee me in theſe cloaths—I'd clinch my conqueſt. Shou'd I take them? Miſtreſs I think won't be angry if it helps me to better myſelf.

Mrs. A. (*without*) Nib, I think we're right.

Ellen. If here is'nt my aunt Applejack, as ſhe turn'd me out, I'll mortify her a little.

Enter

Enter MRS. APPLEJACK.

Mrs. A. Isn't one Ellen in this houſe? (*Ellen advances, and with much mock ſolemnity makes her a low curtſy*)
Moſt obedient, Madam. (*makes a formal curtſy*)

Ellen. Ma'am, He, he, he! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

Mrs. A. Why, are you my huſband's niece, Nelly!

Ellen. (*with affected haughtineſs*) Oh, I proteſt, at firſt I took you for the china woman. How do you do, Mrs. Applejack?

Mrs. A. Then how do you do, Miſs Ellen, for by your fine cloaths, I ſuppoſe in calling you Miſs I gave you your new title.—China woman! pert huſſey!

Ellen. Pray don't be diſcomfricated—I intended ſome evening, when undiſengaged to have dropt in and drank a diſh of tea with you. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. A. China woman.

Enter APPLEJACK *and* NIB.

Apple. Have you ſeen the girl?

Ellen. The Juſtice here too! my very kind relations, you turn'd me out of your houſe—it's now my turn, but politeneſs forbids me to return the compliment.

Enter BALLYBOUGH.

Bal. Ma'am the coach is waiting.

Ellen.

Ellen. Oh, my coach is waiting, very well, adieu, bon ſoir, ſans ceremonie.

Apple. But ſtop.

Ellen. (*returning*) My dear friends, I now move in another ſphere, and this interview is my ultimatum.

AIR.—ELLEN.

When I was little, I had a taſte,
To junk it among my play-mates;
My height of joy was to make a feaſt
On Sunday, for all my gay mates;
I kept the ſweeteſt for the laſt bit
When ſweet I'd a mind to treat 'em,
And, ſince, my heart goes pit-a-pat-pit,
When I think of an ultimatum.
The words of faſhion, whilſt on the wing,
By novelty if we rate 'em,
Of bore, and twoodle, and monſtrous, thing,
The thing is an ultimatum.

When grown a woman at dear nineteen,
A lad with ogles ſurvey'd me,
He ſwore he'd make me his little queen,
And compliments fine he paid me.
Here, take my ultimatum ſays he,
Then kiſs'd me, la! how I hate him;
Says I, a fig for you my lovee,
If that is your ultimatum.
The words of faſhion, &c.

Tho' at my toilet whole hours I paſs,
My cap to ſet captivating,
So ſits my lover before his glaſs,
On bunch of cravat debating;
Whether we languiſh ſimper or grin,
For charms our fond looks create 'em;
Tho' love's the game we play at to win,
Yet money's the ultimatum.
This line of latin put in your book, (*to Apple.*)
Viduum ſapientia patum,
Here Madam throw a diſcerning look,
This curtſey's my ultimatum.

[*Exeunt Ellen and Ballybough.*

Apple.

Apple. Nib.

Nib. Your worſhip.

Apple. Rib.

Mrs. A. Well.

Apple. That wasn't my niece, my dear.

Mrs. A. You'd better ſay I'm not you'r wife, my dear.

Apple. Doeſn't the proclamation for apprehending this Colonel Lefort ſay, that he went in diſguiſe, and had ſecreted himſelf ſomewhere here about Deptford?

Mrs. A. You have hit it.

Apple. The fellow that took Ellen from our garden this morning, muſt have been the Colonel, or he could never have dreſs'd her out ſo.

Mrs. A. The hundred pounds reward is as good as in your own pocket, if you have but a little courage.

Apple. I have little courage.

Mrs. A. Then put it forward, and ſearch the houſe for him. Lud, huſband! here he comes, he has thrown off his diſguiſe and appears now as himſelf in his embroider'd regimentals.

Enter PHILIP *dreſs'd in the cloaths he took out with him.*

Phil. Now, Madam Nell— Gentlemen are another ſort of being from Little Philip, Hem! Tol, lol, lol. (*ſings, marches and ſtruts*) To the right about. (*ſuddenly turning, treads on Apple-jack's foot*)

Apple. Zounds, that was to the wrong about.

Mrs. A. My dear now be reſolute, and take him at once. (*aſide*)

Apple. True, but theſe military men are not ſo

eaſily taken—He may give me a curſed ſqueeze in the throttle.

Mrs. A. Right, my dear, avoid a ſcuffle with him, as you've one of your beſt ruffled ſhirts on.

Phil. Mr. and Mrs. Applejack, Oh! to take Nelly back. I'll come the great man over them. (*aſide*)

Apple. You are Mr. Lefort, a Colonel?

Phil. I am the —— That Colonel —— your buſineſs?

Apple. Something ſerious.

Phil. Oh, your buſineſs is multifarious.

Apple. What?

Phil. Ay!

Apple. Eh?

Phil. What do you want?

Apple. I've only a few compliments to you from Peter.

Phil. Peter Wilkins?

Mrs A. The King's meſſenger has a word with you.

Phil. Who?

Apple. A gentleman with a greyhound at his button.

Phil. A button for his greyhound.

Apple. In the name of our Sovereign Lord, King William the third, you're my priſoner. (*touches him*)

Phil. Priſoner! (*frighten'd*) Pſha! you muſt be wrong, I don't owe a ſixpence in the world, except the guinea for my boots and that I'm to pay by a ſhilling a week.

Apple. To the right about, Colonel.

Phil. Pho, the devil a Colonel am I——Eh! —what—Ma'am—Juſtice!—look, do you for-

get

get little Philip that took Nelly off " your " buſhes, your graſs and your gravel?"

Apple. As for the worthy ſpy brought to me to-day, I'll clap him into priſon.

Phil. Oh, that's my poor maſter. (*aſide*)

Apple. But you Colonel, as you're a ſtate priſoner, I'll lodge you in my houſe, where I'll treat you ſo civil, and ſo attentive,—you'll have three guineas a day for your table.

Phil. What three guineas a day for my table! Oh, ho! then I am a Colonel and you've found me out.

Mrs. A. Try if he'll advance a little caſh. (*apart*)

Apple. Hem! Colonel, ſuppoſe I was ſo civil as to let you eſcape, coud'nt you leave a couple of hundred in my hands, till I ſee you again?

Mrs. A. Conſider Sir, your precious life—I'm ſure were I in your circumſtances I'd give the two hundred pounds with pleaſure.

Phil. That I doubt, for were you in my circumſtances, you wou'd not be worth two hundred farthings. (*aſide*)

Apple. I ſee my good nature's thrown away, and the law muſt take it's courſe, Colonel, I'll go prepare your chamber—I muſt call aſſiſtance. —Nib, keep a hawk's eye upon him. (*apart*) Be comforted, Colonel——they won't take off your head 'till they get you to Peterſburg. (*aſide*) A ſnug reward here—A common foot-pad will weigh forty pounds in the city crain—but I'll coop and fatten up this Muſcovy duck 'till he weighs a hundred. [*Exit.*

Mrs. A. (*calling after Applejack*) Order the Colonel's dinner at the tavern, my love.

Phil. Tavern dinner! ſo for the time I ſhall live like an emperor, and then how I'll hamper my little juſtice here for falſe impriſonment. (*aſide*) Since you've diſcover'd me, I ſubmit, but uſe me nobly.

AIR.—PHILIP.

I confeſs, ma'am, I'm a great man,
If I'm priſoner of ſtate, man
Well you múſt your priſoner uſe,
Or your truſt you'll much abuſe,
Oh, ye Gods! what no retreating?
You muſt know I love good eating.
Of hard battles I've been winner,
Let me have a decent dinner.
Oh, ye demons foul and murky
Aid me!---let there be a turkey.
Jove decrees I ſhou'd be taken,
With---a little bit of bacon.
I at head of armies came on,
At my ſide---a jowl of ſalmon.
Came and conquer'd with applauſe,
When I fought with---oyſter ſauce.

Who ſhall from me glory purloin,
When I faced a---roaſted ſirloin,
Cut thro' ranks all fierce and maddiſh,
Mounted on my fam'd horſe---radiſh,
Laurels on my brows were budding,
Mars himſelf lov'd---a plumb pudding,
From my ſword foes trembling, pallid,
Fled for---beet-root in the ſallad.
Farewel honour, fame, and pleaſure,
Cut from---cheeſe a bit of Cheſhire.
Of my country the ſupporter,
I plung'd into---a pot of porter.
Can this noble ſpirit bear it,
Without dozens of---old claret.
Take me, jailor to your care,
Take me to ſuch noble fare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

COUNT COUVANSKI'S *Houſe.*

Enter the CZAR.

Czar. I could almoſt ſwear 'twas Ottokeſa I ſaw croſs that ſtreet; what could have brought her to England? perhaps ſhe has heard who I really am, and has followed me! her appearance bore the mark of indigence, and her ſoul ſeemed wrapt in ſorrow. But for Couvanſki's levity, I'd ſet him to find her out for me. Oh, he's return'd from Chatham.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI *and* ROMADANOWSKI, *not perceiving the* CZAR.

Cou. Charming girl! tho' ſhe was in too great a rage to hear me, I thought that my letter and ſham promiſe of marriage wou'd bring her—ſhew her into my ſtudy—I muſt get off the duſt of the road. (*going*) The Czar! S'death!

Czar. Well, Count, what news from Chatham?

Cou. Sir, I—true, he ſent me to—but meeting that lovely girl has put his whole buſineſs out of my mind. (*aſide*) What do you ſay? that gentleman, the mathematician is in ſuch a hurry for me? (*To Romadanowſki*)

Roma. Gentleman! Sir, didn't I tell you 'twas a lady? (*apart*)

Cou. Hem! get along, you ſtudid—

[*Exit. Romadanowſki.*

Czar. Oh! if it's a man of ſcience, pray no ceremony with me. (*Exit Count Couvanſki*)

Couvanſk.

Couvanſki muſt imagine me ſimple indeed not to perceive the idle trifler, thro' all his buſtling ſhew of buſy importance; how ſhall I obtain another ſight of my beloved Ottokeſa? Did my brother of Sweden, know the preſent ſtate of my heart, he'd have no reaſon to envy me my victory over him at Pultowa.

AIR.—CZAR.

Charles always bold and booted,
Scorn'd to uſe a ſpur flying,
With iron head diſputed,
Like a royal foe.
Stout blows in luſty quarrels!
Vict'ry ever dear buying!
Charles gather'd living laurels,
But for Peter's brow.

Pultowa muſt diſplay them,
Peter ſnatch the bright trophies,
Fair Venus bids him lay them,
At a lady's feet.
Which pow'r now proves ſtrongeſt,
Strife 'twixt hate and mild love is,
Does Peter win by conqueſt,
Or Charles by defeat?

Charles, by Bellona batter'd,
And by Mars not well treated,
All but his honor ſhatter'd,
By his quick remove.
Charles, fugitive in Bender,
Happier far than I ſeated
On Moſcow's throne in ſplendour,
He is not in love.

'Tho' o'er wide realms deſpotic,
My bare nod is all-ruling,
Yet when not patriotic,
Let my power ceaſe.

Home

Home comforts, oh, receive me!
Foreign fields my hard ſchooling!
Wars fought abroad, oh give me
Friendſhip, love, and peace.

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Com. Well, Sir, I've been to Deptford on the look out, for the young artiſt, but fear he's got among the breakers, and I've engag'd a ſmall houſe for you, with a door into the dock-yard, if you're ſtill in the mind actually to work in it yourſelf—ha, ha, ha! I've your dreſs ready.—

Czar. Have you alſo a carpenter's jacket, and a ſet of tools for Couvanſki? he ſhall accompany me.

Com. Complete, they are in that room yonder.

Czar. I long to be handling your adze and hatchets.

Com. Ha, ha, ha! it muſt be whimſical enough to ſee the great Monarch of Ruſſia offering himſelf to work as a ſhip carpenter, to little Billy Applejack, the overſeer, I'll tell you what to ſay.

AIR.—COMMODORE SWIVEL.

A ſhipwright am I,
Say, are you inclin'd Sir, to give me employ,
My ſkill wou'd you try,
At hammer or hatchet,
This fift, can you match it?
For work I'm the boy.
To mallet in Deptford,
Tho' nothing I get for't,
Is all my ambition, indulge my fond choice,
'Tis honour's deſire,
Then zounds! blood! and fire!
For the navy of England, huzza, my brave boys!

For

For a drowſy Mynheer,
At Amſterdam working on great and ſmall craft,
Big breeches how queer,
I ſmoke the broad bottom,
So comical thought him,
Good lord! how I laught!
At Breſt and Toulon
A joke was my tune,
To ſee Monſieur's fleet of gilt gingerbread toys,
Hard knocks ſhall requite 'em,
To build ſhips then fight e'm,
Old England has Neptune's great charter, my boys.

A ſhip on the ſtocks!
The Cocknies to ſee it, make ſuch a damn'd rout,
Sweet maidens in flocks,
Come gigling and gaping,
With bowing and ſcraping
I hand them about.
Fine compliments pay,
As we trip the gang-way,
From ſteerage to cabin how great are my joys;
Tho' mute at explaining,
A kiſs ſpeaks my meaning,
For the Navy of England, huzza, my brave boys.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROMADANOWSKI, (*looking about.*)

Roma. All gone! dis vay, Ma'am.

Enter OTTOKESA.

My maſter vill vait on you immediately. [*Exit.*

Otto. Without introduction, or recommendation, to obtrude myſelf upon a gentleman that's a total ſtranger to me; but my brother's danger even juſtifies indiſcretion—If I can prevail upon this benevolent nobleman to intercede for him with the Czar, then indeed I may treat the baſe propoſals

propoſals of the unworthy wretch that dar'd to affront my diſtreſs, with a contempt they deſerve. (*looks out*) I tremble with awe, doubt and anxiety.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI, *and* ROMADANOWSKI.

Cou. Yes, 'tis ſhe! my letter has brought her. (*aſide*) Are you ſure you ſaw his Highneſs go out?

Roma. Gone vid the Commodore, my Lor, I heard the door ſlap this minute.

Cou. Give me notice of their return.

[*Exit Roma.*

Otto. (*with timid confuſion, ſcarcely looking at the Count*) Sir, pardon the liberty I take in imploring your compaſſion in behalf of an unhappy man, who, tho' once rich in the eſteem of——

Cou. My ſweet creature, no apology.

Otto. How! (*looks at him*) Is it you, Sir? Am I wrong in the houſe?

Cou. No, you're very right; this is my houſe.

Otto. Your's! I came to Count Couvanſki.

Cou. My love, I know you come to me; I happen to be Count Couvanſki.

Otto. What a miſtake! (*aſide*) Is it poſſible you can be the generous favourite of the noble-minded Sovereign of Ruſſia? You, the friend of woe; who cou'd meanly take advantage of diſtreſs and make your power to do good, the very agent of your vices?

Cou. My dear, when I ſet your brother at liberty, you'll be in better humour with me—The Czar inſiſts I ſhall attend him to Deptford, and then I ſhall releaſe your brother.

Otto. Sir, tho' his liberty is what I deſire moſt

on earth, yet a favor from you I never will accept.

Cou. Why my love, all my conduct before I ſent you that letter, was a device of mine.—What angelic traits! Oh, my goddeſs, if you wou'd but hear me.

AIR.—COUNT COUVANSKI.

I know not which to praiſe, ſweet Miſs,
Your air, ſhape, voice or feature;
But the pour tout dire is this,
You're all a killing creature.
Coach'd belles for me ſcrambling,
On foot, tho' you're ambling;
They nod "how d'you,"
You run, bow to you;
Spite of laughter,
I run after
Like Phœbus, my wiſhes on fire!

The pow'r of bliſs to you is given,
Mon Ange, 'pon reputation;
With hopes, my ſoul may reach its Heav'n,
I pay you adoration.
At your feet, Ma'am, leſt I die,
With ſoft pity caſt an eye;
Voice ſo thrilling,
Eyes how killing;
Boſom panting,
Touch enchanting,
Without thee, Oh Gods! I expire.

Enter ROMADANOWSKI, (*with ſhipwright's cloaths*).

Roma. Sir, Sir, dear my Lord, I was wrong—I find the Czar is not gone out—The Commodore deſired me to give him theſe cloaths. [*Exit.*

Cou. 'Sdeath! If he ſees the lady—this way, (*points to a room*)

Otto.

Otto. No, Sir; I'll retire as I came in.

Cou. He may meet you—Now do ſtep in there if you love me.

Otto. Oh then I certainly will. (*ironically*)

Cou. My moſt cruel charmer! Have you no regard for a fine young fellow's life? I tell you, if this barbarous maſter of mine finds me gallanting here with the ladies, inſtead of minding his affairs, when he gets me back to Moſcow, he'll certainly give me the knout, and pack me to Siberia—Dem'me, if he'd matter taking off my head with a—Do ſtep in there. (*pointing to the door, at which*)

Enter the CZAR, (*with a hatchet in his hand.*)

Cou. The devil! [*Exit.*

Czar. This the Mathematician!

Otto. Michaelhoff!

Czar. It was! It is my adored Ottokeſa! Tell me; my love, how? what? I've ſo many queſtions, that, all crowding, ſtop my utterance.

Otto. To meet you in England, in the houſe of this Count!

Czar. But to find you here, gives me great ſurprize.

Otto. Likely you know the Czar Peter?

Czar. Me! No—Oh! yes, I have been preſented—have you any favor to aſk?

Otto. The life of my brother.

Czar. But your acquaintance with the Count here?

Otto. I came to ſolicit his intereſt—But why did you leave Dantzic ſo ſuddenly? come, now, wasn't there a Lady in the caſe?

Czar. Ha, ha, ha! Is it poſſible, jealouſy can form any part in the compoſition of my Ottokeſa?

Otto. Jealouſy!

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

I'd fain aſk you a this, but in ſteps a that,
Ah! why did you, truant, away from me go?
Yet not that I'm curious, but merely for chat,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

What Lady detain'd you? I'm ſure ſhe was fair,
Much taller than I am, perhaps full as low?
No buſineſs of mine' tis, what colour her hair,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

Pray was ſhe demure, or coquetiſhly gay?
The voice of a Cherub, or may be ſo, ſo?
Her eyes, I don't aſk whether hazel or grey,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

But one thing, Oh! tell me, no more then impart,
Did'ſt give her what was not your own to beſtow;
Tho' ſure you'd not venture to give her your heart,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

Come, you ſhall ſee this dear brother, from my character of you he longs to know you.

Czar. But where is he!

Otto. Confin'd at Deptford.

Czar. The very place I was this inſtant going to—The Czar's preſent darling object is to build a fleet of his own in Ruſſia; and a friend of mine has adviſed me to learn the art of ſhip-building, as the ſureſt method to recommend myſelf to his notice. Be comforted, for take the word of your Michaelhoff, if his life depends upon the Czar Peter, your brother ſhall not die, except he's unworthy to live.

Otto. Then you'll meet me at his priſon.

Czar. Moſt certainly.

DUET.

DUET.—CZAR *and* OTTOKESA.

Czar. Should worldly cares oppreſſing,
Encircle us with woes;
Wilt thou, my earthly bleſſing!
Then ſoothe me to repoſe?
Otto. Let fortune's children ſever,
When riches ſhall depart;
We've that muſt laſt for ever,
The treaſure of the heart.
Czar. Let Monarch's rule a nation,
Otto. Gay Belles court admiration;
Czar. The ſoldier thirſt for glory---
Otto. The thoughts of cloyſter'd veſtal,
Dwell on joys celeſtial;
Czar. And honeſt Britons rave of Whig and Tory,
Otto. Convinc'd of thy affection---
Czar. Their joys are poor to mine,
Otto. Their joys are poor to mine.
Both. To guardian love's protection,
The coming hours reſign;
What bliſs to make election,
Where love and truth combine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Priſon.

COLONEL LEFORT *diſcover'd reading a newſpaper.*

Col. L. Tho' this wiſe Juſtice has impriſon'd me for a ſpy, I hope, before I'm freed, he won't diſcover me for the Colonel Lefort, that the reward is here offer'd for; I'm on the rack to know what's become of my ſiſter. Ah! her mind runs upon her abſent Michaelhoff; thank Heaven, I am ſo far happy

happy, that love hasn't thrown in his dart to augment my diſtreſſes.

AIR—Col. Lefort.

The power that form'd the human mind,
And gave creation birth;
Each pair of hearts, one mould deſign'd,
And bade them fly to earth.
Sweet ſympathy! Sharp thorns remove,
That ſtrew the paths of life;
Fond hearts, go bleſs with mutual love,
The huſband and the wife.

They cleave the Æther ſide by ſide,
But in the trackleſs way;
Ah, luckleſs pair! they ſoon divide,
And from each other ſtray.
The partner dear, again to find,
A bleſſing ſeldom given;
So where they can, they match and bind;
A chain ne'er made in Heaven.

Beyond thy firſt all wiſe decree,
Extend the gift benign;
Oh, gracious power! Point out to me,
The heart firſt made with mine.
Some Angel ſay, what gentle fair,
Has lodg'd it in her breaſt;
In pity ſpeak, for only there,
Can my poor heart find reſt.

My Siſter!

Enter Ottokesa.

Otto. My dear Brother, do you think I forgot you in the hour of calamity? I've laid a train of intereſt with the Czar, for your releaſe.

Col. L. Then you imagine I've been apprehended on his proclamation; Philip might have told you 'twas to clear him when he was taken up with my drawings for a ſpy.

Otto.

Otto. My fears have led me into an error indeed; however, I think Michaelhoff will even ſave you from this—He's here in England, in the ſervice of the Czar.

Col. L. (*Alarm'd*) Indeed! then I hope, as he knew you in Dantzick only by our aſſum'd name of Melzoff, you didn't tell him who I am.

Otto. No, becauſe I ſuppos'd he knew it already.

Col. L. That's well, he might, with all his profeſs'd love to you, ſeize this occaſion to win the Czar's favour, by ſacrificing me to his reſentment.

Enter TURNKEY.

Turnkey. Ma'am, a gentleman enquires, I ſuppoſe it's for you.

Otto. 'Tis Michaelhoff (*apart*) Shew him in.

[*Exit Turnkey.*

Col. L. Hold! perhaps ſome emiſſary from the Czar, come to examine my perſon; but if it ſhould be he, don't, in the fond moment, tell him I'm Lefort. [*Exit Col. Lefort.*

Otto. Well, till you give me leave, I'll not reveal you even to the man, whoſe heart is truth and honour.

Enter The CZAR.

How kind!

Czar. My charming Ottokeſa, Commodore Swivel has enquir'd into the nature of your brother's affair. It's all a frolic of ſome young nobleman; but I can neither ſee wit or humanity, in a jeſt that gives another (even a ſeeming) affliction. Where's

Where's your brother, I long to be introduc'd to him.

Otto. My dear, my beſt Michaelhoff! I'm now not aſham'd to own indeed I love you.—Ah, when laſt we parted at Dantzick—

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

How bitter the moment with thoſe we hold dear,
When exchanging the tender adieu;
I follow'd you far with my eyes, when a tear,
Hid the object I lov'd from my view.
I penſive retir'd to forget you, ah vain!
I found ſolitude cheriſh'd deſpair;
In company ſought a relief from my pain,
Your dear image ſtill follow'd me there.

Thro' Grove Mead and Garden I varied the ſcene,
With fond hope ſome repoſe I might find;
But ſtill a lov'd ſpot where together we've been,
Some lov'd incident brought to my mind.
When I muſe in the Grove there I ſee my poor name,
That you carv'd on the rind of a tree;
In the Garden I'm charm'd with a roſe-buſh, the ſame
Whence a flower you preſented to me.

I range thro' the meadows attended by Tray,
Once yours, his affection is proved;
And my Linnet's ſweet pipe can bleſt rapture convey,
When it carrol's the tune that you lov'd.
By Moonlight I walk, I enjoy her mild rays,
And this heart ſoothing fancy purſue;
I think at the inſtant whilſt on her I gaze,
She then may be look'd on by you.

Czar. To reſtore your tranquillity gives me infinite delight. *(looks on a picture hanging from Ottokeſa's neck)* I've ſeen theſe features—Eh! the face of that traitor Lefort—Ottokeſa, do you know him.

Otto. Do you think Lefort a traitor?

Czar.

Czar. An audacious rebel, that could inſult his Sovereign, and then dare not abide the puniſhment of his crimes—A ſecret lover!

Otto. No, you wrong him and me.

Czar. Deliver the lurking miſcreant to my vengeance.

Otto. Your's! why, what has he done to you?

Czar. ———I———I don't mean mine, but, as a loyal ſubject, to preſent him to the indignation of my injured maſter.

Otto. You're in an error.

Czar. Can your brother be privy to this? Does he know Lefort?—Likely he has given harbour to the aſſaſſin, who, I am told, only now ſkulks for an opportunity to ſtop the hand of juſtice, by a murder on his maſter that raiſed him to the dignity he's diſgrac'd.

Otto. Your zeal for the Czar hurries you to an inhumanity, that I thought a ſtranger to the breaſt of my gentle Michaelhoff. (*weeps*)

Czar. Tell me where's Lefort.

Otto. I die firſt.

Czar. As I promis'd there's your brother's diſcharge—I muſt love you, Ottokeſa, but farewell for ever. [*Exit.*

QUARTETTO.

Otto. (*looking after the Czar*) Oh ſtay, raſh lover! do not leave me;
In ſmiles return, once gentle youth!
I'm faithful ſtill, oh! yet believe me.
He flies, (alas!) the voice of truth.
Fatal ſecret! thee concealing,
All my hopes of peace are croſt;
Sad alternative! revealing,
Sure a Brother's life is loſt.

Re-enter COLONEL LEFORT *and* JAILOR.

Col. L. Left in tears! (*looking at Otto*)

Enter MRS. APPLEJACK.

Mrs. A. Where's our priſoner?
[*Colonel Lefort retires.*

Re-enter the CZAR.

Czar. Falſe Maid! one word and then adieu. (*to Otto*)
Mrs. A. This a ſtrange place, Miſs, for you. (*to Otto*)
Otto. Oh ſpeak! (*to the Czar*)
Col. L. Shall I become an abject liſt'ner?
Mrs. A. (*to Otto*) You'd ſee the ſpy? I want him too.
Czar. (*to Otto*) Accept this trifle, think me true. (*gives Otto a purſe*)
Otto. I ſcorn! (*flings it away*)
Col. L. By heavens he ſhall not wrong my Siſter! (*aſide*)
Mrs. A. He flung this at her. (*takes up the purſe*)
How lucky it miſs'd her. (*puts it in her pocket*)
Here you
Turnkey. (*calling*) Turn him out. (*looking at the Czar*)
Otto. Michaelhoff!
Mrs. A. You Turnkey!
Col. L. Ottokeſa!
Otto. With love, fear, hope and doubt,
The conflict rends my breaſt.

TRIO.

CZAR.

And muſt we part? Oh fate ſevere!
Love's chains in priſon bind me;
I'd fly to peace, and yet I fear,
I leave that peace behind me.

MRS. AP-

MRS. APPLEJACK.

A chirping glaſs of wine ſhall chear
Your friend, pray Miſs do mind me,
A boon companion, you my dear
Shall o'er a flaſket find me.

COLONEL LEFORT.

The voice familiar's to my ear,
Of this her haughty lover;
To ſee his face too, but I fear,
Leſt I my own diſcover.

OTTOKESA.

How diſtreſt!
Retire! (*apart to Col. Lefort*)

COLONEL LEFORT.

Theſe glowing cheeks my ſword upbraid,
To ſee thee wrong'd ſweet helpleſs maid.

CZAR.

Paſſions rage with warring clangour,
Juſtice! every wiſh controul;
Love, or jealouſy, or anger,
Still let honor ſway the ſoul.

ALL.

Paſſions rage, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The King's Dock-yard at Deptford.

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL *and* Mr. *and* Mrs. APPLEJACK, *oppoſite ſides.*

Com. S. Come, come, Mr. Applejack, we muſt now pipe all hands, work double tides—

ten ſhips to be put into commiſſion; beſides here's the Emperor of Ruſſia come to take a view of our ſhipping.—Have you ever ſeen the Czar?

Apple. No, tho' I'm told he's every where.

Com. S. Ay, tho' the moſt diſtinguiſhed character on earth, his ambition is to be unnoticed in a croud. (*walks up*)

Mrs. A. Are not all the workmen booked yet, my love?

Apple. My dear, we're ſhort two hands.

Mrs. A. Yon tall man's a carpenter, if he wants work, why don't you call him to book?

Apple. Holloa, maſter!

Com. S. Here the Monarch of Ruſſia comes to labour like a handy crafts man.—Let the Kings around him be robed in Majeſty—The true glory of the Great Peter's humble carpenter's jacket, ſhall tranſmit his actions to poſterity with ſplendour and admiration.

Enter the CZAR, *in ſhipwright's dreſs, with tools, &c.*

Apple. Are you a carpenter?

Czar. No Sir, I'm a ſhipwright.

Apple. Wife, this is a ſaucy Jack.

Mrs. A. No, I think he's a fine man.

Apple. The fellow has large bones, but the little men are ſo nimble.

Mrs. A. What country pray?

Apple. Aye, where are you come from?

Czar. Finland.

Apple. Your hands might, for they are like the fins of a grampus.—he looks ſtrong.

Mrs. A. No he don't, my dear; theſe tall men are mere wiſhy-waſhees.—Now here's Muſcle. (*pointing to a tall large made carpenter*)

Apple.

Apple. Aye, here are joints well knit, you are not ſtrong enough for the work of this yard.

QUARTETTO.

Czar. The Throne of Britannia's the ocean,
She ſmiles ſweet, ſerene, and majeſtic,
Her great floating caſtles in motion,
Secure her each comfort domeſtic;
Her Bulwark's a ſtout man of war,
Her guard is a bold Britiſh tar.

Com. S. See the oaks of the foreſt tranſplanted
Into tall men of war, here they're growing.

Mrs. A. Big nothings like you are not wanted,

Apple. To Finland tall cock, with your crowing,
Our work is for much ſmarter lads,
So hop with your hammer and adz.

Mrs. A. Look around! hark the ſound! 'tis victorious!
Hammer clink! hatchet chop! chiſſel chip!

Com. S. To Britons what fight half ſo glorious,
As a Man of War, launched from the ſlip,
The carpenter's mallet goes knockety knock,
The ſcrews all fly out, and away goes the block,
She glides like a ſwan to the Thames, from the Dock.

Czar. No employ, then my hatchet there lie,
(*Strikes his hatchet into a block of wood.*
Deptford Yard, and Old England good bye.

Apple. That there ſeems an excellent Hatchet,
Strong George, (*to the carpenter*) If you pleaſe, prithee reach it?

(*The carpenter makes ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to pull it out, quits it, turns, looks at the Czar with wonder, then ſneaks into the croud.---The Czar, uſing but one hand, plucks the hatchet out, and preſents it to Applejack.*)

Com. S A Bull dog to bite French or Spaniard!

Apple. A Maſtiff to guard the King's Tan yard!

Mrs A. With me, dear Sir, will you drink tea?

Apple. Wil't hammer?

Com. S Go cruizing with me?

Czar. I'll hammer, drink tea, go cruizing with thee.

[*Exit the Czar.*

Apple.

Apple. Oh, here comes another to be hired.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI *in ſhipwright's habit, carrying tools, &c.*

Mrs. A. Heavens, what's this?

Com. S. Ha, ha, ha! Let's ſee how the Count will behave? (*aſide*)

App. You're not a carpenter?

Cou. (*aſide*) You've a devil of a gueſs, Sir. I have the honor to be a very neat mechanic.

Apple. Certainly you're a very neat fellow—but I think you could make a raſberry tart, better than a man of war.

Cou. Why ſomething in the Menzikoff cut indeed. (*admiring himſelf.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. (*diſconcerted*) The Czar to bring me into this ridiculous ſituation; he'll only get himſelf found out by it. (*aſide*)

Apple. And where are you come from?

Cou. From Kenſington Gardens. (*bows*)

Mrs. A. But my dear the young man may be a carver; ſmart at ornamenting the cabin of a yatch—So pretty when we've company to drink tea on board.

Cou. Yes, ma'am, I can carve and gild.

Apple. Ay, and paint too, if one may judge from your face.—Wife, he has a fine head, for the ſtern of the Sunday-Frog—Here's a mallet and chiſſel, let's ſee how you handle them, my ſpruce mechanic?

(*Couvanſki cuts and chips the mallet with the chiſſel.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

Enter NIB.

Nib. (*apart to Applejack*) Lord Sir, this Colonel Lefort your new ſtate priſoner is making ſuch a noiſe for his dinner the houſe can't hold him.

Apple. The houſe ſhall hold and keep him faſt too: but my dear you'd beſt ſtep over to the tavern, and deſire them to make haſte with his dinner, for I begin to be a little hungry myſelf.

[*Exit Mrs. Applejack.*

Cou. Since I'm come here to Deptford, I'll ſet my charmer's brother at liberty, and leave the cleaving of timber to his hard-ſiſted Czar-ſhip. (*aſide*)

(*the ſhip launched, ſhouts and acclamations.*)

AIR, GLEE.

Noah built a mighty ſhip,
Happy he o'er mountains ſail'd,
'Till he drank out all his ſip,
Then his noble courage fail'd;
Bade the dove go fetch a ſign,
That water then no more did ſpout.
Took the olive for a vine,
Or he'd ne'er have y turn'd out.
Noah firſt of ſhipwrights ſtaunch,
Laid a keel and chiſſel'd thus;
Broke a bottle on the launch,
Preſs'd the grape and drank like us.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

APPLEJACK's *Houſe—A Table laid.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. APPLEJACK, *ſeverally.*

Apple. Well, my lovely Winny?

Mrs. A. My dear, I've been over to the tavern —The Colonel's dinner will be here preſently.

Apple. Since I brought him here, he's like a young magpie, all gape and gobble. (*looks at the labels on the bottles*) Latore, Frontigniac, Calcavella, Hermitage—Wife, he ſhall not have as much wine as he chooſes to ſwallow.

Mrs. A. Yes, but he ſhall, my love. The greater bill he runs up the more money we ſhall make of him; for if it was ten times as much the king of Muſcovy will pay for all.

Apple. Then I'll ſwallow as much as I can to make his bill double.—Ay, it's all this high feeding and rich wines that make your gentlemen run ſo deviliſhly after the women—I deſire you'll keep as much as poſſible out of the Colonel's way, Mrs. Applejack, for I could never bear to ſee him even kiſs you.

Mrs. A. See! no, I ſuppoſe you'd have the manners to walk out of the room; but don't fear; a man, in my mind, is a mere wooden poſt when I think of you, my dear huſband.

[*Exit.*

Apple. That's a very pretty compliment.

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. What's the meaning of this, when do I dine?

Apple.

Apple. It's coming your honour.

Phil. What is a man of condition like me to wait, 'cauſe I am a priſoner!—No table ready!—I'll make intereſt to be remov'd to the Tower. Do you hear?—I'll have two courſes to-day, and ſee that there's plenty of olives and roaſted cheſnuts with my claret, and while I ſmoak my pipe, Juſtice you'll read the newſpaper to me; and in the evening over my coffee your wife will ſing me a ſong.

Re-enter MRS. APPLEJACK *and Waiters, with covers, which they lay on the Table.*

Mrs. A. Colonel, pray be ſeated. (*ſhe begins to carve, Philip ſits*)

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI *in his own cloaths.*

Cou. (*aſide*) Now to releaſe my charmer's brother—Eh! is this he—a Colonel's uniform!—(*aſide*) Sir, your ſervant, I conclude I have been under ſome miſtake as to your rank in life, and beg you a thouſand pardons for putting you in this diſagreeable ſituation.

Phil. Sir, no apology, my ſituation is quite agreeable.

Cou. I come to make atonement and to take you from it.

Phil. Pray Sir, don't give yourſelf that trouble.

Cou. (*to Applejack*) Get his hat.

Phil. What do you want with my hat?

Cou. I come to give you freedom Sir.

Phil. Give! I think you take a deal of freedom.

Cou. Quick! it's my only means to make it up with my lovely creature.

Phil. So, I muſn't dine, 'cauſe you make up to lovely creatures?

Cou. Why, what the devil Sir, don't you wiſh for liberty, come along man.

Mrs. A. But he ſhall not come a long man.

Apple. No, nor ſhort man.

Phil. That's right madam, Juſtice keep me faſt. (*eating*)

Apple. He's my priſoner, and I am anſwerable for his body.

Phil. Ay, take care of my fine body—remove that diſh, I order'd no calve's head at my table. (*looking at Count Couvanſki*)

Cou. Pſha! my dear fellow, come.

Apple. But he ſhall not go out of this houſe, but by an order from government.

Cou. Demme! what do you mean? my word is the order, and myſelf the government.

Apple. I'll let you know, that nobody orders here but me; and I am in this, my caſtle, the Governor.

Cou. Caſtle! ha, ha, ha!—I'll deſire my footman to hang up your caſtle in my porter's lodge, and my cook ſhall cram the governor into a marrowbone!

Apple. Cram a Juſtice of peace into a marrowbone!

Mrs. A. A reſcue!

Cou. I tell you 'twas I put him into cuſtody, and by Heaven I will now take him out of it.

Apple. An accomplice! why by the Lord this is the minikin ſhipwright.—Oh, oh! I ſee now what brought you into the Dock-yard, an incendiary,

cendiary, his fingers are brimſtone matches, and his ſkull a tinder box.

Cou. Come along.

Apple. Touch him at your peril.

Cou. The man dies that prevents me.

Apple. Where's your Habeas Corpus?

Cou. Here, (*takes out a piſtol*) and my Habeas animam. By Heavens, Sir! if you don't inſtantly come to your ſiſter that loves you——

Phil. I have no ſiſter, and I love a turkey.—Don't remove me 'till the cloth's taken away.—I'll die before I quit my dinner—Juſtice ſave me a ſlice—Ma'am—Death and hell, ſpare me the merry thought.

Cou. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in COUNT COUVANSKI'S *Houſe.*

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI, PHILIP, *and* ROMADANOWSKI.

COUVANSKI.

YOU'RE welcome, Sir.

Phil. I am a man of genius, and you ſhou'd not have taken me from my dinner.

Cou. My dear friend, a thouſand Pardons.— (*whiſpers Roma. who goes off.*

We ſhall dine at ſix.

Phil. And now it's only two, confound your faſhionable hours, I ſhall eat my gloves; cou'dn't you give a body ſomewhat, juſt to paſs away the time?

Enter SLIP.

Slip. (*apart to Cou.*) Sir, there's the Juſtice below

below making a riot about the gentleman you forced from his houſe. *Exit.*

Cou. If the Czar hears him—(*aſide*) Sir, ſtep in there.

Phil. Juſt ſend me in the leg of a fowl.

Cou. You ſhall have a whole oſtrich, and keep your mouth ſhut.

Phil. I ſhall have no cauſe here to open my mouth.

Cou. Go in. (*puſhes him in*)

Enter APPLEJACK.

Apple. So Sir, Where is he? I can break open doors.—I've found out who you are; I'll ſee if your Czar of Muſcovy bids you pluck a priſoner from a bed of juſtice, as if you were pulling up a turnip.

Cou. My dear friend don't make ſuch a noiſe.

Apple. I am a Juſtice of Peace and will make a noiſe.

Cou. If the Czar hears you, I'm undone.

Apple. Are you? how dare your lordſhip reſcue my priſoner? Who's now to be cram'd into a marrow-bone. (*very loud.*)

Cou. Huſh! why man 'twas I that ſeiz'd him for a piece of humour.

Apple. You, you ſeized Colonel Lefort.

Cou. (*aſide*) What! the Clod I have within here, the accompliſhed Colonel Lefort!

Apple You'd defraud me of the hundred pounds for taking him.

Cou. I'll give it you, and be quiet.

Apple Do.

Cou. I haven't ſo much about me now: but I pledge my honor I'll ſend it to you.

Apple.

Apple. You've not ſo much of that to ſpare, ſo I'll be content with your note.

Cou. You ſhall have it, but pray go.

Apple. (*aſide*) I'll make more of this—but where's all the fees.

Cou. I'll pay them.

Apple. (*going returns*) His tavern bill—the great dinner—that I eat myſelf. (*aſide*)

Cou. Make a bill of all.

Apple. My fine long ſet of china—two and forty pieces, he broke into five hundred, in my own garden.

Cou. Well, put in the garden.

Apple. A fine laced cap, he tore on my wife.

Cou. Zounds! put wife, cap, and all in the bill. —The Czar is in the houſe, and if he hears you, the Colonel's life is gone.—Take that, and for heaven's ſake—(*gives him a purſe*) go along you confounded little catchpole. [*Exeunt.*

Phil. (*peeps out*) Mad beau to tear me from my dinner. (*a ſervant croſſes with cake and wine*) Oh, oh!—(*follows him*)

Enter BALLYBOUGH *and* ELLEN *dreſſed.*

Ellen. Lord, how I have been ſqueez'd in that vulgar Greenwich coach! ſuch horrid company too!—So this is the gentleman's houſe—dear, if he really intends to marry me, how charming! beautiful! what a deal of rooms, all one beyond another.

Bal. (*Opens the door of the room from which Philip entered.*) Wait in that room ma'am, maſter will come to you. [*Exit.*

(*Ellen goes in.*)

Enter

Enter the CZAR.

Czar. The ſight of a Britiſh dock-yard has rouz'd my ardour, to ſee ſuch a floating foreſt at Peterſburgh. But now for Couvanſki. The ſtory I've heard from the Commodore, of his attempt to ſeduce the poor young woman at Deptford—If I can but bring his ſcandalous conduct to a proof—

Re-enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. So, I've bruſh'd off that infernal little waſp. This Col. Lefort that I have within here!—then his ſimplicity muſt be feign'd—if he falls into the Czar's hands he's loſt.—I'll convey him ſafe away, (*goes to the door, where Ellen went in, and knocks ſoftly*) Colonel, come out!—the Czar! (*aſide*) ſtay in.

Czar. Who have you got there, that may come out and ſtay in?

Cou. Sir, 'tis only—(*much confuſed*)

Czar A female mathematician?

Cou. A good hint to ſecure the Colonel. (*aſide*) Then, Sir, it is a lady.

Czar. (*aſide*) Perhaps Ottokeſa again.

Cou. (*aſide*) He wont be ſo impolite as to inſiſt on ſeeing——

Czar. If 'tis the lady I found with you to-day, I'd ſpeak with her.

Cou. No, Sir, this is quite an honourable affair.

Czar. Then, Count, I expect to be conſulted.

Cou. Sir, I would not marry a conſtellation, without your Majeſty's conſent—(*bows*) But Sir, ſhe is ſo baſhful—

Czar.

Czar. Let me ſee her.

Cou. (*aſide*) Yes, he'll have the Colonel out.—Then, Sir, to confeſs the truth, I am aſhamed—a little afraid her face is (*grimaces*) you (like other people) will ſay her back is a little on the uppiſh or ſo; but a lover's eyes you know, Sir.—

Czar. You have ſo much excited my curioſity, that I will ſee her: Madam approach.

Cou. Your highneſs, don't aſk her—ſhe's only ſlept in to ſettle her head-dreſs before the glaſs—Colonel, jump out of the window. (*In an under tone*)

Czar. Madam.—(*opens the door*)

Enter ELLEN.

Cou. Eh! who's this! (*ſtarting back ſurpriſed*)

Ellen. (*to Cou.*) Dear Sir, how could you keep me ſo long a waiting?

Cou. Ma'am!—this brings both me and the Colonel off—but where has he got to! (*aſide*)

Czar. So, Couvanſki, this is the lady you deſign to marry?

Ellen. I am, Sir.

Cou. Are you faith. (*aſide*)

Czar. And when is the ceremony to take place?

Ellen. Oh, as ſoon as the gentleman pleaſes.

Czar. Well, Count, what do you ſay? I'm ſure the lady's very kind.

Cou. Curſe her kindneſs. (*aſide*)

Czar. You cool on the buſineſs—be aſſured I'd treat you with the ſevereſt rigour, if I thought you a ſeducer of female innocence. Speak, do you mean to marry her.

Cou. Why, Sir, as to marrying the lady, I have no objection, but only this happens to be the firſt time I ever had the honour of ſeeing her.

Czar.

Czar. Didn't you ſay your intentions were honourable towards the lady in that room, and here ſhe is juſt come out of it.

Cou. In or out, ſhe is totally unknown to me.

Ellen. Oh, lord, how can you ſay that? waſn't you ſo crazy about me, that you had poor Philip drag'd to jail, that you might have me all to yourſelf!

Czar. Your profligacy ſha'n't injure a helpleſs innocent, and diſgrace me and your country—marry her you ſhall.

Cou. But Sir, ſhe's an utter ſtranger to me, and it's my way always to marry an acquaintance.

Ellen. Stranger! oh lord, havn't I it here under your own hand! (*takes out a letter*)

Cou. Shew me.

Ellen. No, you look, Sir. (*gives it to the Czar*)

Czar. This is your hand. (*reads*) "Divine angel."

Ellen. You ſee that's me.

Cou. Why, this is the letter I ſent to my ſweet girl. (*aſide*)

Czar. "Pity's ſake come to me."

Ellen. Yes, and here I have come in pity you creature.

Czar. "Ador'd wife of the faithful Couvanſki." Why this is in fact a promiſe of marriage, and I'll ſee it executed.

Cou. (*aſide*) You ſhall firſt ſee me executed — Why, zounds!——

Czar. Don't ſwear my Lord, recollect in whoſe preſence you are.

Ellen. Dont ſwear my dear.

Enter BALLYBOUGH.

Cou. (*apart*) You infernal raſcal, who did you give my letter to?

Bal. Sir, to my lady there.—Here's all the poets and philoſophers waiting for your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Czar. I Come, Count I have heard the whole proceſs of your ſcheme on this lady, and in the evening, previous to the ambaſſador's gala, I ſhall ſee your nuptials ſolemniz'd.

[*Exeunt the Czar and Count Couvanſki.*

Ellen. This evening I ſhall be ſolemniz'd. I muſt forſake poor Philip.

Re-enter PHILIP.

Phil. Now I'm quite another man! This drinking puts a body into ſuch ſpirits, it has even made me amorous. I want nothing but a little bundle of bank notes to make me a compleat man of faſhion. Pretty Nelly's at home ſo melancholy for the loſs of me.

Ellen. What fine gentleman's this. (*aſide*)

Phil. A ſmart looking young lady that. (*aſide*)

Ellen. As I'm likely to be miſtreſs of this houſe, I ſhou'd now take ſome ſtate upon myſelf and do the honors.

Phil. Whilſt I have theſe fine cloaths, I ſhou'd take the opportunity to gallant a little.

Ellen. Sir, may I have the honor?

Phil. Madam, you may.

Ellen. Oh Sir, the condeſcenſion. (*curtſies*)

Phil. My meluſluous preſumption. (*bows*)

Ellen. Upon my reputation!

Phil. Ellen! } (*Surpriſed*)
Ellen. Philip! }

Phil. I ſuppoſe you've put on your miſtreſs's cloaths, you audacious huſſey.

Ellen.

Ellen. Perhaps, you've got into your maſter's coat you impudent puppy.

Phil. But your miſtreſs ſhall know it.

Ellen. Upon my ſoul I'll tell your maſter.—Philip, while you behave yourſelf you're welcome to my houſe; but if you make too free my huſband may be jealous.

Phil. Huſband! who is he?

Ellen. Don't I tell you I am miſtreſs of this houſe.

Phil. Oh, ho! So, the mad beau only brought me here to triumph over my love. Nelly, you're a jilt.

Ellen. I a jilt.

Phil. You've been theſe two years laying out for new ſweethearts, only to get preſents from them.

Ellen. Me!

Phil. The encouragement you ſhew the young men is juſt according to what you want at the time, and what they can give —Laſt October, on the ſet in of winter—"Ha, it's got aſtoniſhingly ſharp"—then, nobody like Sam Daffil the woollen draper—you ſmirk'd and ſmil'd, 'till he made you a preſent of a handſome Bath great coating; yes, the woollen draper was a moſt charming lover for froſt and ſnow; but in April out come bloſſoms and ſunſhine, and, oh dear, we muſt have a muſlin gown to flaunt at the tea gardens. —Up ſteps Mr. Smart the haberdaſher, yes he's the ſweetheart for ſummer wear—That vulgar woollen draper! Shou'dn't ha' thought of ſuch people ſpeaking to one in public.

Ellen. How jealouſy puts theſe men out of temper

DUETT.—PHILIP *and* ELLEN.

Ellen. Philip my lad,
There was a time
Whenyou might court and not in vain,
But ah, dear boy, that time is paſt,
Tho' with you I danc'd,
On May day,
Hey day!
Now I'm advanc'd.
And view me a lady.
Philip my lad,
Phil. Nelly my laſs.
With you I chime,
For now the fates do ſo ordain,
Oh, cruel lot! the die is caſt,
Tho' my fond heart
You're rap'd in,
Lap'd in,
Yet we muſt part,
For view me a Captain,
Nelly my laſs.
Ellen. Philip my lad,
If you will learn
My hair to dreſs, I may employ
You as a barber now and then,
Or flouriſh your flam
-Beau flaming,
Streaming.
When with dear Pam,
All night I'll be gaming,
Philip my lad.
Phil. Nelly my laſs,
As you can darn
Silk ſtockings well, pardonez moi,
And ruffles mend, and waſh them clean,
When you are my laun
-Dreſs, rub well,
Scrub well,
Or my own man,
Oh damme I'll drub well,
Nelly my laſs.
Ellen. Philip my lad.
Phil. Nelly my laſs.
Ellen. Good bye.
Phil. Good bye.

Ellen.

Ellen. Adieu.
Phil. Adieu.
Theſe ſighs.
Ellen. Theſe tears.
Phil. Farewel.
Ellen. Farewell.
In my fine cloaths,
I'll flaunt it,
Rant it,
With ſmarteſt of beaux,
Oh how I'll gallant it.
Philip my lad,
Phil. In my fine cloaths.
I'll flaunt it,
Rant it,
Smarteſt of beaux,
Oh how I'll gallant it.
Nelly my laſs.

[*Exit Philip.*

Re-enter COUVANSKI.

Cou. Here ſtill! how ſhall I get rid of this girl? Now the Czar has ſet his obſtinate head on it, he'll force me to marry her—making her refuſe me is my only chance to get off.

Ellen. Oh the Count—pray Sir, do you know my uncle Applejack?—don't you love me?

Cou. Too well to impoſe on you, and my pretty dear, you really think me a Count.

Ellen. And an't you? won't you marry me? that great gentleman ſaid you muſt.

Cou. Gentleman! Ha ha, ha!—Why my love, that was my uncle Toby, the Czar's butler, who has the charge of his houſe here, until his Highneſs arrives, Old Toby who doats on me, heard you had a rich uncle, ſo dreſs'd me up in hopes to get you and your fortune, for at preſent my goddeſs, I am only a poor footman.

Ellen.

Ellen. Indeed!

Cou. So as I have frankly confeſs'd this moſt ſhameful ſcheme, I hope you'll reward my honeſty with your heart and beauteous hand.

Ellen. (*cries*) Oh, oh—Firſt I got myſelf turn'd out of uncle's for Philip, ſuppoſing him a gentleman, and now I've turn'd him off for thinking you a Lord.—Don't talk, don't look at me.

Cou. Nay, my charming—— (*unſeen rings a bell*) That's Mr. Slip the valet's bell for me—I muſt go——but you're an angel and you ſhall be mine. (*ſnatches up a ſtand of glaſſes, and runs off*)

Ellen. I won't, I won't be your's.—A fine Count indeed! Why even Philip wasn't a rinſer of glaſſes, for his maſter had no glaſſes to rinſe. Ah, poor Ellen, what a market have you made of yourſelf.

AIR.—ELLEN.

My folly I have cauſe to rue,
  Why not content with one?
Of lovers I muſt needs have two,
  And now, Alas! I've none.
When fooliſh Tray the river croſs'd,
  Like me, poor ſilly maid!
The precious ſubſtance thus he loſt,
  By ſnapping at the ſhade.

My golden dream is fled away,
  I've from my chariot fell;
I'm now no more a lady gay,
  But little Deptford Nell.
With hopes of cream my wiſhes crown'd,
  O'er night my milk I ſat;
When to my grief, next morn I found,
  'I was ſup'd up by the Cat.

I gave a child a full blown roſe,
Upon its balmy breaſt he blows,

To

To make the leaves expand---
Ah! thoughtleſs wanton, for thy pains,
See nothing but the ſtalk remains,
To grace thy little hand.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Dreſſing Room in COUNT COUVANSKI'S *Houſe—Magnificent cloaths laying on a chair —The* CZAR *diſcovered in his Shipwright's dreſs, at a table, with papers.*

Czar. Now to dreſs for my Ambaſſador's Gala; yet, were it not for the State neceſſary to Majeſty, I ſhould prefer convenience to pomp, and the ſweet ſociety of a friend, to the brilliant tumults of a court.

Enter APPLEJACK, (*looking about with caution.*)

Apple. No, the Count has lock'd up this Colonel in ſome cup-board or other, for the devil a button of his coat can I find, and I'm a tolerable ferret too—I ſhall loſe the reward, I have ſearch'd every room in the houſe—Isn't yon the new Bully Shipwright I engag'd juſt now at the yard? why how the devil did you get here, my Finland Grampus?

Czar. Ha, ha, ha! My diſguiſe has play'd its part. (*aſide*)

Apple. Why, you're a pretty ſort of an impudent ſcoundrel, out of my great goodneſs and compaſſion, I give you employment, ſet you to work, then no ſooner is my back turn'd, but you off with your

your apron, ſcamper to town, and here I find you in a great eaſy chair like the ſitting Alderman.

Czar. (*Riſes.*) Don't be angry, Maſter, I—

Apple. What you're come here to tipple with ſome of the Czar's ſervants! for they all take the example of their maſter.

Czar. Why the Czar is no ſenſualiſt?

Apple. Do you pretend to know Peter as well as I, you ſaucy—don't chatter to me, Sirrah!—Inſtantly back to your work, on with your apron, or I'll——

Enter ROMADANOWSKI, *with a bowl of wine, which, as he offers to the Czar, Applejack takes.*

Stop, friend! after me is manners—(*drinks*) my firſt refreſhment ſince I left home. Heark'ee you Mr. Whiſkerouſky. (*to Romadanouſki*) do you know that I'll deſire your maſter not to ſuffer his barbarous crew of Kalmucks, to corrupt and encourage his Britannic Majeſty's ſhip carpenters, to come here carouſing and drinking like fiſhes. (*drinks*) Lay that by—(*gives the bowl to the Czar, who lays it on the table*) Come along you. (*to the Czar, who makes ſigns to Romadanowſki, he goes off.*)

Apple. Ah, I ſaw your ſignal to him, to give me the ſlip. Eh! but I'll ſlip you off the books.

Czar. Then, Sir, out of employment, I muſt periſh.

Apple. Ah, that you ſhou'd have conſider'd—(*aſide*) but hold, this ſtrong hulk may aſſiſt me to retake the Colonel. (*aſide*) Heark'yee, you muſt know I come here to look after a priſoner, reſcued from me; if you'll help me to catch him again, and then hold him faſt, beſides forgiving your

your fault, tho' I'm only to get one hundred pounds reward, I'll give you half a crown, that is in Grog—and I'll make it for you myſelf.

Czar. To oblige you, Sir, but who is this priſoner?

Apple. The great rebel, Colonel Lefort.

Czar. How had you Lefort in cuſtody? (*with ſurpriſe and emotion*)

Apple. Ay, but it might be Colonel Lefort in your mouth—Yes, I had him till he was reſcued by this Count here.

Czar. Reſcued by Couvanſki? The traitor!—(*aſide*)

Apple. Don't you think the Czar will thank me if I find him for him?

Czar. That he certainly will—This is moſt fortunate—(*aſide*) Where do you think you can find him?

Apple. Only you come with me as I direct, and aſk no queſtions—When I ſtart the prey, you ſeize it, my maſtiff.

Czar. Come, not an inſtant's to be loſt. (*takes his arm*)

Apple. Not ſo familiar—(*puſhes him back*)—Remember there's ſome difference between I and you.

Czar. Sir, I confeſs it—If I can but get Lefort once in my power—(*aſide*) Come (*going*)

[*Exit. the Czar follows.*

Apple. (*Pulls him back*) After me is manners.

SCENE III.

A Room in COL. LEFORT'S *Houſe, (trunks open).*

Enter COL. LEFORT.

Col. L. As I owe my liberty to this Michaelhoff, to do away the obligation, I'll deliver myſelf up to the Czar, and let him take my life; but firſt Michaelhoff ſhall give me ſatisfaction for the wrongs he has offer'd my ſiſter. Where can my poor girl be? (*looks at the trunks*) She has dreſs'd—unneceſſary to render herſelf more attractive to thoſe who already think her an object worthy of inſult —Ah! the ſenſible girl, prude, and coquette, are alike when a lover is in view.

AIR.—COL. LEFORT.

Thoughtleſs ſmiling fair,
Why with ſtudied care,
Practice uſeleſs art?
Nature's charms give every grace,
Beſt adorn the lovely face,
Beſt can 'trap the heart.

Ne'er ſecur'd, tho' thus you have him,
Or at beſt a fool you gain;
By device when you enſlave him,
Wiſe is he who ſlips his chain.
Come, ſweet maid; in dreſs tho' ſimple,
Yet thy beauties all thy own;
Native bluſh, bewitching dimple,
Thou art mine, or I'm my own.

[*Exit.*

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. Now I've got home, Maſter has piſtols—this

this Beau-Turk Couvanſki to run away with Ellen from me! I'll fight him—let's ſee, I was taken for a gentleman, by a wiſe Juſtice and his wife, and why not—tho' women are neither Juſtices or Conſtables, yet where a man is in the caſe, they are moſt excellent Judges. Poor maſter's ſafe in priſon, why mayn't I, by the help of his cloaths carry on my frolics, and marry an heireſs? —I will.—If young ladies run off with guittar maſters, and footmen in livery—why not with a footman in the livery of honour—Oh my rival—Hem! I'll begin the gentleman with a duel, but if a duel ſhould end the gentleman—take my girl from me!

AIR.—PHILIP.

Gadzounds! who now but me?
I'm ſomebody,
Could ladies ſee
So ſmart a figure in this coat,
My finery they'd be trap'd in---
If quarter'd in a country town,
I lay a crown,
My high renown,
Would make the girls all on me doat,
When pretty young Phil the Captain.
Before the ladies I'll cut a puff,
Hey, dem'me! I'll march ſo bold and bluff;
The Belles I'll kiſs, the beaux I'll cuff,
With my tat-a-rat rantum rare ro.

Back gammon and whiſt I play,
Officers way,
Help out his pay,
After dinner for old black ſtrap---
The bones we merrily trundle,
At cards who dare my honour doubt?
I'm then ſo ſtout,
I call him out,
A noſe I pull, or a mazard ſlap,
Who bids me to refund all.

Before the ladies, &c.

Should a young lady be abus'd,
Her fame traduc'd,
By all refus'd;
For innocence, pell-mell to arms---
Her champion then regard me,
The ſlanderer, challenge to the ground,
Receive a wound,
The lady's bound
By gratitude, with all her charms,
And fortune to reward me.
Before the ladies, &c.

(*While ſinging the Burden of the laſt verſe, flouriſhing and capering he ſtrikes himſelf againſt Col. Lefort who enters with a written letter.*)

Col. L. Philip! Equipp'd in my cloaths too! Is it the retired manner I have lived in here, that encourages you to take ſuch an impudent freedom.

Phil. Sir it's all along of Nelly—So obſtinate ſhe would'nt let me bruſh your coat on the back of a chair, but would duſt it on my back, merely, I believe to ſhew how nimbly ſhe cou'd lay a rattan acroſs my ſhoulders.

Col L. Take them off Sirrah; I want you to carry a letter.

Phil Yes, Sir.

Col L. I ſhould appear to this Michaelhoff as myſelf,—here—(*giving a key*) take out a ſuit of regimentals you'll find in that trunk.

Phil. Yes, yes, Sir. (*unlocks a trunk at the back and employs himſelf in looking for and taking out cloaths*) I ſee no regimentals—Oh I have you here by the epaulette.

Col L. Michaelhoff I find is here at Deptford with the Czar—Make haſte, (*to Philip who is ſtill at the trunk—Col. Lefort ſits at a table, and takes ſome time in folding, ſuperſcribing and ſealing the letter.*)

Enter

Enter APPLEJACK.

Apple. Come along you—(*ſpeaking ſoftly off*) If'nt yonder the ſpy that was releaſed, (*looking at Col Lefort*) and the Colonel too. (*looking at Philip*) I'll nab him, why don't you come? Quick, ſoftly, (*ſpeaking off*) Don't knock your high wooden head againſt the top of the door caſe.

Col L. Make haſte. (*to Philip.*)

Enter the CZAR *at the back.*

Apple. I'm right, (*to the Czar*) yonder's Lefort. (*looking at Philip*).

Czar. There he is indeed. (*looking at Col Lefort*).

Apple. There! no, there you oaf, look.

Czar. I am looking at him.

Apple. Are you? then you ſquint moſt abominably.

Col. L. Have you got the cloaths?

Phil. Here they are, Sir. (*advances to Col Lefort with the cloaths—Applejack and the Czar retire.*)

Col. L. Go deliver this letter as directed. (*Philip being incumber'd with the cloaths lays it on the table*) Quick, and leave thoſe in the next room for me.

Phil. I fly. [*Exit.*

Col L. (*Looking out*) Yes! ha, ha, ha! I thought ſhe had been dreſſing, and moſt ſplendidly too.

Czar. By heaven 'tis Ottokeſa! reſiding here with Lefort! There's not a doubt of her perfidy. (*aſide.*)

Enter OTTOKESA, (*magnificently dreſs'd*).

Otto. Now by your ſmiling do I ſuppoſe you think at ſuch a juncture, my mind might have been

been better employ'd than upon the decoration of my perſon, but don't chide me, for in it I have only your good at heart my dear Lefort.

Czar. Her dear Lefort!

(*aſide.*)

Col. L. Nay Ottokeſa, you give yourſelf too much concern on my account, but what's your purpoſe in attiring yourſelf thus?

Otto. To throw myſelf at the feet of the Czar and implore his mercy if he has any.

Col L. He has, but not for me, great in all his actions, yet he purſues my life with deſpicable revenge—Oh! were he not my ſovereign and with a ſword wou'd but meet me in a deſart then he might feel what it was to wrong Lefort.

Otto. Cheriſh that ſpirit; you ſhall be again a ſoldier.

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

Fly oblivion, death to fame
Hence, nor noble deeds eraſe;
Fling thy veil o'er pallid ſhame
Nor dare the gen'rous ſoldier face;
From his ſweet domeſtic Bow'r
Where he ſits with roſes crown'd
Honour bids the Hero tow'r
Hear her in the trumpet's ſound.

[*Exeunt.*

Czar. (*advancing*) Meet you in a deſart! except the puniſhing your private, fair advocate, my ſoul could'nt receive a greater tranſport. Suffer myſelf to be decoy'd from the path of glory, by attachment to a ſmiling wanton! yet if ſhe loves him her conſtancy is noble. What's here? (*looking at the letter which Philip had left on the table*) Michaelhoff! directed to me by my aſſumed name, (*opens it and reads*) "Sir, The cenſure of "my Sovereign I abide, but no other man on

"earth

" earth ſhall wrong me or mine, my deſigns ad-
" mit of no delay, in two hours hence I ſhall be
" at the weſt end of Greenwich Park, where I ex-
" pect you'll anſwer with your ſword—Lefort."—
I don't know the ground of this quarrel with me, as Michaelhoff, unleſs it be to contend with me for the heart of Ottokeſa, diſpute that with him and all mankind I will—this is the wiſh of my ſoul, in giving him his revenge now I can take my own.

Re-enter PHILIP.

Phil. Old Applejack's ſtriding thro' the field after me was for no good—lucky I gave him the double round the hedge, but where the plague could I have left the letter my maſter gave me to give this Michaelhoff, (*perceiving the Czar*) Eh what great ſtrange fellow's this in our houſe (*looks at the letter in the Czars's hand*) why by the lord this is the very—then I ſuppoſe you've read that?

Czar. I have.

Phil. Then perhaps you open'd it too?

Czar. I did.

Phil. You did! then you did a confounded impudent thing to open and read another man's letter.

Czar. It's mine—my name is Michaelhoff.

Phil. Oh, then as I have delivered you the letter by your own hand, you'll give me an anſwer.

Czar. Tell the gentleman, I ſhall be ready to give him what he demands.

Phil. Give it me, and I'll keep it for him.

Czar. Follow him with my anſwer, or I'll cruſh you to atoms.

Phil. Yes, Sir. (*frightened*)

Czar.

Czar. Say, I'll meet him.—Go!

Phil. Yes, yes, Sir. [*Exit, terrified.*

Czar. I burn to chaſtiſe the rival in my love, and the rebel to my authority.

AIR—CZAR.

Welcome liberty and joy
From me Cupid, Idle boy!
Lead the fair one in thy hand
Reaſon bids obey command,
Let her take the frolic wile
Scornful frown and winning ſmile,
But the frowns no more alarm
Where the ſmile has loſt its charm
Yet I ſtill allow thee fair
Tho' deceit I muſt not bear.

Come Minerva blue ey'd maid
Bring lov'd ſcience to mine aid,
Poliſh'd manners, art refin'd
Soft embelliſhments of mind,
Rays from thy bright burniſh'd helm
Chaſe rude darkneſs from my realm
Next oh lend a pond'rous ſpear,
Such as Mars himſelf might bear;
Subjects wild to civilize
And the foreign foe chaſtiſe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

Greenwich Park.

Enter COL. LEFORT, (*in regimentals*).

Col. L. I hope this Michaelhoff will anſwer my challenge—I repent having entruſted it to Philip.—It's near the time.—For Greenwich Park, this ſeems the moſt remote part I cou'd have fixed on. It appears, this Michaelhoff is the ſervile follower of Prince Menzikoff, a villlain

a villain! that wou'd baſely wrong my ſiſter, and build his fortune on delivering me up to the Czar; but my ſword——

AIR.—COL. LEFORT.

Vengeance for a people's wrongs,
To the ſoldier's arm belongs;
Yet while fame records his deeds,
And he for his country bleeds;
Let him, whilſt the ſword he draws,
In the great, the general cauſe;
Guards the honour of a throne,
Let him ſtill protect his own.

Ha! I hear footſteps—He comes—

Enter the CZAR, (*in regal dreſs.*)

The Czar!

Czar. You ſent me a challenge—I'm here to your hour—Draw. (*Draws*)

Col. L. Sir, I never dared——

Czar. Lefort, I am Michaelhoff: on the ſpot where our diſpute aroſe, I was your Sovereign, and conſiſtent with the duty of a ſubject, you could not then claim the right of a ſoldier—now I am out of my dominions we're upon equal terms. If the Emperor wrong'd you, the man offers you reparation.

Col. L. Oh, Sir, ſee before you a broken ſpirit, a heart flaw'd by adverſity; under your diſpleaſure, my life has been a burthen. Take it—(*Kneels.*)

Enter OTTOKESA, *and* COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Otto. Ah, Michaelhoff! Would you kill my brother?

Czar. How, Madam! Lefort your brother? Then have I wrong'd you, my Ottokeſa.

Otto. Unkind lover, raiſe him to your heart, for he's worthy your eſteem.

Col. L. Sir, pardon my ſiſter, tho' ſhe lov'd you as the man ſhe ſuppos'd you to be, her thoughts never aſpired to the hand of her Sovereign.

Otto. Sovereign!

Czar. But ſtill your faithful Michaeloff, a title which I glory in more this inſtant than the Emperor of Muſcovy.

Otto. Amaz'd with awe! Yet why ſhould I endeavour to conceal my humble, yet preſumptuous hope—Oh, Sir, your diſpleaſure has ſhowered woes on us both, but one word ſeals my happineſs—pardon my brother.

Czar. If he'll forgive me, and reſtore me to my enſigncy in his regiment, my future conduct ſhall be an example of obedience even to a drummer. (*pauſes*)—and was it then for Lefort himſelf I gave you the diſcharge? (*to Otto*) At the very time I fought his life—I bluſh for my vindictive ſpirit—and your poor Artiſt too, whoſe works I ſo much admired. (*To the Commodore*)

Com. Ay, I hop'd his merit, and your generoſity, Sir, might moor you both again in the harbour of Friendſhip.

Otto. Ah, Commodore; war is your concern: you ſee a lady is the beſt peace-maker.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. Flutes, fiddles, hautboys, inundations of melodious ſounds to drown the ſoul in harmony. I'm come to beg your Majeſty will honour my wedding with your royal preſence, and here comes my

my ſuper-elegant bride—I know ſhe'll refuſe me, ſo I may venture. (*aſide*)

Enter ELLEN.

Otto. Ellen! my cloaths I think.——

Czar. Madam give me leave to preſent you to——

Ellen. To your nephew the footman. I beg to be excuſed, Mr. Toby the butler.

Cou. And you really won't have me, I dreaded this cruel ſtroke of fate.

Czar. Then Madam you releaſe him from his vows?

Cou. Oh yes, we're all free—now if I cou'd but find my little ſempſtreſs, the throw out of marriage ſecures her to me. (*aſide*) Sir ſince this lovely goddeſs rejects my ſupplications, there is a certain young girl.—I confeſs ſhe is only an humble milliner—Love has brought down my ſpirit.—If your Highneſs would grant your ſanction for our union——

Czar. Hold Count; Firſt pay homage to the future partner of my Empire. (*preſenting Ottokeſa, Count Couvanſki kneels to her*)

Otto. How! the dignified Count Couvanſki kneeling to the "humble little milliner".

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. You Madam!—Is it poſſible?—What the devil!—Marry her!—Can he know Lefort's her brother. My gracious Lord you muſt be ignorant the lady is ſiſter to Colonel Lefort.

Czar. Here Couvanſki is Lefort himſelf.

Cou. That Lefort! and reconcil'd!—Well this is the moſt miraculous—but who is this then that I have been taking for the Colonel,

Enter PHILIP *in his own dreſs, led priſoner by* MR. *and* MRS. APPLEJACK *and* NIB.

Apple. Here your Highneſs, I deliver up the traitor Colonel, and claim a hundred pounds reward for apprehending him, for I was obliged to do it all over again thanks to that ſcampering Count.

Cou. Oh, you'll get the hundred pounds reward. Ha, ha, ha!

Apple. Yes I will, and I'll be reimburs'd all the money I laid out for him.

Cou. Then you laid out a deal of money for him. Ha, ha, ha!

Apple. Why he drank a matter of two dozen of Champaigne on me.

Cou. Champaigne. The Juſtice is bit.

Col. L. Why, what have you done now poor Philip?

Phil. Nothing good maſter, ſo pray have me undone. (*points to the cords on his arms*)

Apple. What do you mean by Philip?

Cou. Why don't you hear that's poor Philip that has drank your Champaigne?

Apple. I ſay that he mayn't be reſcued any more, ſtep over the tedious proceſs of trial by jury, and hang him up at once: The Emperor of Morocco's ambaſſador cut off his ſlave's head in Piccadilly, and why may not you Royal Sir?

Phil. Nelly, are you ſorry for me?

Ellen. Yes, Philip; when I thought you fine, I didn't think of you at all; but now I ſee you in trouble; I feel I truly love you.

Phil. So then the only proof of your love is my trouble.

Apple.

Apple. What is he really not the Colonel—Am I to be chous'd out of my hundred pounds! Is nobody to be hang'd?

Phil. Hang yourſelf.

Apple. Fire and combuſtibles, this the celebrated incendiary that has led me over hedge and ditch—O you Will-o-the Wiſp! But Sir, for my zeal, mayn't I have the honor of kiſſing your Majeſty's hand on ſome pretty poſt?

Czar. What, ſalute "the fin of a grampus"?

Apple. (*looking at the Czar*) 'Tis he, the prince of carpenter's!

Czar. That I ſhould baniſh ſuch talents to find them abroad. (*to Colonel Lefort*) Count, by your falſe purſuit of London pleaſures, you've gather'd weeds in a flower garden—moſt contemptible, the degenerate noble who plumes himſelf upon the illuſtrious actions of his anceſtors; but the man who by his own worth riſes from a private ſtation, gives nobility its trueſt luſtre, the dignity of merit.—Commodore, ſhou'd any of my ſucceſſors forget that 'tis to Britain they owe their firſt ſpark of Naval Glory, may Britiſh thunder puniſh their ingratitude.—Come now my amiable Ottokeſa, let me ſhew the Engliſh Court, that it's my pride, to bid you ſhare a Throne your virtues muſt adorn.

FINALE.

OTTOKESA.

Life ſhews Spring reviving, winter to deſtroy,
But it's happy ſummer, friends; let's now enjoy,
See the intrepid Hero to each ill reſigned,
Then never fading wreaths his temples bind.

Let

Let voice and heart be gay,
Let pleaſure crown the day,
And raiſe the jocund lay.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart, &c.

ELLEN.

Gad-a-mercy, Maſter Philip, if you wont,
Another will you know;
What pray, Sir, do you mean, you cap'ring Count,
To uſe a woman ſo?
Wou'd you'd never knew me,
Sure you came to woo me,
Only to undo me,
Devil's in the beau!

PHILIP.

Put a finger in an eye, poor Nelly,
And has it loſt it's Doll?
When I've got a bottle in my pate,
Perhaps I'll at your window call,
When I chuſe to drop in,
Or, my eye-brow pop in,
Do not let that Fop in,
Pretty little Poll.

COL. LEFORT.

Life ſhews ſpring reviving,
Winter to deſtroy,
But it's ſmiling ſummer,
Friends, let's now enjoy.
As happy be our gay amuſements ſeen,
As ruſtic gambols on the dewy green.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart, &c.

COL.

COM. SWIVEL.

O'er our nuptial banquet, tho' innocence preſide,
Yet to merry Momus we'll throw the portal wide.

CZAR.

Maids all roſy bluſhing flit the mazy round,
Feather footed pleaſure lightly trip the ground.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart, &c.

MRS. APPLEJACK.

What the deuce, my dainty Madam Slip-ſlop,
Is your fine new coach broke down?

COUNT COUVANSKI.

Dem'me too ſevere upon my quondam,
Miſs Maraud don't dare to frown. (*to Applejack*)

APPLEJACK.

Hark'ee, little crack hemp, if you'll marry Nell
A noble hundred pound.

PHILIP.

Is it the reward for taking me pray tell
My little ſly blood hound.
I'll, my little trimbo
With my arm a kimbo
Shove you into limbo,
'Sblood if here you're found.

OTTOKESA.

Mantling cheeks, eyes ſparkle, wit ſhall point the jeſt,
At the feaſt of reaſon, love's a welcome gueſt,

O'er

O'er our higheſt bliſſes, tears of pity flow,
And prove the nobleſt joy's to heal anothers woe.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart be gay,
Let pleaſure crown the day,
And raiſe the jocund lay.

THE END.

THE

LONDON HERMIT;

OR,

RAMBLES IN DORSETSHIRE.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

IN 1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Whimmy,	Mr. SUETT.
Pranks,	Mr. AICKIN.
Tom Pranks,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Peregrine,	Mr. EVATT.
Apathy,	Mr. BLAND.
Poz,	Mr. BARRET.
Bite,	Mr. COOKE.
Naty Maggs,	Mr. PALMER, Jun.
Barleycorn,	Mr. BENSON.
Tully,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Ben,	Mr. ABBOT.
Barebones,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Toby Thatch,	Mr. PARSONS.
Carter,	Mr. BURTON.
John Grum,	Mr. ALFRED.
Poſtboy,	Mr. COMERFORD.
John,	Mr. LYONS.
Coachman,	Mr. LEDGER.
Dian,	Miſs HEARD.
Mrs. Maggs,	Mrs. WEBB.
Kitty Barleycorn,	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Mrs. Anyman,	Mrs. CUYLER.
Mrs. Dainty,	Mrs. HALE.

SCENE, *Dorſetſhire.*

THE

LONDON HERMIT;

OR,

RAMBLES IN DORSETSHIRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before a Country Inn and great Gates leading to WHIMMY'S *Houſe.*

Enter BARLEYCORN, (*from the Inn.*)

BARLEYCORN.

TOBY, Toby Thatch! what doſt ſtand gaping about there?

Enter TOBY.

Toby. Been up hill to look towards great road.

Bar. Any carriages coming?

Toby. Fine coach and four horſes—a high thing-o me-chay—a phæton (I think they call it)—and a whiſkey-me-gig.

Bar. And there's a boat full of company juſt put in at the cove, all to ſee 'Squire Whimmy's improvements—Then there's our poney-race. Dang my buttons, we ſhall have a houſe full to-day. What a donkey was I to ſet that daughter of mine go gadding to Blandford. Company flocking,—and my child, that ought to have my intereſt at heart, when ſhe ſhou'd be preparing entertainment for the gueſts, mayhap, ſhe's now gawking over a race-courſe.

Toby. And all the buſineſs left upon I.

Bar. Always grumbling, you idle raſcal.

Toby. Well, I've more trades than the beſt idle raſcal in all England. I bes waiter and attend the company, as oſtler I waits on horſes; I paints the names on the ſmugglers' boats; I plays the fiddle at church; I'm a tight lockſmith; I'm a bit'n of pariſh conſtable; and for walking on meſſages to Weymouth, Blandford, Corfe, Poole, or Wareham, I'm allow'd to be as ſmart a foot-pad as any in the county of Dorſet. (*Laughing without.*) There's the 'Squire's ſarvants within, ha! ha! ha!—they have rare ſtingo at home, and yet come drinking our taplaſh. I'll go ſarve 'em (*going*)——but there's their maſter come upon 'em;—he's in a mortiſh fury with ſom'at.

Bar. Dang my buttons! This daughter of mine not come home yet, and here the houſe now chuck full.

Toby. I'll run and ſee; for I warrants Kitty will bring home ſome fine ballads. (*aſide*)

Bar. Our ſubſcription's not full to buy the ſilver cup; and the folks are already gaping for the race. Take you the paper about and ax what the company will give towards it.

Toby. I wool. [*Exit.*

Bar.

Bar. My daughter Kitty! This is letting her go ſee relations—"Do now, Couſin Barley-"corn—Kitty muſt ſpend a day or two with us "at our races ſhe'll ſee all the new faſhions." Then, its "Miſs Kitty, and, Miſs Kitty muſt "have ſome divarſion, and Miſs Kitty muſt "drink tea with us, and Miſs Kitty muſt walk "in Brianſton Meadows, and Miſs Kitty muſt "dance at the Ball at the Greyhound." But I'll walk and dance her! Promis'd to ſend her home to me laſt night, and here this is Wedneſday. Inſtead of brown mugs for the company, I might have ſilver tankards for the money I've laid out upon her cloaths. Oh! theſe women with their gauzes, flippeties, top-knots and what-nots—eh!—the 'Squire—ſeems in a woundy paſſion.

Enter WHIMMY.

Whim. You, ſirrah! did I not build this inn here for you at the very entrance of my improvements? Did not I put you and your family into it, and an't you getting money here as if you coin'd it? Is it not a bean-garden, that I've turn'd you into; and an't you fattening in it, like a baſe ungrateful great boar as you are.

Bar. Great boar! I don't underſtand what your honour would be at.

Whim. Here, on the very day that I have appropriated to oblige the world of taſte and faſhion, by ſhowing them my houſe, pictures, gardens, and improvements, you muſt fix your twopenny poney-race.

Bar. I did it to draw company to the village.

Whim.

Whim. Yes, to your own paltry alehouſe, you ſordid clod.

Bar. Improvements!—Who'd come to view your improvements, Sir, if they w'an't ſure of a good dinner from me? If they can eat marvel and drink water, they may feaſt upon your improvements; but after all their eye-gluttony in your gardens, their palaces are ready enough for a Scotch-collop at the Red Lion. Here, you Toby, why don't you mind the company. (*calling off*) Dang my buttons!—Landlord!—Big boar—Pay his rent. [*Exit muttering.*

Whim. Here's plebian gratitude!—Oh! plague of the fingers that ſign'd your leaſe.

Pranks. (*without*) No, no,—I'll walk up to Whimmy's.

Enter PRANKS.

Oh! why he's here—How d'ye do, Dick?—Found you out, eh!

Whim. My name is Richard.—What! the friend of my youth, Billy Pranks!—(*aſide*) Now ſhall I be twitted with former favours, and I don't like that.

Pranks. So, you've pick'd up the mocuſſes in the Indies! Pack'd up, came over.—Never look'd after me.

Whim. I aſk'd every body after you.

Pranks. What! I ſuppoſe you aſk'd King Charles, at Charing croſs;—Nobody about 'Change could tell of William Pranks, the banker of Lombard-ſtreet? You hound, I was your friend when you hadn't another.

Whim. Hound, what's the matter with you? Wou'd

Wou'd you have me advertiſe or ſend the bellman about to cry you?

Pranks. You're moſt plaguily alter'd for the worſe. How's your daughter? fine girl I hear; wonder'd at it, when I thought of your phiz.

Whim. As civil as ever.

Pranks. You ſhall give her to my nephew, the greateſt rogue in England.

Whim. Why there may be finer girls than my daughter, yet I think ſhe's too good for a rogue.

Pranks. Where did you make your fortune?

Whim. You know in the Indies to be ſure. (*aſide*) If I had millions this fellow ſtill overawes me, that I'm a mere mouſe before him.

Pranks. I ſcorn to remind you;—but you owe all that fortune to me.

Whim. (*aſide*) 'Twill be long enough before I repay you.

Pranks. Only think of all the good things I've done for you. Didn't I ſuffer you to write for me from ſix in the morning to ſeven at night; lock'd you up, and fed you upon bread and cheeſe, to ſharpen your induſtry upon the grindſtone of neceſſity.

Whim. Yes; you did keep me to the grindſtone.

Pranks. Wasn't it I got you out to Bombay in the reſpectable line of a guinea-pig? Didn't I procure for you letters to the governor and general officers? Didn't I write myſelf, "This young "man, the bearer, is a prudent lad, that will "do all your dirty work?"

Whim. Certainly, your letter did me great honour.

Pranks. Didn't you derive all your intereſt from a pamphlet that I wrote, and gave you the credit of,

of, tho' I thought 'twou'd bring the author to the pillory?

Whim. You were very kind.

Pranks. Didn't I, to give you notoriety, ſpur you on to kick the captain that horſewhip'd the duke on the race-ground, tho' I was ſure he'd blow your ear off for it.

Whim. I acknowledge all your goodneſs.

Pranks. Then give your daughter to my nephew; they ſhall have every penny I'm worth when I die.

Whim. Aye; but there's danger of your living a great while, Billy.

Pranks. What! are you afraid of it you golden calf?

Whim. Where is your nephew?

Pranks. He was in the Temple; is now in the Kings Bench; he does't know it, but it's I that keep him there, to make him, from a dread of confinement, avoid running in debt. Shan't give him two ſixpences, unleſs he marries your daughter.

Whim. Aye; but I've promis'd her to a good young man in the neighbourhood here, who has made the tour of Europe. Ah! Mr. Peregrine brought home taſte enough to lay out my gardens, diſpoſe my ſtatues, and make yon ſpot the ſeat of virtù and elegance.

Pranks. (*aſide*) Got his money like a knave, and now ſpends it like a fool.

Whim. Not half an hour ſince I actually promis'd Mr. Peregrine that he ſhould marry Dian tomorrow.

Pranks. But, don't you recollect a prior promiſe to me? Didn't you engage if you ever made a fortune and had a child, my next a-kin ſhou'd have both?

Whim.

Whim. Aye; but Peregrine will ſhoot me if I break my word to him.

Pranks. Break it with me, and I'll cut your wizen.

Whim. Oh dear! I'm brought into this dilemma by my bad memory. Harkye, Billy, I'll make Peregrine wait, on pretext that his conſtancy muſt be tried.—Yes, I'll ſend him to travel again for five years.

Pranks. Inſtead of marriage, let him go to-morrow.

Whim. Aye; but on his return he'll claim my promiſe.

Pranks. Pſhaw!—his back turn'd, my nephew will be here;—I've already ſent for him; Tom's a ſprightly blade, monſtrous wicked tho'.—Is this the entrance to your grounds?!

Whim. Yes, I've tranſported Italy into England.

Pranks. Italy!

Whim. Here you'll ſee gardens.

Pranks. I've a garden at Brixton Cauſeway.

Whim. Such bananas---then my hot-houſe—half a dozen ſuch peaches laſt Chriſtmas! upon a ſum up, the rearing will coſt me two guineas a piece.

Pranks. For whoſe eating?

Whim. My own, to be ſure.

Pranks. Old Nick jump after them; ſwallow in a minute, what would have kept a whole family for a twelvemonth!

Whim. Wer'n't they my own?

Pranks. Superfluities are not our own, whilſt the poor want common neceſſaries. When do you dine?

Whim. Not till to-morrow, becauſe I reſign my houſe and improvements to-day, to the admiration

miration of a wondering public; but you ſhall ſup with me, my friend.

Pranks. Thank ye.

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Sir, Parſon Jack be making collections for the poor ſufferers that were burnt out there at Minehead. He has ſent the paper here, to put down your worſhip's name for a trifle.

Whim. I wiſh Parſon Jack would mind the buſineſs of his own pariſh; what have we to do with the poor of another county?

Pranks. Hark ye, Dick Whimmy, in the hour of calamity, the unhappy of every country are our fellow-citizens (*gives money.*) Put that down.

Bar. Your name, Sir?

Pranks. Never mind my name—If I can do any good, I don't want to blow a trumpet about it.

Whim. Eh! well, as it's charity, I'll give—

Bar. How much, Sir?

Whim. I'll give them—As I love to be modeſt, put down plain Mr. Richard Whimmy, one pound one.

Bar. I'll give it myſelf, and dang me if your ſhabby name ſhall diſgrace our pariſh paper.

[*Exit.*

Pranks. That fellow has a ſoul.

Whim. There's a ſaucy villain.

Pranks. Yes; but Dick, a ſordid mind ſinks a man into contempt, though maſter of millions.

Whim. I deſire, Billy, not to hear diſagreeable things; will you come up with me now? No! Well, you'll excuſe me till ſupper.—I muſt give Tully, my gardener, his leſſon—and—no hermit got yet! Look! I've advertiſed for a man to ſit dreſſed

dreſſed up as a hermit, in the hermitage of my gardens. (*pointing to an advertiſement paſted on a ſign poſt*)

Pranks. Dick, have a good ſupper; remember old times.

Whim. Yes, I ſhall never forget bread and cheeſe. [*Exit.*

Pranks. Invites every body to ſee his gardens, and then the ſhy churl ſneaks out of the way. Tell me of carvings and paintings! I ſay the beſt part of a gentleman's houſe is his kitchin and wine cellar.

Enter TOBY.

Toby. Shall your horſe have any oats, Sir?

Pranks. Yes, Sir; but if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll ſee him eat them myſelf, Sir; for if the poor beaſt is cheated, he can't even ſummons us to a court of conſcience. [*Exit.*

Toby. Stand to look at a horſe eating corn! then you muſt be main fond of ſeeing other folks at dinner. [*Exit.*

Enter TOM PRANKS, *and* KITTY BARLEYCORN *in travelling dreſſes.*

Tom P. Exceeding fine weather indeed Ma'am, but have you forgot any thing in the chaiſe.

Kitty. Oh dear! yes, (*ſearching her pockets.*

Enter POST BOY.

Poſt B. Miſs you dropt this. [*Exit.*

Kitty. My book of ballads that I bought at Blandford.

Tom P. A divine girl!—but what does ſhe want with a book of ballads? (*aſide*)—Really Miſs don't you go any farther?

Kitty. Why no, Sir.—I hope he won't find out that my father keeps this inn here. (*aſide*)—Sir, I wait here, and expect my friends to ſend a ſervant and a horſe for me.

Tom P. Then you're fond of riding, I preſume, ma'am?

Kitty. Yes, Sir, with a pillion.

Tom P. Oh!—behind a——Heavens! that I was the happy ſervant to ride before you.

Kitty. Cou'dn't expect a gentleman like you, Sir—Dear, I'm afraid my father or Toby will come out to expoſe me. (*aſide*) Then, Sir, you're going on to Weymouth?

Tom P. Yes, Ma'am, my feet, head, body, and hands, but my ſoul remains at——What's the name of this village, Ma'am?

Kitty. I really don't know, Sir,—though I was born in it. (*aſide*)

Tom P. I wonder do we change horſes here, or get another chaiſe?

Kitty. I fancy, Sir, you change the carriage. I wiſh it was ready and he'd be off, though when he's gone, I ſhall be indeed unhappy. (*aſide*)

Tom P. Won't you take ſome refreſhment? we'd beſt ſtep in.—Permit me the honour of accompanying you.

Kitty. (*aſide*) Oh dear! when he finds out who I am, he'll deſpiſe me.—Why no, Sir—my grand papa's ſervant may be now waiting, and he's a very croſs cruſty grumps, if he'd ſee a gentleman with me.

Tom P. Then, Madam, tho' a moment's conference with you wou'd give me the higheſt felicity

city yet my intruſion ſhall not be the means of your incurring the diſpleaſure of your friends.

Kitty. Sir, you're exceedingly polite—How genteel, kind and generous! He muſt be ſome very great gentleman. (*aſide*) Sir, tho' your horſe was'nt ſucceſsful at Blandford races, I hope it won't have any effect upon the pleaſantry of your temper?

Tom P. Oh! Ma'am, I loſt only a couple of thouſands on it—A mere nothing—Tho' it hasn't left me another guinea in the world. Eh! what's going on yonder up the hill? a race I believe.

Kitty. Yes, Sir, for the ſilver cup.—Dear! What a fine thing 'twou'd be for father to win it. Our parlour cuſtomers love to drink out of ſilver.

Tom P. Cuſtomers!

Kitty. (*aſide and confuſed*) Oh, Lud!—I mean, Sir—my papa—likes a race. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Tom P. Madam, (*they part with ceremony and tenderneſs*). [*Exit Kitty into the houſe.* Oh, by Heavens! ſhe's a cherubim! a good fortune, I dare ſay—thinks me rolling in gold. Ah! ſhe'll be in all the faſhionable blaze of Weymouth, and ſhou'd I ſee her, I muſt ſneak out of the way with my empty pockets.

Enter PEREGRINE.

Pere. I was right enough—'tis Tom Pranks.

Tom P. What! my worthy Cambridge Johnian, George Peregrine? ah! how d'ye do?

Pere. But Tom, what has brought you here? what are you on?

Tom P.

Tom P. I'm on air, ſire! Are you on a viſit here?

Pere. Viſit! no, at home; I've a ſort of a little lodge hard by, at which I ſhall be very happy to ſee you; but, come, what brought you down here? To ſee Mr. Whimmy's gardens?

Tom P. Whimmy! who's he? No, you can't conceive what a variety of high—low—jack—and game, ſince the morning we parted at the Crown and Anchor, you in a poſt-chaiſe for Dover: I in a phaeton for Newmarket, juſt run a horſe at Blandford—loſt—beſt of the ſun, I'm at this moment a priſoner in the King's Bench.

Pere. A priſoner in the King's Bench, and a hundred and twenty two miles from town? Why Tom, you've ſkipp'd out of bounds indeed!

Tom P. You may ſuppoſe, George, that my expences far exceeded my uncle's allowance; thought to help out by a lucky hit now and then, ſo bought a blood mare at Tatterſalls, had her put into training, then entered for the plate at Blandford—a beautiful thing—the crack of the courſe—but before the meeting, a few poſitive mechanical raſcals thruſt me into the King's Bench, where I liv'd as nobly as a newſpaper writer in for a libel.—Muſt go to Blandford though, ſo procured the rules, and in hopes the turf could bring me in money enough to pay my debts, off I ſpank'd for Dorſetſhire, and, ſpite of informers appear'd on the courſe. The opinion ſeemed all in favour of my mare; but like a curſed green-horn, I withdrew her from the plate, and made a by-match to run her againſt Lord Skelter's Sour-crout, to ride ourſelves—but after the firſt round, my infernal groom told me I carried too

too much weight, flung part away, came in firſt; but my Lord inſiſted on our being again weighed, I was too light by a pound and an half, ſo that though I won, I loſt the race; two thouſand to his Lordſhip; in ſhort every guinea of a full five thouſand that an honeſt methodiſt preacher, my landlord in the rules, raiſed to equip me for the expedition.

Pere. Ah, Tom! I thought when you and I were at Cambridge together, your ſcampers to Newmarket would turn to this at laſt.

Tom P. Certainly it's life, my boy.—You were always a dead fag, and I was a blood. You know I never could prevail on you, even then, to make one of our toxophilite club.

Pere. But where are you going now?

Tom P. Can you tell me? Dem'me if I can tell you.—Sir, I was diſtreſſed—diſtracted.

Pere. Ay! but Tom, your mare,—as ſhe won—

Tom P. She's gone; ſold her for five hundred, went to dinner, tuck'd three bottles under my girdle—hopp'd off as ſteady as old time to the aſſembly, laugh'd at the minuets—tol lol, adjourn'd to a ſnug hazard party—loſt every face—roll'd into the ſtreet at eight in the morning—ſaw a carriage at the Greyhound door—pretty girl all alone—finding it was a return chaiſe, ſtept in without knowing whither bound—had a moſt delectable chat—a lovely creature—ſingle—hither we've come—ſhe's there—I'm here—ſhe's an angel with a great fortune—I'm a dog without the price of a collar.

Pere. Ha! ha! ha! Well this is a moſt curious detail of your adventures. But Tom you hav'n't

hav'n't heard, perhaps, I'm going to be married to the heireſs of this eſtate.

Tom P. Indeed! this is your muzzing for a fellowſhip.

Pere. But won't you return to the King's Bench?

Tom P. No! can't do that; they'd never let me out again.

Pere. Yes; but if you're found out here, it will be worſe: what will you do?

Tom P. What will I do? Pſha! you're always putting me to the mathematics: fling by your Euclid, and you tell me what ſhall I do.

Pere. Ha! ha! ha! the very thing for you, Tom, ha! ha! ha!

Tom P. Plague of your ſneer; what are you at?

Pere. Read that paper.

Tom P. Paper! (*reads the adverti ſement*) "A "liberal offer.—Wanted a perſon to ſit dreſſed "as a hermit in the hermitage of very capi- "tal gardens: on condition of his attendance "for five years, he will be entitled to a gratuity "of one thouſand pounds, and three hundred a "year for the remainder of his life.—For parti- "culars inquire within."—Eh! what's all this about? Hermit!

Pere. Tom, don't you think ſitting in the hermitage preferable to a coop in the King's Bench. Suppoſe you apply for this.

Tom P. Me! what I turn hermit?—Poh, nonſenſe! a high go, faith.

Pere. Will your uncle pay your debts?

Tom P. He! I've got a hint 'twas he threw me into priſon.—No! I never ſhall touch an ounce of his.

Pere.

Pere. A thouſand guineas—three hundred a year for life!

Tom P. Oh! but how would it tell among one's friends? mine are all bucks.

Pere. While you can keep pace with them in flaſh and expence: but driven into a corner by ſickneſs or poverty, there they leave you.

Tom P Three hundred a year——

Pere. If you think it an object, I'll anſwer for your getting the ſituation.

Tom P. What elſe can I do? for when I came into this village, I didn't know which way to turn my face; back to London I cannot go; I'll have it—a thouſand! three hundred a year! I'll have it.

Pere. No, but ſtop—can I believe that you'd continue five years in ſolitude?

Tom P. Be independent of uncle—dreſs'd up in a gown and long beard, dam'me, I'll be a fine old bald-headed buck—beſides the change in my perſon, if the marſhal ſhould ſend conſtables down here after me—the very thing!

Pere. Then I'll introduce you. Stop in the houſe a few minutes, and I'll acquaint Mr. Whimmy.

Tom P. Do tell him I'll be a hermit, a pilgrim. (*ſings*)

"In penance for paſt folly,
"A pilgrim blythe and jolly,"

[*Exeunt.*

[*Tom Pranks goes into the houſe.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Oh! the gentlefolks that came from Weymouth by Water; they ſeem to have got a ſouſing.

Poz. (*without*) All your fault, Mr. Bite.

Bite. (*without*) Mine! 'twas your's, Mr. Poz.

Enter POZ *and* BITE.

Poz. You know you wou'dn't let the ſail be up.

Bite. If it had, we ſhou'd have tipp'd over, been knock'd againſt Durdle Door rock, as they call it.

Poz. I know better; we ſhou'd have ſkim'd like a ſwallow—boxing about three hours in dabbling oars. We came upon a party of pleaſure, and had nothing but croſſes and wrangling. Keep your temper like Mr. Apathy yonder.

Bite. Aye! Becauſe Mr. Apathy is a man of faſhion; his abſent inſipidity is thought agreeable. He don't ſeem to know whether he has either ſenſes or faculties, for he doesn't put one of them to its proper uſe; in ſtepping on ſhore, he daſhes one leg into the water, and with the other, ſhoves the boat back again, and ſets the ladies a ſhrieking.

Enter APATHY.

Apa. And this is a party of pleaſure.

Bite,

Bite. Droll enough, Mr. Apathy, your making one of it—Looking about on the pier at Weymouth, you hand one of our ladies into the boat, ſtep in after her, off we put, and here you are.

Bar. Do you dine here, gentleman?

Apa. No, I've a party to dine with me at Gibbs, Portland Arms.

Poz. Then you'll get there about 7 o'clock tomorrow night.

Bite. But we ſhou'dn't have left the ladies.

Apa. Mrs. Anyman wont long leave us.

Enter MRS. ANYMAN.

Mrs. A. Oh you creature! to puſh us out to ſea again, but I muſt take your arm Apathy.

Apa. Ma'am, you do me honor. (*Yawns, and walks away*)

Poz. Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Anyman, don't you think Mrs. Dainty is a moſt agreeable woman?

Mrs. A. All affectation! With the conſtitution of a life-guard-man, ſhe pretends to be as delicate as a fine thing made for a ſhew glaſs.

Enter MRS. DAINTY.

Mrs. D. Oh I ſhall faint! my nerves are in ſuch a ſtate! Water excurſion! Horrid! this is ſome vulgar club room, I ſuppoſe.

Bite. And this the preſident's chair.

Poz. Aye, it juſt ſuits a fat beadle.

Apa. So it does. Will you pleaſe to ſit, Ma'am, (*hands it to Mrs. Dainty.*)

Mrs. D. Offer me a great chair, indeed.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Oh! that dear ſweet gentleman—from his having ſuch fine running horſes, he muſt be certainly ſome great 'ſquire. H igh, ho! (*ſits*)

Mrs. A. Pray do you know this young lady? (*To Barleycorn*)

Bite. Miſs, will you take a glaſs of negus?

Bar. I ax pardon. Miſs, will you be kind enough to go boil the lobſters for the company? Dang my buttons, this is letting you go to Blandford races—I'll buy riding habits and feather'd hats for you—go put on your white apron—there's the keys—get along.

Kitty. I ſhall father; don't be angry. As that charming gentleman doesn't ſee me in this mean ſituation, I don't care what any body elſe thinks of me; but he's far off by this. (*aſide*) What wou'd you pleaſe to have, ladies?—Father, I hope the gentlemen haven't been long waiting. I'll look to every thing myſelf, father; don't make yourſelf uneaſy. [*Exit.*

Mrs. A. Oh! then good man, that is your daughter?

Bar. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. D. You ſhou'dn't ſuffer her to give herſelf ſuch airs before people.

Bar. True ma'am, that's all along of an aunt of her mother's—leaving her a little budget of money—makes the ſaucy ſlut independent of me.

Enter TOM PRANKS, *ſlow and ruminating.*

Tom. P. This charming young lady—but ſhe's by this with her friends—oh, company! I fear I intrude?

Poz.

Poz. No, Sir, we dine in this room; but we were juſt on the wing to ſee the gardens.

Enter a WOMAN.

Woman. (*to Tom Pranks*) Maſter, I be's poor woman, brings fiſh to Blandford; Mrs. Pooley, at the Greyhound, ſends you this, you had forgot there. (*lays a ſmall valiſe on the table*)

Tom. P. Yes, faith, here's my jockey dreſs—there you beauty. (*gives money*) [*Exit woman.*

Enter TOBY.

Toby. If one of you gentlefolks be called Lawyer Poz, and be come from London to breed diſturbances, there's a mon would talk with you.

Poz. Any man that talks to me, muſt pay for my talking to him. Where is he?

[*Exit, Toby follows.*

Mrs. D. Mr. Poz to come out upon pleaſure, and then to quit his party for buſineſs?

Bite. Buſineſs! Why ma'am he charged me ſix and eight pence for only inviting him to dine with me, becauſe I happened, in the courſe of converſation, to aſk whether I cou'd recover damages of Brigadier Bounce, for running his thumb in my wife's eye, whilſt we were all playing blind-man's buff together.

Tom. P. Landlord, who were thoſe ladies I met juſt now at the door, one was the fineſt woman my eyes ever beheld.

Mrs. A. Sir, you ſhould always except the preſent company.

Tom P. Madam, I aſk pardon—and the other the

the moſt ordinary woman I ever ſaw, (*bows*) the preſent company excepted.

Mrs. A. } Ah! Shocking!
Mrs. D. }

Apa. I like a party of pleaſure, come madam. (*Takes Barleycorn by the hand.*)

[*Exeunt all but Tom Pranks.*

Tom P. I recollect this Attorney Poz, and a very litigious ſcoundrel he is too. Let's conſider a little on this hermit buſineſs—Yes—I'll do't—five years—I'll try it however—I think Peregrine would lend me a ſupply—but borrowing money of a friend.—No, in neceſſity, give me the money-lending griper, whom I pay for his kindneſs, and look full in the face, whilſt I pocket his caſh. I'm curſedly low. Eh! they ſell wine in this houſe I ſuppoſe—waiter! (*rings and throws himſelf in a ſeat*)

Enter KITTY, (*in a plain dreſs, with a glaſs in her hand.*)

Kitty. Did you pleaſe to call, Sir? is this wine and water for you, Sir?—Oh, lord! I ſhall ſink with ſhame. (*aſide*)

Tom P. My dear, if you pleaſe to get me—Eh! why 'tis certainly ſhe? could ſhe have ſo much deception? but I'll not diſtreſs her. (*aſide*)

Kitty. (*confuſed*) Sir—I—I—the—the waiter ſhall bring—you what—you want.

Tom P. Poor thing! I feel her confuſion from my ſoul, (*aſide*) I—do, Miſs—Ma'am—my dear—I—l—dam'me but I'm as much confuſed as herſelf! I—hem!—I rang the bell.

Kitty. Yes, Sir—you call'd—I thought you call'd—you wanted—

Tom P. Yes, my dear, I wanted—that is it.—

Curſe

Curſe me if I know what I wanted. (*aſide*) Her modeſty gives me ſome hope that this may have been the firſt little art ſhe was ever guilty of.

Kitty. Toby! bring the gentleman the—the—Sir, you ſhall have it preſently.

[*Exit with emotion.*

Tom P. You moſt delicate piece of artful lovelineſs!—now is ſhe the maid or daughter of the Red Lion? the daughter ſhe muſt be. Oh! ho! now I ſee her wiſh for the ſilver cup—I wiſh I cou'd win it for her. I've my jockey dreſs here ready, (*puts his hand on the valiſe*) and cou'd ride, but a horſe is neceſſary. This lovely impoſtor—ſuch a fair cheat! old Grumps waiting to bring her to grand-papa! a very good offer that faith, ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh! this has clinch'd it. I'd turn hermit for one-and-twenty years, if only to be near this beautiful hypocrite.

Enter BEN.

Ben. Sir, I believe you are the gentleman—Mr. Peregrine's compliments, would be glad to ſee you up at Mr. Whimmy's. [*Exit.*

Tom P. Very well! I've a mind to ring the bell again for another look at this charming girl—girl! true, I'm a hermit.

"In penance for paſt folly,
"A pilgrim blythe and jolly."

[*Exit ſinging.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before the Inn.

Enter from it TOBY *and* POZ.

POZ.

WELL, where is this man?

Toby. (*Looking about*) He's not in the road, nor he's not in the houſe, nor he's not in the ſtable, nor he's not in—

Poz. Zounds, man! I don't want to know where he is not—

Toby. Here be the very mon.

Poz. (*Looking out*) Eh! what Ham Barebones, the Methodiſt preacher, informer, pedlar, money-lender, broker, old-cloaths-man. In the way of my profeſſion a moſt choice friend; the converſation between him and I won't admit of a third perſon.

perſon. (*To Toby*) Has your maſter no call for you? but you muſt ſtand grinning here.

Toby, Yes, Sir, I've the knives to rub, and dinner-tables to ſet out; but *I'll* be in the way, for I know when a lawyer comes down here amongſt us, he ſoon cuts out work for the conſtable. [*Exit*

Enter BAREBONES.

Poz. Ah! Maſter Barebones, ſo far from London, how doſt do?

Bare. Lives—as much as honeſt folks can do now-a-days.

Poz. I know better, my old friend; you'll live where an honeſt man will ſtarve.

Bare. Vhen I vas a coal-heaver, my face vas a black angel, but my inward man vas as vhite as a vhite vall that is vhite.

Poz. Plague o'your canting to me! if you have any buſineſs? Come, to it at once.

Bare. I am a tender Chriſtian, and vith my money I did relieve the poor by lending it them.

Poz. On good intereſt.

Bare. I did take care of myſelf; I did lend 5000 pounds to a young Muſter Pranks.

Poz. Why wasn't it I that threw him into the King's Bench for you?

Bare. As he received the money by a third hand, not knowing I vas the creditor, vhen he got the rules, he did take lodgings in my houſe in St. George's Fields; I did adviſe him to run from his bail, dat I might get a reward for retaking him. Don't you know him?

Poz. No! When I find a man to quod, 'tis enough for me if my bailiff knows him. Lucky

your finding me here; I come down to Weymouth upon buſineſs. So, as my client paid all expences, thought I might give my wife a little water-dip. When I came upon this water excurſion to ſee Mr. Whimmy's improvements, but left her behind, as we've ladies. Barebones, I'm in genteel company, ſo don't ſeem to know me—Oh! yonder they're going into the gardens; you and I will talk over this affair.

Bare. You are encompaſſed with the wicked—I am moved by the ſpirit.

[*Exit Barebones as in ejaculation.*

Poz. Ha! ha! ſanctified face, and rogue's heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in WHIMMY'S.

Enter WHIMMY.

Whim. The company are flocking in already to admire my gardens; that tough old bully Pranks won't even pay me the compliment to ſee them. I muſt have a good ſupper for him tho', or he'll do nothing but quarrel—muſt give orders to Mrs. Maggs, my houſekeeper, about it. Oh! here ſhe is. Since I ſet her to ſhow my houſe and pictures, it has given her ſuch a conſequential—all talk herſelf, but never liſtens to any body elſe, always dinning in my ears the grandeur of the laſt people ſhe lived with; nothing but the family of the Olmondles.

Enter

Enter MRS. MAGGS.

Mrs. Maggs, you muſt—

Mrs. M. Well Sir, I know that very well.

Whim. What, before I tell you! a gentleman ſups with me to-night.

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I know a gentleman ſups with you.

Whim. Ay! you know now I tell you; and I'll have—

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I know what you'd have.

Whim. Before I tell you! I muſt be ſure to have a Brill, and variety of other fiſh.

Mrs. M. Well, I know you muſt have a Brill, and variety of other fiſh.

Whim. Certainly you know when I tell you. Beſides all other wines, as my friend is a London ſoaker, have ſome of my oldeſt port, ſome bottled porter, and a pipe.

Mrs. M. Well, I know you muſt have bottled porter and a pipe of port.

Whim. Now you know nothing at all about it—go along Madam.

Mrs. M. Ah! when I liv'd with Squire Olmondle, he never bid me go along.

Whim. Stupid wife fool!

Mrs. M. Oh! the Olmondles! that was the genteel family that knew how to treat a houſekeeper like a gentlewoman.

Whim. The Olmondles! I deteſt the very name; it grates my ear like cutting of cork—a teaſing ninny! you know all, won't let any body elſe know any thing, and after all know nothing at all. Mrs. Maggs, ſtep and bring me word——

Mrs. M. Certainly, Sir, I'll bring you word—

(*going*)

Whim.

Whim. Of what now? See if the young man, the hermit that Mr. Peregrine ſpoke of is come from Barleycorns.

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I know that.

Whim. Ay! you know that and this—And, after that, Mrs. Maggs, you muſt——

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I will, you may depend upon it. [*Exit.*

Whim. Now, what will ſhe! never knew one of your profeſſed notable clever women worth a penny in a houſe, but to ſay all and do nothing.

Enter PEREGRINE *and* TOM PRANKS.

Pere. Sir, here is—

Whim. Sir, your moſt obedient—(*bows reſpectfully*) Won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir? (*hands a chair to Tom Pranks*) who is the gentleman? (*apart to Peregrine.*)

Pere. You know, Sir, the Hermit I told you of.

Whim. Oh! the young man that's come to engage himſelf as Hermit—Hem! (*pulls the chair away, and ſeats himſelf.*) Pray, how old are you my lad? (*ſurveying him*)

Tom P. Very impudent! Peregrine, I think I ſhall kick your friend.

Pere. Be quiet, not overwiſe to be ſure; but my future father-in-law. *apart*)

Whim. I ſay, what time of life are you?

Tom P. I'm—thereabouts I believe.

Whim. Thereabouts! Well, hem! Where was you born?

Tom P. I don't remember.

Whim. What's your name?

Tom P. Tom Touzle.

Whim. I ſuppoſe you're poor and glad to catch at any thing.

Pere. Sir, but—remember he's a gentleman.

Tom.

Tom P. Never mind, Mr. Peregrine—I think Epictetus ſays a perſon without money, is like one man's fingers to another man's ears—you may pull twice before he'll laugh once—(*pulls Whimmy by the ear, he roars*) There, Sir, you ſee—

Pere. Ay, Sir, you perceive this gentleman's a philoſopher and fit to be a hermit.

Whim. Fit to be a hermit becauſe he pulls my ears! What a devil do you mean by that both of you? Are you willing to be my Hermit, to ſit in my Hermitage?

Tom P. I've aſk'd Tom, and he ſays, Oy.

Whim. You've have aſked Tom! Who's he?

Pere. Himſelf, Sir. You know this is Tom Touzle. I think, Sir, he's very ſmart.

Whim. Yes, and he has made me ſmart too—a devil to his Philoſophy! However I muſt acknowledge he has a genteel addreſs—Can you ſubmit to cloud your fine perſon in a gown and beard, and hide that brown head of hair of your's in a wig?

Tom P. You were talking—What was it pray?

Whim. Why, how will you like to appear as a bald-headed old man?

Tom P. How wou'd I like to appear as a fooliſh, bald-headed, ugly old man; I'll ſee, Sir, (*whips off Whimmy's wig, and ſtares at him.*)

Whim. The Devil Sir! what's that for?

Tom. P. Tom ſays Oy.

Whim. Is that more of your philoſophy? You know you're to have two hundred a year.

Pere. Oh! Sir, three.

Whim. What! is it three in the advertiſement?

Tom. P. True, Sir, it's four hundred a year in the advertiſement.

Whim. Only three, at the end of five years—

You're

You're to dine at the ſecond table with my houſekeeper, butler, and valet.

Tom. P. And you're coachman, Sir?

Pere. Sir, you're ſtill forgetting he's a gentleman.

Tom. P. You'll ſit at the table with me, Sir?

Whim. Me! not I!

Tom. P. I don't dine with you, Sir? oh, then I agree.

Whim. What! Peregrine, is he making me out worſe company than my own ſervants?

Pere. Well Sir, you ſee he's an oddity, and you never can prevail upon any other to accept this diſagreeable office.

Whim. Ah, here's Tully my gardener.

Tom P. What! does he dine with me too?

Whim. No, he'll give you your inſtructions, and your dreſs, and conduct you to your poſt—Oh, here he is.

Enter TULLY, *with a hermit's dreſs.*

Tully. Won't your honor give ſomething towards the ſilver cup, that the ponies are to run for on the top of the hill?

Whim. The devil's in you and the ponies, and that ſpiteful raſcal, Barleycorn, fixing the race on the very day of ſhewing my gardens.

Tom. P. True, a race here, and I going to ſit like a rat in a corner.

Tully. Oh, is this our new old young hermit?

Whim. Tully, I commit Tom Touzle into your hands.

Tom. P. What do you think of Tom Touzle?

Pere. Ay, Tully, I met this reverend greek when abroad—and brought him home from the Apennine mountains.

Tully.

Tully. Now, Sir, if you had brought the mountains home, you'd have told us ſome travelling news.

Tom. P. Tho' you ſee by my boots I'm a traveller, yet perhaps Mr. Gard'ner, you think I look more like a rake than a rolling ſtone?

Whim Ay; but you muſt be fixed in your ſtation like the Sun Dial —Come, Peregrine, I want to talk to you and Dian, about your marriage to-morrow.

Pere. Sir, I attend you.

[*Exit Whimmy.*

PEREGRINE *following*, TOM PRANKS *pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Tom P. Very humiliating this! Ca'n't bring myſelf to it.

Pere. The thouſand pounds, and ſnug annuity.

Tom P. True! I'm in for the plate.

[*Exit Peregrine.*

Tully. Well, Mr. Touzle, try on your apparel.

Tom P. Oh! let's ſee.

Tully. Your Banian!

Tom P. Fits me like a centry-box. (*throws it on*) A ſanctuary this againſt the boners. Eh Tully?

Tully. You'll find the ſanctified bones on your graſs-table.——That ſkull-cap's for your head.

Tom P. And the ſkull-cap's for my head—thank'ye.

Tully. And there's a rope the ceſtus for your middle.

(*Tom Pranks and Tully go over to the looking-glaſs.*)

Tom P. I hope Sir, I don't deprive you of a necklace.

Enter

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Toby inſiſts that this young gentleman here came up with Ben, and father told me that the poſt-chaiſe return'd to Blandford empty.

Tully. Arrah! Miſs Kitty you creature, then are you come up here to us! To the beam of your eye, honey, I'd be a ſun-flower; ay, and I'd bow like the ſenſitive plant if you were to touch me at the length of a hop-pole.

Kitty. La! who's that, Mr, Tully?

Tully. It's the poor man that's come to hire himſelf to be maſter's hermit.

Tom P. Well, Sir, what's to be done now? (*turning and advancing*)

Kitty. Eh! good gracious if it isn't——poor man! La! then he's of no higher condition than myſelf.

Tom P. My pretty fellow-traveller! mortifying that ſhe ſhou'd ſee me in this miſerable plight.

Kitty. He wou'dn't put me to confuſion by ſeeming to know me this morning, and now I'll return the compliment.

" There dwelt a Man in fair Weſtmoreland,
" Jonnny Armſtrong men did him call,
" He had neither lands nor rents coming in,
" Yet he kept eightſcore men in his Hall."

[*Exit ſinging.*

Tully. Why Kitty Barleycorn and Tom Touzle, look'd at each other like two acquaintances that had never ſeen one another before. Come along man, up to the hermitage—As this is Wedneſday, and the company will be upon you, you can only have your hermit's dinner, a bowl of ſpring-water,

wa'er, and a raw parſnip: but when your day's work of ſitting quiet's over, you may come into the houſe and get a bit of hare, and a piece of a cold pie.

Tom P. " And may at laſt my weary age
" Find out the peaceful Hermitage,
" The Hairy Gown, and Moſſy Cell
" Where I may ſit, and nightly ſpell
" Of all the Stars that Heav'n doth ſhew,
" And all the Herbs that ſip the dew,
" Till old experience do attain
" To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain."

[*Exit.*

Tully. Oh! the devil, ſuch a fine hermit as this we never had. See how he capers along: Eh, why arrah! he wont ſure—(*looking out*) By the powers of Moll Flanders, if he hasn't jump'd up on a little horſe—there! there he gallops round the fiſh-pond, as if the very devil was before him—but I muſt ſhew him his hermitage, and his dead man's head, and his little lamp—By my ſoul, he ſhall have a jewel of a ſupper, or there's no cheeſe in Kinnegad—Salmon in Leixſlip—or cakes in Balruddery. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Magnificent Gardens, Statues, Fountains, &c.

Enter WHIMMY, (*repeating with exultation.*)

" I build, I plant, whatever I intend;
" I rear the column, and the arch I bend;
" I ſwell the terrace, or I ſink the grot ——"

Enter TULLY.

Oh Tully! Well, you have given my new hermit his dreſs—but now you muſt look to yourſelf, bruſh up all your eloquence for your poſt of Ciceroni, to deſcribe the attic urbanity of my Engliſh Tuſculum here—but mind, Tully, I command you not to take a penny from one of the Company.

Tully. A penny! not I, Sir but mayn't I take a crown or two if they offer it?

Whim. No. Gentlemen ſuffering the public to pay their ſervants wages, and turning their dwelling houſes into a Sadlers Wells, and a Royal Grove, is mean. I never paid for ſeeing pictures in palaces, or vines in gardens, that I didn't bluſh for the diſgrace thrown upon the dignity of the owner. Is the water party come that ſtop'd at the Red Lion?

Tully. Yes, Sir. Mrs. Maggs is now ſhowing them the houſe. But do you know, Sir, ſhe told them, that the picture of Mary Magdalen was Mrs. Molly Olmondle.

Whim. Oh, moſt horrid——

Tully. Sir, don't fret about that woman; you know in the ſhowing way I'll bring up your credit with a wet finger; Mrs. Maggs will inſiſt that this is a pyramid—now pray, Sir, isn't it an obſticle? I muſt go and put on my Wedneſday's fine ſuit of cloaths that you gave me to ſhow the gardens in. Oh! Sir, I ſometimes forget the name of that ſtatute that you told me came out of the ſea.

Whim. My Venus!

Tully. Ay, my dog of Venus. (*takes out a book*)

Whim. What dogs and cats are you at man? This

This has nothing to ſay to the Doge of Venice—This is a goddeſs—my Venus de Medicis.

Tully. Now, Sir, that tall man with his paw out, I know his name—what is it, Sir?

Whim. My Apollo of Belvidere; and that, that's my Saturn devouring his children; my Mercury, the Meſſenger of the Gods; my Julia, the Daughter of Auguſtus, my real antique.

Tully. (*Peruſes a book, and alternately looks at the ſtatues*) Sir, ſince your hand's in for ſculpture-ſhip, you may as well tell me about all the other groves and rivers.

Whim. My Avernus, or ſubterraneous river; my Tartarus, my Elyſian fields——

Tully. What country fellow's that ſtalking about the walks—only I'm in a hurry to dreſs myſelf, or by my ſoul I'd knock his head againſt the gateway. [*Exit.*

Whim. Obſticle! ſtatute! very ignorant this ſaid Maſter Tully; I muſt watch how you go on with your deſcription. I ſhou'd like to come at the people's real opinion of my gardens and improvements.

Enter a WAGGONER, (*whiſtling and ſtaring about.*)

Were you deſired to walk in here?

Wag. Noa! 'twas my own fancy.

Whim. Why then it's my fancy that you walk out again.

Wag. Ah! if I thought I cou'dn't do that, I ſhou'dn't have com'd in, I can tell thee.

Whim. What! keep your diſtance.

Wag. I wool; becauſe, at the ſame time, you keep yours.

(*Land*

(*Loud laughing without*)

Whim. Oh! the company. I wiſh to hear how Mr. Tully performs his office of orator. If I could mix amongſt them without being known —this clodpate's hat, and wig, may do it— you've no objection to a draught of ſtrong beer and a ſlice of beef?

Wag. Noa!

Whim. (*mimicking*) Noa! then come with me.

Wag. I wool.

Whim. (*turns to look at him*) Doo! (*mimicking*)

Wag. Yez. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TULLY, *in a ſuit of tarniſhed laced cloaths and a bag wig, with a ſmall white rod in his hand, followed by* BITE, POZ, APATHY, BARE-BONES, MRS. DAINTY, *and* MRS. ANYMAN.

Tul. Hem! my Lady, this is counted the fineſt place in all Ireland—England I mean, for figures, and fountains, and green little mountains, and groves, and banana's, and ducks, and Diana's. —Gentlemen look and ſee, but don't lay your fingers on any thing; pray Ladies abſtain from pulling a poſey.

Mrs. A. What noiſe is this under ground?

Tul. My Lady, it's the ſuccedaneous river of black Tartary; it creeps over ſticks and ſtones like an eel down the rocks yonder; then it ſails away, ſo gay, into the ſea like a maiden ray.

Bare. (*apart to Poz*) I've ſpoken with the poſt-chaiſe boy that did drive a gentman and the girl of the publichouſe to the village here, and by the deſcription it's young Muſter Pranks, the man ve vants.

Poz.

Poz. (*apart*) The pariſh conſtable is the waiter at the Red Lion, engage him to arreſt Mr. Pranks —hem!

Enter WHIMMY *in a waggoner's frock, &c.*

Whim. I don't think they can know me—now I ſhall hear how my gardener perſorms his office. (*aſide*)

Bite. What figure call you this? (*points to a Laocoon*)

Tully. Ay! you're a nice figure to come thruſting yourſelf into the company of ladies and gentlemen. (*to Whimmy*)

Bite. No! I mean this.

Tully. That's Venus, the goddeſs of medecine —a pretty employment I've got to throw away my roratory and knowledge to divart ſuch dirty blackguards as you. (*to Whimmy*)—this is——

Whim. Apollo of Belvidere. (*apart*)

Tully. that's Poll the bell weather, that run after Daphne, and was kick'd out of heaven by Jove—"by Jove I'll be free," and ſo turn'd cowboy to——

Whim. Shepherd to king Admetus. (*apart*)

Tully. To be ſure I admitted them—get you out, who bid you put in your prate?

Mrs. D. Heavens! who is that?

Tul. That is—that's (*confuſed*)—that is, my Lady—Why, your honour, it's not a watch box, nor it's not a wheel-barrow, nor it's not a ſummer houſe—

Poz. We don't want to know what it is not, but what it is.

Whim. (*Whiſpering*) Minerva—Pallas.

Tully. It's not a palace, or a cake-houſe—I wiſh you'd hold your prate—you made me ſay it

was

was a watchbox juſt now—why it's marvle, it's all made of marvle.

Mrs. A. But the lady marvels who 'twas made for.

Tully. Oh! 'twas made for my maſter; he bought it from the ſtone-man.

Poz. Is it like?—

Tully. I'm glad you like it.

Mrs. D. This I ſuppoſe is—

Tully. Not at all, my lady, 'tis, 'tis—

Whim. (*apart*) Saturn eating his child—

Tully. Yes, ma'am, 'tis the child eating citron—will you hold your prate, (*to Whimmy*)—this, gentleman and ladies, is—

Bare. Idolatry!

Tully. What is it? Pooh! Now had not you beſt all teach me inſtead of I larning you! You ſee, your honour, he has a flute in his mouth.

Whim. Such an infernal Iriſh plough-boy!

Tully. Ay! "The infernal Iriſh plough-boy that whiſtl'd o'er the lea," that's the man.

Poz. A curs'd ſtout fellow this, Who is he?

Whim. (*apart*) Hercules of Farneſe.

Tully. It's not bare knees, nor big knees, nor big legs,—that's the tired paver reſting himſelf on his ſtone paving-ſtick.

Whim. Oh heavens! I've ſent to Italy for a fine purpoſe, (*aſide*)

Tully. But I'm talking here by word of mouth, when I might ſay it all in reading, as I have it by heart from my deſcribing-book—now I deſire you'll hold your tongues, for if you talk you'll put me out; pleaſe your honour, hem! (*takes out a book and looks at it*) "Theſe"—Oh! now I go on velvet; (*holds the book behind his back*) Theſe gardens, which are now the admi-

ration

ration of the larned and curiſh, were once a barren flat like Saliſbury Plain, till Mr. Humphry Freak Whimmy, Eſq. gave forty thouſand pounds for the ould caſtle and lands, turn'd the courſe of the river through them, and with Roman taſte and Britiſh magnificence—

Apa. Pray, friend, what o'clock is it?

Tully. Roman—half an hour after one—two—Roman—two—Roman—breeches—hem!—breeches—Britiſh magnificence—the river—in the ould caſtle—ran!—round the lands. The curiſh—of Saliſbury Plain. The devil's in this man, and his what o'clock is it? He's put me all out—ſo I muſt—my deſcribing book. (*takes out his book, wets his thumb, and turns over the leaves haſtily, and vex'd.*) Bri-tiſh mag-ni-fi-ci—Oh! here it is. (*looking and reading*) Having firſt travell'd to ſee the ancient beauties of Italy, I-I-taly—(*looks again*) Italy, (*puts the book behind his back*) and ſelected with claſſical—Ah! ah! claſſical—Ah! damnation! (*thruſts the book into his pocket*) Theſe gardens which are now the admiration of the learned and curiſh, were once a barren flat like Saliſbury Plain, till Mr. Humphrey Freak——

Apa. Pray, my friend, does Mr. Freak take ſnuff?

Tully. Yes, blackguard—till Humphrey Freak Whimmy, Eſquire—Humphrey, Eſquire—Saliſbury Street—pooh!—the Plain—larned and curiſh—river upon the ould caſtle—land turned—aboat—about—

Mrs. A. Why the orator's in a hobble.

Tully. Orator Hobble—oh! the devil take—I was ſailing on like a young ſwan, till this fellow comes with his ſnuff. (*very quick*) Theſe gardens,

dens, which are now the admiration of the larn'd and curiſh, were once a barren flat like Saliſbury Plain, (*drops the book, ſtoops to recover it*) 'till Humphrey Freak Whimmy, Eſquire, gave forty thouſand pounds for the ould caſtle, (*Apathy picks it up*) and lands around it—(*looks at Apathy*)

Apa. (*opens and reads*) "Turning to the left you wind through a moſt delicious ſhrubbery."

Tully. (*confuſed*) Humphrey Freak---a barren flat. My maſter's a flat.

Apa. "You reach the labyrinth."

Tully. Like Saliſbury Plain.

Apa. "So intricate that you're puzzled to get out."

Tully. I'm puzzled to get out---I'm out---Humphrey Whimmy---

Whim. Blockhead!

Tully. Is a blockhead.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Tully. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I don't wonder at your laughing at my maſter's nonſenſe in laying out ſo much money on the balderdaſh you ſee round about you here. But, ladies and gentlemen, though my maſter's a fool, you'll remember my trouble, I hope. (*ſtretching out his hand*)

Whim. Not a farthing. (*apart to him*)

Tully. Why a didn't expect any thing from ſuch an ill looking beggarly whelp as you. Will you walk out of the grounds, if you plaiſe, Sir? The next thing you're to ſee is—

Whim. An aviary and pheaſantry.

Tully. Yes, my maſter's knavery and pleaſantry. Then there is the Tartary—then my maſter's Elyſian Fields—then my maſter's hanging wood, where my maſter will hang himſelf—and then the hermitage.

Whim.

Whim. If the new hermit's not ready, he'll diſgrace me as much as my worthy gardener has done. (*Going*)

Tully. Oh! ſtop—you and your farthing. Pretty manners, to walk out before the gentlemen and ladies, that intend to give me half a crown a piece for the loan of my civility.

Bare. The ſpirit doth whiſper, "Ham Bare-"bones ariſe, and ſpeak the word to thy deluded "brethren."—Down, accurſed Dagon. (*Puſhes down a ſtatue, and ſtands upon the pedeſtal.*)

Tully. Why, then I ſuppoſe you think yourſelf a fine Roman buſt. The devil's in your aſſurance to cock yourſelf up there! If you plaiſe, you'll walk down.

Bare. Brethren, I vas a coal-heaver, but on the ſtony cage where I now ſtand, I have brought you ſome biſcuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conſarved for the chickens and the ſweet ſwallows of the church.

(*A ſudden noiſe without of falling water.*)

Tully. Oh! the devil!—If what o'clock hasn't pull'd up a ſluice. Half the garden will be overflowed; and we ſhall have the carp and tench dancing among the daiſes. [*Exeunt haſtily ſeveral ways.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Gardens, with the view of the Outſide of an Hermitage.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. The race is over, and I not ſee it! Since

this dear gentleman is obligated to take a hermit's place, he can't be angry at my playing off the fine lady upon him——In there he ſits. (*Points to the hermitage.*) But hold! I ſhou'd take warning by my laſt new old ballad—Ah poor Jane of Oſmington.

A BALLAD.

By friends forbad, a gentle youth,
And fond believing fair;
In ſecret met, and plighted truth,
An honor wedded pair:
But ſoon he flew from her embrace,
To truſt the fickle main;
Ah! never more her Jemmy's face,
Shall chear his hapleſs Jane:
Anon ſhe ſings, ah! woe is me forlorn,
What ſhall I do when my poor babe is born.

No wife was Jane, nor yet a maid,
Her virtue but a name;
Now foes revile, and friends upbraid,
A bluſh confeſs'd her ſhame:
With haſty ſtep the cliffs ſhe fought,
And thus with ſtreaming eyes;
By love and fate I'm hither brought,
In wild deſpair ſhe cries:
No father for my child, ah! me forlorn,
What ſhall I do when my poor babe is born.

As you were firſt, O faithleſs wave,
The ſource of all my woes;
Now let me in a wat'ry grave,
Find ſhelter and repoſe:
Prepar'd to plunge, the pitying tide
Into the Haven bore,
A ſtately ſhip, and from its ſide,
Her Jemmy leapt on ſhore:
Thrice happy Jane, no longer weep forlorn,
A father comes to bleſs your babe when born.

Enter

Enter at the ſide TOM PRANKS, *in a looſe coat, with a ſilver cup.*

Tom. P. Huzza, my girl! the day is your's.

Kitty. The gracious!—

Tom. P. Tully left me in the hermitage—I ſlipt out again—flung off my gown, beard, and girdle—had my jockey-dreſs that I rode in at Blandford ready under it—the poney I found yonder; firſt try'd it through the gardens—ſpank up the hill—four poor jades ready to ſtart—a village race—horſe, mare, colt, or filly—I was enter'd—rode myſelf—won. Huzza! the glorious prize is your's. (*Gives her the cup*)

Kitty. What a wild gentleman! Sir, don't think little of me for the fib I told you this morning.

Tom P. No, my ſweeteſt, when a man's heart is ſet in a flame by ſuch a charming girl as you, it isn't a cup of tea that can extinguiſh it.

Kitty. Wou'd you have a cup of tea, Sir?—la! Sir, you haven't din'd.

Tom P. Oh! yes, my dear, I dined—yeſterday. (*aſide*)

Kitty. It's Mr. Whimmy's way not to allow the hermit any dinner on the day when the company's expected: but, you ſhan't faſt while my father's houſe affords a dinner. (*aſide*)—But what did you come down here and turn hermit for?

Tom P. For love of you my dear—I've been dying for you theſe five years.

Kitty. Sure!

Tom P. Yet never ſaw you before this morning. (*aſide*)—(*looking out*) The very lady I danced with at Blandford aſſembly!—My love, a gentleman comes yonder with whom I muſt talk politics. (*kiſſes her*)

Kitty. The deuce is in you for a hermit. [*Exit.*

Enter DIAN.

Dian. I wiſh my father, with his other changes of humour, wou'd give up this fancy of reſigning the houſe thus to ſtrangers; people, one knows nothing of every Wedneſday here come parading thro' the chambers—even my dreſſing room is not my own.

Tom P. My charming angel, to meet you here, ſuch a bleſſing!

Dian. Bleſs me Sir, you! I hope you're very well.

Tom P. Are you on a viſit here Madam?

Dian. No, Sir, this is my father's houſe!—

Tom P. Her father's houſe!—Oh! here may be another cruſty old grumps. Hem! my dear, you love riding on a pillion, like Queen Elizabeth going in ſtate.

Dian. Sir!

Tom P. I mean—"your parlour cuſtomers like "to drink out of ſilver".

Dian. Parlour cuſtomers!----But the unexpected honour of ſeeing you here!

Tom P. Merely for admiſſion to you, my angel; I've hir'd as your father's hermit---dying for you ever ſince we parted---a fine creature---but demme, if I ever thought of you ſince. (*aſide*)

Dian. I thought you then a rattle, and find I was right,—but don't teaſe me now, for I'm really diſtreſſed.

Tom P. Eh! Peregrine's intended! diſtreſs'd! how? tell me—you may, for I know all. Why, my dear ma'am, you don't know, perhaps, that I'm your Perigrine's moſt intimate friend.

Dian.

Dian. Was it indeed you I ſaw juſt now arm-in-arm with him?—Oh! then you don't know perhaps that my father after giving his ſanction to the addreſſes of Peregrine, now ſuddenly changes his mind, and inſiſts upon my marrying the nephew of ſome old friend of his. Yonder's Peregrine, (*looking out*) he hasn't yet heard this unlucky news. [*Exit haſtily.*

Tom P. (*whiſtles*) I had hopes, that if my friend got this lady and her fortune, he might lend me a thouſand or ſo, without a five year's impriſonment in the old gentleman's hermitage; but borrowing money is throwing water upon the warm heart of friendſhip. (*laughing without*) 'Sdeath, the company!—I muſt now earn my annuity.—Heh! is that Kitty gliding through the buſhes? a moſt dear dangerous little Barleycorn this. Marriage is all out of ſight, and without it to take all a ſimple young girl's innocence may beſtow, would be indeed giving life in my breaſt to the worm that never dies. [*Goes into the hermitage.*

Enter KITTY, *with a covered diſh, knocks at the door.*

KITTY, (*ſinging.*)

"Fair Eleanor came to Lord Thomas's bow'r,
"And pulled ſo hard at the ring,"

Are you within, Mr. Hermit? from the moment I ſaw this dear gentleman, I forgot all my pretty ſongs.

Enter MRS. MAGGS.

This poor hermit muſtn't ſit here, and have no dinner. My maſter has got ſo cruſty with me of late,

late, that I'm quite weary of looking after other people's concerns: and as our young lady's to be married to-morrow, this will be no place for me. If I cou'd get a man to my mind, I'd keep houſe for myſelf, and this handſome fellow is juſt to my liking—— Beſides, my conceited ſon, Naty Maggs, is ſoon out of his time; he ſhall have a father to thraſh him, when he gets ſaucy to me.

Kitty. The hermit's Wedneſday allowance is roots and cold water, but—(*ſings*)

"None ſo ready as Lord Thomas,
"To let fair Eleanor in." [*knocks.*

Mrs. M. What are you doing here, Kitty Barleycorn?

Kitty. O lord! Mrs. Maggs the houſekeeper! Ma'am, I was going—

Mrs. M. I know you was going. Child, do you know the danger of a young woman like you, reſorting to this lonely place, where this new-come hermit ſits with his books and his ſkull, and his croſs bones? Do you know Kitty that this hermit may be a ramſcallion?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am—to be ſure, ma'am—thank ye, ma'am—

Mrs. M. What have you got there?

Kitty. A little eatables and a little drinkables.

Mrs. M. For this Mr. Tom?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtſies*)

Mrs. M. Then you were now going to ſee him?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtſies, ſings*)

"Caliſta, hapleſs maid,
"Sought out a ſacred ſhade."

Mrs. M. And you have heard ſome love nonſenſe from him?

Kitty.

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*Curtſies*)

Mrs. M. And you think me very impertinent for interrupting you?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtſies, ſings*)

"This old figure, as we hear,
"To this ſweet angel prov'd moſt ſevere."

Mrs. M. Child, take example from me—Do you think I'd ſit there alone, to eat and drink with any ſtrange hermit?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtſies, ſings*)

"Young Cupid his arrow he quickly let fly,
"And wounded this old figure deſperately."

Enter JOHN, *with a tray of covered diſhes.*

John. Mrs. Maggs, here I've brought the dinner.

Mrs. M. What dinner?—Go along! (*apart, confuſed*)

John. Why, the roaſt fowl for you and the hermit, as you ordered me. [*Exit.*

Kitty. (*mimicking*) Child, do you know the danger of a young woman, like you, going into this lonely place? Do you know, Mrs. Maggs, that this hermit may be a ramſcallion?—Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Tully. (*without*) Now, if you pleaſe Mr. Dagon, don't walk upon the graſs beds.

Mrs M. Oh! the company, they will keep that huſſy away, and when all are gone, this dear youth and I can ſit down to our little collation together.—Ay, there he is—he muſtn't ſee me tho'. [*Steals off.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Inſide of the Hermitage.

TOM PRANKS *diſcovered in his hermit's dreſs at a table, on it a lamp, ſkull, bones, large book, and jockey whip.*

Tom P. A hermit ſhou'd have been my laſt trade. Tol de rol lol. How develiſh well Slingſby kick'd the tamborine. (*Holds up a wooden trencher and kicks at it*) Zounds! (*runs ſuddenly and ſeats himſelf at a table.*) Eh! Nobody!—I wiſh that gander Tully, wou'd bring his flock of ſtaring geeſe, till I get down again to play with my little lamb at the Red Lion. Old Whimmy on the other days it ſeems, ſtints me to a bottle. What's two bottles to me? how many have I won, by jumping over the table at Medley's? By'r leave pair and his nob. (*Puts the ſkull and bones by, is going to jump, but ſits down ſuddenly.*)

Enter TULLY, BITE, MRS. DAINTY, *and* MRS. ANYMAN.

Tully. The hermitage, pleaſe your honour.

Mrs. D. Is this your anchorite!

Tully. My lady, I didn't hear he was an anchor-wright. He's old father Antony.

TOM PRANKS, (*repeating in a tremulous tone.*)

"Here I may ſit and rightly tell,
"Of all the ſtars that heaven doth ſhew,
"And all the herbs that ſip the dew,
"Till old experience---"

Tully.

Tully. Ah! what ſignifies your old experience man, with your beard acroſs your forehead? What the devil have you been about with your indecency?—Now, if you can but ſit quiet Tom juſt while I explain you. (*apart*)

Tom. P. Tom!—I'll break your head, Sirrah. (*apart*)

Tully. Will you? arrah man I'll break your two heads, (*apart*) pleaſe your honours——

Enter WHIMMY, (*in the carter's dreſs.*)

Whim. My ſarcophagus defaced, my Atlas thrown down, my labyrinth overflown! But now let's hear how Tully and my new galloping hermit go on. (*aſide*)

Tully. Gentlemen and ladies, this is a hermit. Here he lives, and never ſtirs out of this loneſome grotto.—Hide your boots, you devil you, (*to Tom Pranks*)

Whim. What not take off his boots?

Tully. What's that to you?—you've come in here too. Here he always ſits at his prayers, all alone by himſelf, and nobody with him, and never ſees a human ſoul.

Tom P. Tedious fool!—I'll quicken him with a touch of the rippers.

Tully. He's ſo meek and quiet. (*Tom Pranks ſpurs him, he jumps up*) Oh! (*alights on Whimmy's foot.*) He eats nothing but herbs.

Whim. And wild berries. (*apart to Tully*)

Tully. And gooſeberries! What you will be putting in your jabber. Lives on roots and fruits.

Bite. (*uncovers a tray*) Fine roaſt fowl, faith!

Tully. Why now man what bewitch'd you to ſpoil my deſcriptions? (*apart to Tom Pranks*) and drinks of the pure—

Whim. (*apart*) Purling rill.

Tully. He doesn't drink purl and gill. The hermit drinks nothing but—

Whim. (*apart*) Mere element.

Tully. A mere elephant!

Whim. (*apart*) The limpid brook, ſirrah.

Tully. I'll make you a limping rook, if you don't hold your—He drinks nothing but—

Whim. (*apart*) Water.

Tully. Aye, this hermit drinks nothing but clear rock water.

Bite. I'm proud to ſay, this is—(*takes up a bottle and drinks*) deviliſh good wine.

Tully. Wine and chicken! why you did it on purpoſe. (*apart*)

Tom P. I wiſh whoever left them had told me.

Tully. Tho' he's a well-behaved old man—

Tom P. Say gentleman, you raſcal. (*apart*)

Tully. Oh! be aiſy—An't you an old ſaint? (*apart*)

Whim. Theſe two villains muttering and quarrelling! (*aſide*)

Tully. He neither uſes napkins, nor plates, nor knives, nor forks. All his houſehold furniture is in the empty trunk of that hollow tree. That's his cupboard; and there he keeps his wooden diſh and his little pitcher.

Bite. Ah! well let's ſee. (*Goes towards it.*)

Tully. There! you ſee his bed is the moſs, and the herbs and the innocent ſimplicities of the earth. Go you out! (*Puſhes Whimmy, who falls on the leaves.*)

Kitty. Ah! (*ſcreams, and diſcovers herſelf under them*)

Mrs. A. So! this is the hermit's ſimplicity!

Bite.

Bite. And this, I am proud to ſay, is his little pitcher. (*Diſcovering Mrs. Maggs in the hollow of the tree.—The company laugh.*)

Tom. P. (*aſide*) A ſmart dinner—a pair of women! and I ſitting here like a grave owl!

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. I've follow'd you, dang my buttons!—So you've com'd up here after this hermit.

Kitty. O father! you're the cruel ſtep mother. (*Barleycorn takes her off.*)

Bite. Well, this is——

Mrs. M. Yes, Sir, I know it is as you ſay, and I have my reaſons, as Mr. Olmondel ſays.

[*Curtſies round and exit.*

Tully. Arrah! Tom, is this like a hermit, to have Kitty and Mrs. Maggs ſhut up with you here. What do you ſtand ſhaking your fiſt at? (*to Whimmy, who is threatening Tom Pranks*) Get out! (*collars him*)

Whim. I'm your maſter you raſcal.

Tully. You maſter me! we'll ſee that—(*puts him out.*)

Enter APATHY.

Apa. Mr.—what's it, has a pretty looking poney in the paddock yonder; but I'd run my brute againſt it for fifty pounds.

Tom P. Done, damme! and I'll ride myſelf. (*flings off his hermits gown, and appears in a jockey dreſs*) Zounds! I forgot—but ſince it is ſo, hey! —we ſtart! (*jumps up upon the table and mimicks the action of a jockey*) the way—knees tight—toes in—ſpur out—carpet ground—ſlow gallop—crack—take the lead—tough at bottom, t'other horſes

wind rakes hot—ſlack girt---want a ſob---down ears—whiſk tail—rattle whip—give a-looſe—puſh for it, hey! all to fortune, the way, the way.

[*Exit running and cracking his whip.*

Tully. Holloa! ſtop, Tom; come back till I explain you out! [*Exeunt.*

Enter PEREGRINE *and* WHIMMY, (*in his own dreſs*).

Pere. Only hear me, Sir.

Whim. Cou'dn't you find any other man in England to make a jeſt of but me? How dare you, Sir, introduce ſuch a raſcal as that? He a hermit!

Pere. Sir, I'm very ſorry——

Whim. I lay out forty thouſand pounds, and then ſuch a ſcoundrel to get me laugh'd at by the world! but, you marry no daughter of mine. A good excuſe to quarrel and put Pranks's advice into practice. (*aſide*) You did collect ſome valuable things for me to be ſure, but your taſte's not confirmed, you ſhall travel again, make another five years tour; and by heavens not till you return will I give you my daughter.

Pere. Sir! ſure you can't have the cruelty---break your word! only think—

Whim. I'm determin'd, I won't hear another ſyllable.

[*Exit haſtily.*

Pere. But, Sir! [*Exit following.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Gardens.

Enter PRANKS.

PRANKS.

TO conſider on the plaguy news this puppy, my 'prentice, has brought me from London; he too gaping at Whimmy's raree ſhow.—Naty Maggs. (*calling*)

Enter MAGGS.

Maggs. (*looking about*) Beats Kenſington hollow!—make a ſmart Vauxhall!—wants an orcheſter—caſcade—a handſome box to eat cuſtards.

Pranks. So you ſay the Marſhal of the King's Bench—

Maggs. Yes, Sir, as you deſired, he gave your nephew, young Mr. Tom, the rules; but he's run away. The Marſhal's beſt reſpects, Sir, has got information he's down in theſe parts; a man's come

come after him; but he'd know if you'd have him catched and caged up again.

Pranks. A mad dog. After all I have done for him—ingratitude is worſe than---

Maggs. A face without cheek whiſkers.

Pranks. Whiſkers!

Maggs. Sir, by the deſcription, Mr. Tom rattled off from the inn door at Blandford for Weymouth with a pretty girl in a poſt chaiſe.

Pranks. Weymouth! I'll have him---Step you and fetch my horſe up from the inn, ſirrah! Stop, I'll go myſelf. [*Exit.*

Maggs. Fetch his horſe! ſirrah! As Kit Catcaton, ſays, the time's out for ſirrahs and ſcoundrels---cracks over the ſconce with canes---I'm not an apprentice now, to breakfaſt on cold ſcrag of mutton and ſmall beer—retiring from table after dinner with one glaſs of wine; I'm not an apprentice now. I'll no more puniſh my half ounce at the playhouſe, no more afraid to cry up or cut down the new piece over a pint and an oyſter, thanking the footman for letting me in, and ſneaking ſoftly up ſtairs with my ſhoes in my hand, and my hat in my pocket, to my flock bed in the attic. Your authority over me is out, and I'll let you know it too, old Bounce.—I'll let him and every body know that I am out of my time.—Nobody's boy; but my own man—and dem'me I'll ſet up for myſelf. Eh! hey!—

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. For the ſoul of me I can't bide at home while this delightful Mr. Tom the hermit is here.

Maggs. One of the family! Servant, Ma'am, (*reſ-*

(*reſpectfully*) When in town, my mode to fetch a rural ſaunter, croſs Holborn before breakfaſt to Bagnigge Wells, cull the newſpapers, give a twiggle on the organ, and take a tiff of rum and milk. Shall I thank your pretty good nature in that way, Madam?

Kitty. Sir, if I had you down at our houſe, we keep the Red Lion.

Maggs. Red Lion! How d'ye do, girl! (*familiarly impudent*) My dear, my late maſter, Mr. Pranks of Lombard-ſtreet, a friend of Mr. Whimmy's, have agreed that young Mr. Tom Pranks——

Kitty. La! I heard Mr. Peregrine call my hermit by ſome'at like that name.

Maggs. I ſuppoſe every body knows he's to marry the young lady of this houſe.

Kitty. No, Sir, it's the young lady of our houſe he's to marry; but I don't ſet up for a lady neither; though when dreſſed, all the folks here allows that ſomebody would make a good ſort of a lady. Aye! all except Mrs. Maggs;—but ſhe's jealous and envious.

Maggs. Mrs. Maggs! who's ſhe, pray?

Kitty. The 'ſquire's houſekeeper.

Maggs. Oh! true, my very honored mother, her laſt letter, which I never anſwered, ſaid, that ſhe was coming to live with ſome old rich Eaſt-India Quiz in this very part of the country, (*aſide*) She'll claim me as her ſon; but I'd ſooner be found playing at ſkettles at the Devil and Bag-o'nails.—Oh, zounds! yonder is indeed my very mamma (*looking out*) She'll be for calling me her ſon, and her dear boy Ignatius. But, as Kit Cateaton ſays, I'm out of my time; nobody's boy, but my own man. Eh! hey! [*Exit.*

Kitty.

Kitty. Then Mr. Tom is really a gentleman after all? going to be married to Miſs Dian?---Ah! that's becauſe ſhe has a power of money---I ſhall break my heart.

Enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. Ah! my cherub---

Kitty. Ay, Sir, now that you're going to get this great fortune by marrying---

Tom. P. Marry who! Mrs. Maggs?

Kitty. Then he hasn't yet heard of it, and you'd really wed poor humble I?

Tom. P. Wed! eh! why, my love I--I--love you to be ſure, and—we'll walk and talk together, and when tir'd we'll ſit and reſt ourſelves in the hermitage my love. Tol de rol lol, I love you ſo, oh! my divine creature!—Diſtraction!—Roſe buds!—Sun beams—and pretty birds! Come; but ſuch innocence.—I'm in a humour now—I'll not venture into the hermitage, honor and humanity forbid it. (*aſide*)

Kitty. Sir, ſince you're ſo good as to think of a poor girl like me, you ſha'n't demean yourſelf for want of being informed that you may have Miſs Dian and all her wealth.

Tom. P. I have Miſs Dian?

Kitty. Yes, Sir, it's agreed upon.

Tom P. By whom!

Kitty. Miſs's papa and the old gentleman—Mr.—Mr.—Lud now I've forgot the name again.

Tom. P. No, no, it can't be me, my love—However, your intention is charming—Kitty, you're a lovely—a good girl—and for your diſ-

intereſted

intereſted generoſity in revealing a circumſtance that you ſuppoſed might rob you of me;—for I will be vain enough to think you're—a—little—partial—towards—a certain ordinary fellow, (*fondling*)—I owe you eternal gratitude.

Kitty. Oh, then you are a great gentleman—but my joy that you're not to have a lady and a fine fortune is very ill-natured of me. Don't you think ſo?

Tom. P. Oh! you ſweet—(*kiſſes her hand*)

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Dang my buttons, go home and ſweeten the punch, and ſqueeze the lemons—Tom, come and handſell your ſilver cup; you're an honeſt lad, I muſt ſay; but if you want any chat with my daughter, you muſt come to my houſe for it, good Maſter Hermit. [*Exit with Kitty.*

Tom. P. Well, if a publican will keep the ſign of an angel, ſurely there a ſaint may take his bottle,

"In pennance for paſt folly,
" A pilgrim blythe and jolly."

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Inn.

Enter KITTY *and* BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Come, now do child, mind the buſineſs.

Kitty. Oh! I'm ſo happy!—I've yet ſome hopes

that this dear Mr. Tom.—Father, though he is a hermit, he is a gentleman.

Bar. Well, I'd be a gentleman if I'd nothing elſe to do.

Kitty. I forgot my ſinging, I don't know how long, ſince I've ſeen this ſweet fellow. (*Sings*)

" A young gentleman ſhe ſaw."

Enter TOBY *and* JOHN GRUM (*from the houſe.*)

Toby. (*Singing.*)

" Who belonged to the law."

Meaſter, I'm now conſtable. Miſs Kitty, you like " bachelors of every ſtation."

Kitty. Dearly!

Bar. Do you? it's that new-come Mr. Tom has brought you to this; ſo if he does marry you, let him keep you to himſelf an he can.

Kitty. " Being at a noble wedding,
Toby. " In the famous town of Reading." (*ringing within*)

Bar. Od dang you both, am I to be rhim'd and ballad ſung, and the buſineſs of my houſe all topſy turvy?

Kitty. " If ſhe's rich you'll riſe to fame,
Toby. " If ſhe's poor you are the ſame." (*ringing within*)

Bar. Will you go?

Kitty. " She was left by a good grannum,
" Full five hundred pounds per annum."
Toby. " Wed me, Sir, or elſe I'll fight you."

Bar. You'll fight me? Dang my buttons, I'll fight you, and knock you to the devil, you idle raſca!; I'll ſing and ballad you, (*beats him*) and you, you baggage!

Kitty.

Kitty. Father, I believe you're uncle to the Babes in the wood.

Toby. You're the ould barbarous Blackamore.

Bar. Get in you jade, (*Puts her in, and exit*)

Toby. Oh! Jahn Grum, here be the mon that ſent for us.

Enter BAREBONES.

Bare. According to Lawyer Poz's advice, I'll have young Muſter Pranks apprehended.—You be's a ſinner and a publican.

Toby. I'm no ſinner, and only ſarvant to the publican. Eh Jahn, I'm a bit'n a pariſh conſtable though, 'twas ſaid you wanted to attach ſom'en, wa'n't it Jahn?

John. Hum!

Bare. I does. Seize him! he run'd out of priſon, Thomas Pranks is the man.

Toby. Oh! Thomas Pranks's man.

Bare. I thought him a ſarvant of grace.

Toby. Oh, he thought him a ſarvant out of place, d'ye ſee, Jahn.

John. Hum!

Bare. I followed the chap with this here varrant, I be's coom'd from Babylon after him.

Toby. Babylon! oh, that mun be in Barkſhire.

Bare. Great London itſelf. Thou ſeem'ſt ſtrong in fleſh, is the ſpirit with thee?

Toby. Don't vally the devil his ſelf, when I'm duing my duty, no more does my aſſiſtant, Jahn Grum, doey, Jahn?

John. Hum!

Bare. There be's a deſcription of his parſon. (*gives a paper.*)

Toby. Meaſter Barleycorn would know if you'll eat dinner at Red Lion. You may bring company, for we've entertainment for mon and beaſt —An't we Jahn?

John. Hum!

Bare. Get a good dinner for me, for I loves to eat and drink of the beſt.

Toby. You're a genteel mon—(*apart to John*) Jahn, he'll be as drunk as a tinker, then I comes chalk double on him. Eh, Jahn!

John. Hum!

Toby. Oh! the Squire—(*looking out.*)

Whim. (*Without*) Where did he run to?

Enter WHIMMY.

Oh, you are the canting bawler that broke down one of my ſtatues. (*to Barebones*)

Bare. I had an inward call.

Whim. Curſe your call!

Bare. He does put it in mine head, with the ſame act, to comfort my fleſh, and do a good vork, I vill get myſelf an appetite fore dinner with diſboliſhing this man's idols in his groves and high places. [*Exit.*

Whim. If you are a conſtable, why didn't you take that dangerous leveler into cuſtody?

Toby. I munna; he be the planter, and walks at large where he liſt! but I'm going to catch the defender, and I'll bring his body and ſoul before your worſhip, in a ſalararo.—Come, Jahn!

John. Hum! [*Exeunt.*

Whim. This prancing hermit has ſo deranged and jumbled all my ſchemes of elegant magnificence—No attention to my old friend Pranks; my

my daughter not yet prepared to receive his nephew—the final diſmiſſion not yet given to Peregrine—Lucky that the reſt of my houſehold is in train, that all my ſervants are ſober and regular. Isn't this my fine Iriſh orator? [*Retires.*

Enter TULLY, (*with a mug.*)

Tully. Upon my ſoul this hermit is no better than a bad man, that he can't ſtay there at his buſineſs—Oh fie, to come here drinking in a public houſe!

Enter COACHMAN, (*with a mug.*)

Whim. And my coachman!

Coachman. Ah! Maſter Tully, I ſaw you go out at the gate, and ſo out of pure good nature I followed you, to give you a little hint, that if Maſter hears you left the gardens to-day, you may chance to loſe your place; beſides, coming here to booze is not quite the thing. (*Drinks*)

Whim. My daughter's footman too!

Enter BEN.

Ben. Eh, waiter!

Enter BARLEYCORN, (*with a mug.*)

Ale! I ordered Negus—bring me a gill of wine, ſome water, ſugar, and a lemon.

Bar. Why, for wine, I takes out the licence to-morrow; the man is to call next Wedneſday with the lemons; my daughter Kitty has loſt the key of the ſugar-cheſt; nobody drinks water at the

the Red Lion, ſo I have brought you a mug of ale. (*gives it*) [*Exit.*

Whim. (*Advancing*) Hey! What are you all at here with your mugs?

Ben. Sir, I came to look for coachman. [*Exit.*

Coachman. And I came to bid the gardener drive home. [*Exit.*

Tully. And, Sir, I came after the hermit, becauſe he came before me.

Whim. You moſt ſtupid—

Tully. Stop, Sir, what ſort of talk is that, I'm ſtupid? faith, and that's a ſacret, Sir Iſaac Newton never found out. Sir, I'm a gardener, and though I do dig, I'm not a ſpalpeen potatoe-boy—I've read big books of botamy, and the Millar's Dictionary and Cyclopaddy's. Didn't I graft a mayduke upon a kackagay apple-tree, then in my hot-houſe? Didn't my Lord (when he breakfaſted with you) pull from the ſame tree a canniſter of Hyſon tea, and a baſket of Seville oranges? A'n't my flowers ſo ſweet that the hives round the country are empty, and the ſwarms of bees come in a grand congregation into your gardens, humming every body with their bagpipes, ſo diſcreet, all in their black bonnets, and their yellow velvet breeches?

Whim. Men! raſcals! I wiſh I could, like the Great Mogul, be attended only by women. Ay, one comfort, my female ſervants are diligent and ſober.

Tully. Faith, Sir, and here's the head of your female ſervants coming in very ſober; but how ſhe'll get out I don't know, for I don't think her buſineſs here is to drink tea.

Mrs. M. (*Without*) I will find him.

Enter

Enter MRS. MAGGS.

Whim. Mrs. Maggs, did you want me or my coachman?

Mrs. M. No, Sir, it was the hermit brought me here.

Whim. Why, I think——

Mrs. M. Yes, Sir, I know you think.

Whim. 'Twas the hermit brought us all here.

Mrs. M. He's come after Kitty—and my love for him is ſcorned

Tully. He's a ramping devil.

Tom P. (*without*) "With cockle ſhell on hat brim."

Tully. There he hops over the buſh like a jack-daw.

Whim. Stop him!

[*Exeunt all but Whimmy and Mrs. Maggs.*

What vexations! Now, my dear Mrs. Maggs that I've found out Tully is a worthleſs man, my whole dependence of ſhewing my fine place is upon you.

Mrs. M. Now that is ſo like Mr. Olmondle.

[*Exit Whimmy haſtily.*

Bleſs me! here comes this moſt delightful young man. I proteſt his very approach brings all the blood up in my face, my heart throbs, and my limbs—I'm ſuch a poor creature—ſo faint—I muſt ſit. (*goes into a porch at the door*)

Enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. Now for Kitty, come out there, you moſt delicate lovelineſs, my darling roſe bud.

Mrs. M.

Mrs. M. (*riſes and appears*) Oh, dear Sir—(*ſimpering*)

Tom P. By the lord, this is my little pitcher again.

Kitty. (*unſeen, whips out of the door, and taps him on the ſhoulder*) Mr. Thomas!

Mrs. M. A'n't you aſhamed of yourſelf, Kitty Barleycorn?

Tom P. Come, my dear creatures, you muſtn't—

Mrs. M. Well, I know we muſtn't——

Tom P. What, Ma'am? Don't quarrel about me, I'm like a ſtately peacock between a pheaſant and a turkey hen.

Kitty. La! you're ſo wild——

Mrs. M. But he's very merry, he, he, he!

Tom P. Wild! merry! my whole life has been one frolic. My ſweet creature, I came here to hanſel the ſilver cup. Hey! a bottle of port and a roaſted orange! Ladies, I vow on the honor of a hermit, I'll treat you with a biſhop.

[*Exit into the houſe.*

Kitty. Toby! (*calling*)

Enter PRANKS.

Pranks. Eh! Where's this young dog my apprentice, bad as my mad nephew. Walter! my horſe.

Mrs. M. Sir, you'll return to ſup at our houſe. (*to Pranks*)

Pranks. Fooliſh Dick Whimmy to have no dinner! plague of his gardens, in his ponds plenty of carp and tench, that nobody dare fling into a ſtew pan; on his green ſlopes, neither graſs lamb

or

nor aſparagus, and for flocks of geeſe and chickens, there a peacock ſtruts, or an eagle perches, that inſtead of any body eating him, by the Lord, looks as if he'd eat us. My dear, I'm going to Weymouth, cou'dn't you give one a ſnack.

Kitty. Oh! our bill of fare, Sir—(*going*)

Pranks (*ſtops her*) As fine a bill of fare as ever I look'd on. (*gazing*) What diſh ſhall I chooſe—a white forehead, a brace of black eyes, garniſh'd with long auburn eye-laſhes, two roſy cheeks, cherry lips, my deſert.

Kitty. A pity, Mr. Thomas, to diſguiſe his fine hair and delightful ſhape in that long old beard and gown. La! Sir, what a choice hermit you'd make for Mr. Whimmy; you'd be a nice bald-headed buck, as Tom ſays.

Pranks. I a bald-headed buck! don't you ſee I wear my own hair, child?

Re-enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. I've brew'd the biſhop. Eh! what old fellow is that ſo ſmooth with Kitty—Sir, a word if you pleaſe. (*twitches off Pranks's wig*) Zounds, my uncle! (*runs off*)

Pranks. Stop that ſcoundrel! (*runs after him*)

[*Bell within rung violently, Kitty exits into the houſe.*

Enter NATY MAGGS, (*haſtily*).

Mrs. M. Oh, Heavens! my ſon Naty! my dear Ignatius!

Maggs. Mamma! ſhe has me, but I won't be diſgrac'd. (*aſide, turns*)

Mrs. M. My dear child, who cou'd think of

ſeeing you down here. (*he turns from her, and traverſes*)

Maggs. Any buſineſs with me, Ma'am?

Mrs. M. Why, my dear! don't you know me, Naty?

Maggs. Pray, Ma'am, don't Naty me!

Mrs. M. Won't you ſpeak to your mother? why Naty!

Maggs. Who are you talking to, Ma'am?

Mrs. M. Look at me, my Son!—No! my own child deny me! (*puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and walks up*)

Enter TOBY THATCH *and* JOHN GRUM.

Toby. Jahn, is that the young man you ſaw? (*pointing to Maggs*)

John. Hum!

Maggs. (*Looking at his watch*) I ſhall be late with my party. (*going*)

Mrs. M. Stay, my dear boy!

Maggs. I'm nobody's boy, but my own man.

Toby. Seize him. (*to John Grum*) What's your name? (*to Maggs*)

Maggs. What is was yeſterday, and will be to-morrow.

Toby. Mind how he ſhuffles; do ye ſee it Jahn?

John. Hum!

Toby. Tell me your name to-morrow.

Maggs. Musn't becauſe of mama. (*aſide*)

Toby. You belong to Mr. Pranks.

Maggs. Suppoſing ſo.

Toby. Then I ſuppoſe you're my priſoner.

Maggs. Me! for what?

Toby. You broke out of jail in Babylon, but we'll handcuff and ſend you to Dorcheſter.

Maggs. (*aſide*) Handcuff! Broke jail in Babylon!

lon! Ay! why ſurely they take me for Tom Pranks!—I'm not the perſon you want.

Toby. I arreſt you.

Maggs. I'm not the man indeed, my friend.

Toby. Who anſwers for you? who knows you?

Maggs. Then I muſt acknowledge mother—let me go, this gentlewoman here is my honour'd mamma.

Mrs. M. (*aſide*) A wicked wretch, firſt to deny, and now to own me in his diſtreſs!

Toby. Mrs. Maggs, be he your ſon?

Mrs. M. Oh! no, he's no ſon of mine.

Maggs. Nay, my dear mamma.

Mrs. M. Sir, don't mamma me; who are you talking to? (*mimicking*)

Maggs. Why ſure, ſweet mamma!—not know your own Ignatius.

Toby. Stop; you ſee my friend it won't paſs. Jahn, look he don't run away, while I read diſcription of his parſon, (*takes out a paper and reads*) "five feet eight inches tall, an expreſſive hazle "eye, pleaſing features, a dark good complexion, "fine teeth," ſhew your teeth, (*to Maggs*) a handſome countenance—

Maggs. 'Pon my ſoul this deſcription's very much like me tho'.

Toby. Well-made, a genteel deportment; upon the whole, a gentlemanly figure.

Maggs. Amazing! what a picture of me!

Mrs. M. Aſtoniſhingly like the child indeed.

Toby. You ſee it's you.

Maggs. No, it's ſuch another handſome fellow, but really it's not me.

Toby. Come, I arreſt you with a little tap, (*trips up his heels*) hold his legs, Jahn, that he mayn't kick I.

Maggs. Duced uncivil this!

Mrs. M. I can't bear to ſee him treated ſo—let the child go you fellows!

Toby. Yes the child ſhall go—to priſon.

Mrs. M. You're wrong he's my ſon,

Toby. And juſt now you ſaid he wasn't. John, don't mind her, Madam Maggs is ſo fond of talking, ſhe'll ſay any thing—bring him along.

Maggs. Sir, gentlemen conſtables! mamma! kind country juſtices! mother! (*Toby holding him by the head, and John by the legs, they drag him off.*)

Mrs. M. Why, you horrid villains, you ſhall not!—my child! [*Exit after them.*

SCENE III.

The Gardens. Statues thrown down, and broken fragments lying about; ſhrubs and plants, &c. as pulled up.

Enter BAREBONES, *with a broken ſtatue.*

Bare. Satan ſaith, ſays he Barebones don't raiſe a hubbub againſt my kingdom, but I ſaid, Satan ſays I, it don't ſignify your palaver, I vill do that thing, I vill make thy ſervant, this here mother Whimmy as a nay void in the teeth of his neighbours—I vill complete the good work; lay there accurſed, (*throws it down on a heap*) and I vill pull up thy groves, and I will root thee out of the land, (*pulls plants out of pots, and flings them about*)

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Dang my buttons! here's a fine kickup! (*looking*

(*looking round*) what raſcal cou'd have got in here—ſome one that owes the 'ſquire a grudge.

Bare. I've been doing of the job, 'twas all pagan vanity.

Bar. So it was, Sir, and you were right to capſize it.

Enter KITTY, (*ſinging*).

Kitty. "Ah gone he is whom I love beſt,
"My handſome Gilderoy."

Oh! father, I ſhall go diſtracted; I'm ſure it's my belov'd Tom that they're taking priſ'ner to Dorcheſter, yet ſo cruel not to let me ſee him.

Bar. Why Kate to keep you at home I muſt lock you up in the till.

Enter TOBY THATCH.

Toby. I've left the priſoner in ſafe cuſtody with Jahn Grum.

Bare. (*aſide*) Then I brings him up to town, and lodges him with the Marſhal.

Kitty. Oh heavens! tell me Toby, is it the hermit?

Toby. No.

Kitty. It is.

Toby. 'Tis not—why you're as bad as Mrs. Maggs, who juſt now ſaid he was her ſon, and he wasn't her ſon—there's deſcription of his parſon. (*gives Kitty a paper*)

Kitty. (*reading with emotion*) Handſome, dark countenance, fine teeth, expreſſive eye—'tis he! you hard-hearted creature—but I'll releaſe my own true love, tho' I beg my bread for it,

[*Exit haſtily.*

Toby.

Toby. Be's I to lay the cloth for you in the two-bedded room. (*to Barebones*)

Bare. I loves to eat in a parlour.

Bar. Why we wiſh to reſerve that for other company.

Toby. Parlour! then, Sir, ſhan't I tap no wine—he won't inform—(*apart to Barleycorn*)

Bare. I drinks vind, for I thirſts after the good things of this vorld.

Bar. That's right.

Toby. He's a wet Chriſtian.

Bar. Shall they take up dinner?

Bare. Yes, I hungers after good; I could munch one morſel of Portlin mutton; yea, one pound and an half, and ſix and four, and two wheat ears, roaſted in vine leaves, and other ſettries of niceiſh ſaver.

[*Exit with Toby.*

Bar. (*looking out*) The 'ſquire—dang my buttons, here'll be work. [*Exit.*

Enter WHIMMY, (*looks at the broken ſtatues with amazement*)

Whim. Fury and diſtraction! what's all here!—Tully! (*calls*)

Enter TULLY, (*a little intoxicated*)

Tully. (*ſinging*) "They'd be like the Highlanders eating of kail,
"And curſing the Union, ſays Granawaile."

Whim. This is your going to the alehouſe, here's your brags, here's yellow bees humming their bag-pipes—but I'll turn over a new leaf, I'll dig and root out—

Tully.

Tully. Arrah, Sir, I wiſh you'd let the leaves and the trees alone! you've been digging and rooting here prettily: what put it into your head pull up the plants in this manner?

Whim. My head, there's my dancing Faunus—

Tully. Oh! I ſee how this is; you want to keep me only as your ſhow-man, and take the head gardening into your own hands—the geranums all torn, the myrtles, and lillies, and laylocks, all pull'd about as if they were old bean ſtalks.

Whim. You raſcal! what do you talk of the paltry plants—look at the ſtatues, none equal to them in the Vatican.

Tully. What do you talk Sir of cans and pitchers! Only tell a body what you intend to put down in the place—if yourſelf was planted, the devil a thing would grow out of your head but potatoe apples.

Whim. Two of my ſeaſons—

Tully. You don't know the ſeaſons; you're a gentleman, and you've money to buy roots and fruits, but I tell you, you don't know an annual from an evergreen. I got myſelf finely laughed at to-day by ſhewing your kickſhaws, but I waſh my hands out of it. There's your deſcribing-book (*throws book down*) and you may get another Ciceroni magpye to chatter to the company.

[*Exit.*

Whim. There's a villain!

Enter PRANKS.

Pranks Pull people's wig's off—can't think who the fellow was!—Dick, I'm on the ſpur to fetch my nephew from Weymouth; what perplexities

plexities he has involved me in! Dolts to apprehend Naty Maggs for him; theſe country conſtables are ſo obſtinate, won't even take my word: but what ſort of wild people have you ſettled amongſt here that pull folks heads about?

Whim. Yes, heads, legs, and arms, look! (*points to the ſtatues*)

Pranks. (*looking round*) Ha! ha! ha! a good deed this however.

Whim. What, to demoliſh my beauties?

Pranks. Your modern gardens are art ſpoiling nature; fixing up a ſtone woman where one expects to find a roſy girl of health, fleſh, and blood: if we muſt have ſtatues, inſtead of importing ancient heathen gods into Engliſh meadows, why not encourage Britiſh arts to celebrate Britiſh heroes? for a Jupiter by Phidias, give me a Howard by a Bacon: the five thouſand pounds you laid out upon that clumſy pantheon yonder, wou'd have built a neat cluſter of almshouſes, where age and infancy might find an aſylum from the pangs of indigence.

Whim. Why, but Billy—

Pranks. When I reflect I owe my preſent independence to my education in the Blue Coat School, as I drive my whiſky on a Sunday by Dulwich College, I feel more warmth of affection for the memory of Edward the king, and Alleyn the player, than for all the travelling cognoſcenti in Chriſtendom. Dick, I love reaſon.

Enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. A rare chace, but I got from him—S'death! (*ſees Old Pranks, runs off*)

Pranks. Oh, I'll have you. (*purſues*)

Whim.

Whim. He likes reaſon, and the fellow's mad; there he runs after my hermit.—Certainly 'twas this ſavage old Goth committed theſe barbariſms here, I hope he'll not find his nephew; however, I muſt prepare my daughter for the marriage.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Inſide of the Hermitage. TOM PRANKS *diſcovered ſitting in his Hermit's Dreſs, as if put on haſtily.*

Enter PRANKS.

Pranks. (*looking about*) I thought I had a glimpſe of him darting this way---Eh! one of Whimmy's toys---(*ſeeing Tom Pranks*) Father Dominick did you ſee a young fellow run in here —Do ye hear! can you ſpeak!---it was certainly my nephew; can you ſee? I'm on the hunt for a nephew, I've been good to him, and in return he does all he can to torture me, a curs'd hound! break out of jail, ſkulking about here, and ſuffer an innocent man to be taken up for him; hand-cuff'd, haul d, and dragg'd---

Tom P. An innocent man ſuffer for me! (*throws off his hermit's dreſs*) My dear uncle!——

Pranks. You! Oh you villain! How dare you borrow money about as you have done!

Tom P. Sir, (*confuſed*) I---I---borrow'd money to get out of debt.

Pranks. Eh! how?

Tom P. Yes, Sir, to pay my debts.

Pranks. But why get in debt?

Tom P. All owing to my good principle, the people would truſt me, my character was ſo excellent.

Pranks. Then from your excellent character they think you a rogue!

Tom P. Dear Sir, diſcriminate between vice and folly; you are the only one I ever wrong'd, my ſecond parent, my friend, my benefactor. Sooner than let this perſon you ſpoke of juſt now any longer bear the diſgrace that I alone deſerve, I'll inſtantly free him by delivering myſelf up to hopeleſs impriſonment, (*going*)

Pranks. Eh! ſtop you rogue you, conſider how terrible a priſon is.

Tom P. Lord, Sir, no! the only difference between me and the people walking by is, that they're on one ſide of the door and I'm on t'other. to reſign myſelf to impriſonment now, is barely performing the duties of honeſty. [*Exit.*

Pranks. Surrenders to free the guiltleſs! Not ſo bad as I thought him. A mad fellow, but youthful intemperance draws him from the path of right—a generous lad too.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Sir, I've been told you're a banker gentleman in London, you bankers, Sir, have always a great deal of money.

Pranks. (*aſide*) I've heard of petticoat pads—a piſtol may come out here! Well my dear, granting I have money, do you want any?

Kitty. Not for myſelf, Sir; but there's a young gen-

gentleman is taken up for debt, Sir; I thought it a pity he ſhould go to priſon, as he ran out of it before, and that, you know, Sir, is a ſign he doesn't like it; hard for a perſon to go where they can't be happy.

Pranks. Upon my word this young lady reaſons extremely pretty; ſhe muſt mean Naty—Well, Miſs?

Kitty. And Sir, my aunt by my mother's ſide, has left me three hundred pounds, independent of my father; here are the papers, Sir, all about it, if you'd be ſo kind to advance the money, and tranſact the buſineſs of releaſing the young gentleman with it, I'd be very much obliged to you, Sir. (*curtſies*)

Pranks. Here's a charming girl!—But who cou'd think my 'Prentice had merit enough to attract her attention? (*aſide*) And ſo, my dear, you think Naty Maggs ſo fine a fellow, that you give up all your fortune to releaſe him.

Kitty. Naty Maggs! No, Sir, our 'ſquire's hermit, Mr. Tom Pranks.

Pranks. What! my wild nephew! (*overjoyed*)

Kitty. Sir, keep the papers, I know you'll free him; you look ſo good-natured, I beſeech you, Sir. [*Curtſies and Exit.*

Pranks. The heart of an amiable woman is the true touchſtone of manly merit. This good and delicate creature loves my nephew, he muſt be a worthy lad.—But this attachment is very recent, a wiſer match, perhaps, for him than Whimmy's rich daughter. The girl, no matter for her ſituation, is come of a good ſtock, and ſhould be tranſplanted. I didn't, till now, know Tom—I'll forgive, I'll give him all—Go to the King's Bench

again! that he ſhan't, while I've a guinea to keep him out of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

A Gallery in WHIMMY'S *Houſe.*

Enter TOM PRANKS, (*haſtily croſſing*) *and* PEREGRINE *meeting.*

Pere. Stop, Tom, whither now?

Tom P. To the King's Bench—what's the matter? Oh, true, Miſs Dian told me—upon my ſoul her father uſes you both very ill—who is this whelp he is going to give her to?

Pere. I don't know; Mr. Whimmy has never even ſeen him.

Tom P. An uncle isn't it that brings this about?

Pere. One chance, this young man may, as it's a'forced thing, be indifferent, and old Mr. Whimmy doats ſo upon his daughter, that were an emperor to ſlight her, 'twou'd for ever loſe his favour.

Tom P. What's this nephew's name?---who, where, what is he?

Pere. I know nothing about him.

Tom P. Nor old Whimmy either.

Pere He has never ſeen him, as I'm told.

Tom P. Then I'll perſonate him, and I warrant diſguſt the old fellow ſufficiently to make him break off the match; then, Peregrine, is your harveſt. I'll be with you in a trice—never be diſmay'd, when you admit me a ſchemer into your cabinet, for I have turn'd my coat ſo often

ſince

ſince I arriv'd in theſe parts, that there is no doubt of my being a moſt finiſhed politician.

[*Exit.*

Enter WHIMMY, *and* DIAN *weeping.*

Whim. In vain talking, child—I muſt keep my firſt promiſe.

Dian. But, dear Sir, will you ſentence your child to miſery?

Pere. Sir, you encourag'd me with a certainty that I ſhou'd be the happieſt of men, and now in a moment, to ſnath me from Heaven, and plunge me into an abyſs of deſpair.

Whim. Can't help it, Dian;—I muſt give you to my friend's nephew.

Enter BEN.

Ben. Sir, here's a young gentleman inſiſts on ſeeing you—ſeems in a piteous taking.

Enter TOM PRANKS, *diſguiſed like a boy, his hair looſe, and pulled round his face, &c.*

Tom P. (*crying*) Oh! I will not have her.

Whim. Who are you?

Pere. It is certainly Tom Pranks.

(*to Dian*)

Whim. What do you want?

Tom P. I don't wan't a wife.

(*Roars out crying.*

Whim. Who the devil cares whether you do or no—have you any buſineſs?

Tom

Tom P. No I'm a gentleman. My uncle ſays I muſt marry your daughter; but I won't.

(*Roaring.*

Whim. Can this be the wild rogue I've heard ſo much of?—Why, your uncle told me you were another kind of being. Dian, this is your huſband.—How do you like him?

Dian. (*apart to Peregrine*) I ſee this—Sir, if Mr. Peregrine can pardon me, ſince you've ſet your heart on it, I'm reſigned to your will, with the dutiful obedience of a daughter.

Whim. Now, that's lucky, Peregrine, you ſee——

Pere. Then, Sir, ſince the lady is ſo very fickle, I reſign her with little regret.

Whim. Ah! this is all very well; then we'll call your uncle; Parſon Jack is in the next room, and you ſhall be married immediately.

Tom P. But I won't marry her, oh! (*cries*)—I'll never ſay, dear father-in-law, to ſuch an ugly old fellow as you.

Whim. Why, you impudent young ſcoundrel, dare you affront me, and refuſe my daughter? then let your uncle do his worſt. There, Peregrine, take Dian, and may I be drowned if ever I again attempt to part you.

Pere. You'll alter your mind again, Sir.

Whim. I'll put that out of my power—go children; Doctor! (*calling off*) tack that couple together inſtantly.

(*Puts Dian and Peregrine off.*

Enter PRANKS.

Tom P. 'Sdeath! My uncle again!

Whim.

Whim. Billy, what a bouncing you've kept about this nephew of your's. He a blood!—a bubbering milkſop.

Pranks. My Tom a milkſop! I ſay he's a buck.

Whim. I ſay he's an aſs.

Tom P. (*Still crying*) I won't have a wife.

Whim. There's the buck!—a taſteleſs cur, has been abuſing me here, and refuſed my daughter.

Tom P. The devil! am I really the character I thought I only perſonated. (*aſide*)

Pranks, Where is he?

Whim. Can't you ſee? thraſh him for his impudence to me.

Pranks. This whimpering clown my Tom!

Tom P. Aye, poor Tom! (*throws off his diſguiſe*) Ha, ha! uncle!—Whimmy, how are you my boy? (*claps him on the back*)

Whim. By the lord, it's my galloping hermit! and your nephew too!

Tom P. (*to Pranks*) Sir, I now ſee your goodneſs; but had I even before known it, I could not have enjoyed the bleſſing you deſigned for me, at the expence of a friend's happineſs. Mr. Peregrine has love and merit.—I admire, but don't deſerve the lady.

Pranks. Then, ſince you're ſo diſintereſted as to decline the golden pippin, I'll give you a ſweet wild ſtrawberry.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. O Mr. Banker, have you indeed releaſed him!—'tis he (*looking at Tom Pranks with joy*) thanky, Sir. (*Curtſies to Pranks.*)

Pranks.

Pranks. Tom, here's a young girl that wou'd have barter'd all her little fortune for your freedom; and now as you hope for mine, take her.

Whim. Why, ſhe's daughter to the Red Lion.

Pranks. Eh! my honeſt landlord that reliev'd the ſufferers of Minehead, while you were ſwallowing peaches in December, and the poor ſhivering in cold and nakedneſs! Red Lion, Dick! where honor is derived from benevolence; ſhe's daughter to a nobleman.

Tom P. What ſay you, my deareſt girl?

Kitty, Only, Sir, that my heart is fill'd with gratitude; but you muſt aſk the Red Lion's conſent; for tho' you were a huſband for a queen, I wou'd not have a prince, if it might grieve an indulgent parent.

Enter TOBY THATCH *and* JOHN GRUM, *with* MAGGS, *priſoner,* (*his dreſs diſordered and torn*)

Toby. Your worſhip, the defender here is obſtropolos, and has lick'd I and Jahn Grum.

Maggs. Aye, dem'me, I plump'd 'em.

Tom P. Was't you, Naty? I'm ſorry that my irregularities ſhou'd have involv'd you in this trouble.

Enter MRS. MAGGS.

Mrs. M. Oh! Ignatius Maggs—my child, to be haul'd about—but this comes of your not acknowledging me your honor'd mother.

Pranks. May the ſon never get better uſage who cou'd deny his parent.

Enter

Enter BARLEYCORN *and* TULLY, *bringing in* BARE-BONES.

Bar. Dang my buttons, but you ſhall pay me.

Whim. What's this?

Tully. Only this devout preacher walks into Mr. Barleycorn's and crams himſelf like a great fowl; then walks off without diſcharging his ſhot; when aſk'd, ſays he, you'll be paid above, and ſays Mr. Barleycorn, who by there? and ſays he, why by Abdiel; ſo they walk'd up ſtairs to me, where I was taking a pint and a whiff of tobacco. I was chriſten'd Mr. Tully, ſo I walks down—but who ever ſaw an angel with a pipe in his mouth? I don't mind paying for a man's dinner; but, Sir, be ſo kind as to ſend this gentleman to jail for biiking the houſe. How do ye do, Mrs. Maggs? (*bowing*)

Tom P. My Saint George's Fields landlord!

Bare. The ſpirit openeth my mouth.

Tully. You opened your mouth to ſwallow a leg of lamb, honey.

Bare. All things ſhall be in common with the righteous?

Toby. Pay me for ſerving capias on Muſter Pranks.

Tom P. Me! how?

Pranks. Capias! What, are you that Ham Barebones that has lent my nephew money at an exorbitant uſance.

Tom P. That, like the devil, tempted me by the means, and now puniſhes me for the ſin.

Enter PEREGRINE *and* DIAN.

Pere. Mrs. Peregrine. (*to Whimmy*)

Dian. Deareſt father your bleſſing. (*they kneel to Whimmy*)

Tully. There, my bleſſing on you both, you two ſouls. (*puts his hand on their heads*)

Tom P. Then, my dear uncle, I take my lovely Kitty Barleycorn, and whilſt her gentle qualities convince our friends, that birth and rank are not neceſſary to conſtitute an amiable wife, my reſpect for her virtues may prove, that the thoughtleſs prodigal can make a tender huſband.

Whim. Oh! I'm happy! ha! ha! We've all got ſo very generous. Peregrine, with his little fortune, has Dian and all my wealth; your nephew, with your riches, takes little Kitty Barleycorn with nothing at all; and Mrs. Maggs looks ſo charming, that I could find in my heart to —(*going up to her*)

Mrs. M. Now that's ſo like Mr. Olmondle, (*ſmiling and advancing*)

Whim. (*runs from her*) To the devil with the Olmondles.

Tom P. Then, Sir, here ends my five years hermitage, and, inſtead of my annuity, I ſhall think myſelf nobly rewarded, if my fancies can, by an indulgent ſmile, receive the forgiveneſs of my generous friends.

THE END.

THE

IRISH MIMIC;

OR,

BLUNDERS AT BRIGHTON.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1795.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cypreſs, ... Mr. MUNDEN.
Captain Clifford, ... Mr. M'READY.
Parrots, ... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Kit Katt, ... Mr. CLAREMONT.
Colin, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Harry, ... Mr. BERNARD.
Porter, ... Mr. THOMPSON.

Miſs Melcombe, ... Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Miſs Julia Melcombe, ... Mrs. LEE.
Landlady, ... Miſs PLATT.

COMPANY, BAND, SOLDIERS, &c.

SCENE, *Brighthelmſtone.*

THE

IRISH MIMIC;

OR,

BLUNDERS AT BRIGHTON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter COLIN *with a Baſket.*

COLIN, (*looking out*).

YES, it be's, Harry.

Enter HARRY, (*in morning dreſs, and Bathing Man*).

Harry. No, tell Biſhopp I ſhan't bathe to-morrow. [*Exit man.*
Every morning relaxes, and we come down here to brace ourſelves up like drums, for the rattle of a London winter campaign.

Colin. My brother Harry!

Harry.

Harry. Colin! What brought you here?

Colin. An if you go to that, what has brought you here?

Harry. I came but yeſterday with my lady.

Colin. Oh, then you got a pleace ſince? So did I the very day after we parted in London

Harry. Why, that's lucky, the firſt week you ſet foot in town.

Colin. No, it was quite misfortunate. My place was ſo badiſh, Meaſter was one of the ſhew.

Harry. What, an actor?

Colin. Yes, he acted your foreign Opera Plays, in Haymarket.

Harry. Oh then, you were ſervant to an Opera ſinger?

Colin. Yes, that was it; he got a huge deal of money from our high gentry here in England; but to ſave it all, and bring it away with him, he ſtarved himſelf, and gave me nothing to eat. I'll be dom'd but he did; for his ſallads, made me pick dandelion and water creſſes out of the ditches; then he made maccoroni, which be's juſt like our hard dumplings cut into long tobacco ſtoppers; then he made omlettes, and when he uſed to boil eggs, he wanted me to ſup the broth, an Italian ſon of a ſauſage, wanted to fatten an Engliſhman with egg broth, ſo I left him—oh, I left him.

Harry. Well, who do you live with now? Some Suſſex Squire, Eh?

Colin. No, I bes ſervant to a deſperate voine lady! Miſs Melcombe, from Lancaſhire.

Harry. What! (*ſurpriſed*) ha! ha! ha! by Heavens exceeding good!

Colin. Now your miſtreſs's name, Harry?

Harry. Miſs Melcombe from Lancaſhire—You impudent puppy, how dare you tell me you live with

with Miſs Melcombe, when I am certain, I'm the only man ſervant ſhe has at Brighton.

Colin. I ſay I'm her only man ſervant, and dom your impudence, brother Harry! a conceited fool! in his trowſers, ſtrutting about like a pair of compaſſes.

Enter CYPRESS.

Cyp. Oh, ſure I've ſeen you before. (*to Colin*)

Colin. Yez, Sir, afore the chair, and behind the coach.

Cyp. You live with Miſs Melcombe?

Colin. Now mind that, Harry—I do, Sir.

Cyp. My belov'd here? oh, let me fly!—no, ſhe likes ceremony, I'll ſend in my name firſt.—(*takes out a card and writes*)

Colin. But I muſt go give cook the Arundel mullets. (*goes into houſe*)

Cyp. (*turns*) Eh, where's Miſs Melcombe's ſervant?

Harry. (*advancing*) I'm here, Sir.

Cyp. Then you too belong to the lady?—ſtep in with this card to your miſtreſs, and bring me back an anſwer; tell her you ſaw her dear Cypreſs, and that I look charmingly. (*Harry goes into a diſtinct houſe from Colin*) Never man had ſuch diſappointments! it's the buſineſs of my life to be kind to my old friends; to be ſure I hope they will leave me ſomething when they die, but no chance of that here I ſuppoſe, they fancy a puff of ſea air can reſtore their breath, and a mouthful of ſalt water pickle and preſerve them, and it's no fancy, Tom Nibble that I ſaw in town with one foot in the grave. I met juſt now with two in a pair of boots. Dick Toothleſs that I left

ſleep'd

ſteep'd in barley water, I find at Hick's Tavern, peeping at me over a round of beef—Lady Squab I parted, hid in a ſtuff'd elbow chair, met this morning galloping over the downs, running a race with a ſtaff officer.

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. What, Mr. Cypreſs!

Cyp. Mad Captain Clifford here!—eh, he don't look well, I'll be civil, (*aſide*) how d'ye do a thouſand times, my dear, dear, Sir?

Clif. Never better, thank heaven! juſt eſcaped from our meſs; they drink ſo hard—

Cyp. I ſee now he's freſh and florid, find every body I meet in barbarous health! ſo vexatious! (*going*) Oh, but true, I muſt wait for an anſwer from the miſtreſs of my heart.

Clif. Ha! ha! ha! who is your goddeſs? Come don't be aſham'd to tell!

Cyp. Sir, I boaſt of my love for Miſs Melcombe, as her love to me is her greateſt glory!

Clif. Miſs Melcombe! Can it be my Julia! (*aſide*)

Cyp. Yes; I'm the lad of her ſoul, I've ſent in my name; now you'll ſee her ardent deſire for me to ſend in myſelf.

Clif. Miſs Melcombe's not at Brighton?

Cyp. Then that houſe is not in Brighton. (*pointing to that where Harry went in*)

Clif. My love next door to where I lodge, and I not know it!

Re-enter HARRY, *both ſeeing him.*

Cyp. Well, you delivered my card to your miſtreſs?

Harry.

Harry. Yes, Sir, but ſhe ſays ſhe knows no ſuch perſon. [*Exit.*

Cyp. What!

Clif. Not know the glorious lad of her ſoul! (*claps Cypreſs on the back*) ha! ha! ha!

Cyp. I deſire, Sir, you'll——by my honor ſhe's——

Clif. Hold, Sir! Miſs Melcombe is a lady for whom I have the utmoſt veneration——

Cyp. You!

Clif. Yes, I, and for proof I'll indulge you, and in your own way too, I'll ſend in my name. (*writes on a card*)

Cyp. Not know any ſuch gentleman! (*walks about*)

Clif. Eh! but where's Miſs Melcombe's man?

Re-enter COLIN.

Colin. Here I be, Sir.

Clif. Are you her ſervant too?

Colin. Oh, yez, Sir, I bes her livery man.

Clif. And perhaps her common councilman.

Colin. Noa, Sir, I never durſt give her councel, tho' I adviſe her ſometimes. Will you walk in, old gentleman?

Cyp. Old! raſcal!

Clif. Come, Sir, I won't hear even Miſs Melcolmbe's ſervant abus'd.

Colin. That's right, Sir, love me, love my dog.

Clif. Then carry that in your paw to your miſtreſs. [*Exit Colin.*

now Mr. Cypreſs, I don't abſolutely boaſt I'm quite her glory! but perhaps ſhe won't deſire me to ſend in myſelf. (*ironically*)

Re-enter COLIN.

Colin. Sir, I delivered myſelf of your card, but my lady ſays, ſhe doesn't know any thing about the perſon that wrote upon it.

Cyp. Ha! ha! ha!

Clif. Impoſſible! by heavens ſhe is the moſt capricious!—I ſee her duplicity in this ſeeming denial to Cypreſs; Julia prefer a ſordid raſcal to me! hark'ye, you old raven! your hovering about for legacies is notorious, thro' almoſt every public place in England; you have been hooted out of the rooms at Bath, drove from the pantiles at Tunbridge, and by heaven, I'll have you beat off the Steine at Brighton.

Cyp. I beat! ha! ha! ha! well, I ſhould like to ſee that.

Colin. So ſhould I, Sir: he! he! he!

Cyp. Raſcal!

Colin. He! he! he! [*Runs off.*

Clif. I'll have this refuſal from Miſs Melcombe's own lips. No, I'll ſee her no more; but I'll match you Mr. Cypreſs. [*Exit.*

Enter MISS MELCOMBE, (*in full dreſs*) *from the houſe.*

Miſs M. Colin! fetch my paraſol.

Cyp. Oh! here is my perfidious Peggy.

Miſs M. Thoſe young gentlemen will keep flying after one ſo, I'm glad I didn't bring my niece Julia here; no chance of admirers her flimſy beauty in the way. What Mr. Cypreſs! I proteſt I'm glad to ſee you!

Cyp. Yes, ma'am; you'd be glad to ſee me at Pondicherry,

Pondicherry, ſo you were at the ſame time upon a Suſſex cliff; even from thence, madam, I ſhould behold you. Love is a monſtrous telegraph: if you had any compaſſion, you cou'd read without ſpectacles, that ſlighted paſſion is a piteous caſe.

Miſs M. What do you talk to me, Sir, of ſpectacle caſes?

Cyp. Then, madam, I'll be round with you: you might have put on your barnacles and anſwered my card.

Miſs M. Yours! my ſervant did bring me a card juſt now, but not from you.

Cyp. Forgets even my name!

Enter HARRY, *dreſſed.*

Miſs M. How provoking! here's ſome gentleman has ſent his ſervant to watch me about. (*aſide*)

Harry. Now for the library. My miſtreſs ſhou'd have ſet down more than one number. [*Going*

Cyp. Didn't I give you a card for your lady?

Harry. Certainly, Sir.

Cyp. And wasn't her anſwer that ſhe didn't know the writer?

Harry. Knew nothing at all about him, Sir. [*Exit.*

Cyp. There madam! oh! ſhame! that a lady can rend a man's honeſt heart, and then deny it to his miſerable face!

Miſs M. What, Sir, do you talk to me of cards to ladies; and, Sir, I can't help your miſerable face!

Cyp. You can help, madam, my bleeding heart,

that you yourſelf have given the fatal ſtab to! But—I don't care twopence about her; I'll now ſcorn in my turn.

Miſs M. Sir, if I have attractions, am I to blame? I didn't make them.

Cyp. Make! no, Miſs, you bought your lilies and roſes ready made; the maſter of the ceremonies at your toilet places them well enough Miſs, but if one was to ſee them in a morning, there's a caſt off and change ſides, Miſs: "Where "are the lillies? on the cheeks of my Philis! "where is the roſe? on her pretty little noſe!"

Miſs M. Barbarous, cruel man!

Cyp. Nay now, Miſs Melcombe, my dear Peggy!

Miſs M. Sir, though I was chriſtened Margaret, I told you I was ſince confirmed Seraphina, Seraphina is my name!

Cyp. Will you be Seraphina Cypreſs? (*Taking her hand*)

Enter COLIN, *with a paraſol.*

Miſs M. Colin, go to Gregory's and aſk for the teleſcope I choſe on my fortunate raffle yeſterday. Any meſſages, you'll find me on the Steine.

Cyp. My dear Peggy——

Miſs M. Sir, be aſſured Miſs Melcombe will never be Mrs. Cypreſs. [*Exit, with Colin*

Cyp. There's a coquet! all art, her denial to Captain Clifford. She's gone to flirt with him on the Steine. How have I loſt her? Some diſguſt! Was it when ſhe pop'd in upon me t'other day whilſt I was ſhaving! She deſired me not to mind her, and like an aſs, on I went, up to the eyes in

in ſuds, twiſting my features into fifty ugly ſhapes before her. When ſhe aſked me for her favourite air, like a fool I muſt play it on the German flute, and put my mouth into ſuch an uncomely ſhape: my attitudes were graceful tho'! Love is [illegible]! Come revenge! But how?

Enter BOY, *leaves hand-bills under knockers, gives one to* CYPRESS, *and exit.*

Pſhaw! peſter me with auction bills! and—Eh, (*reads*) "Great Rooms—Mr. Parrots—Give imi-"tations—principal performers—ſawing a deal "board—celebrated orator—two cats in a gutter "—drawing a cork"—Oh, here's an occaſion for ample revenge on my perfidious Peggy! ſhe has killed me, and I'll make her ridiculous! Oh, I'll have her among the cats and gutters! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Steine, before GREGORY'S *library, company walking, converſing, &c.*——JULIA MELCOMBE *and others, ſeated under the piazza, reading.*

Julia. (*to ſhopman*) I deſired my ſervant to call for the book. No matter: I'll take it myſelf.

Man. (*writing*) Miſs Melcombe.

Julia. Eh, what Captain Clifford is this? (*looking at ſubſcription book*) My dear Charles at Brighton! moſt certain!

Enter

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. Oh, here is Julia! Moſt obedient ma'am.

Julia. Ma'am—ſo cool! well then, moſt obedient, Sir. Ah, I was once the loveliеſt creature in the world: wasn't I, Charles? Look in my face wretch: is not there now ſomebody elſe more lovely?

AIR.—JULIA.

Go, wild and fickle rover,
Where laſt your vows you paid,
Fly round and play the lover,
To widow, wife, and maid.

Late faireſt of fair creatures,
All mine your tears and ſighs,
Have I now other features?
Or you got other eyes?

When Flora's gifts are coming,
An inſect you peep out!
A bee then fond of humming,
You pertly buz about.

When next on flowers you'd ſettle,
With bettle-eye take wing,
For honey court a nettle,
Exchanging ſting for ſting.

Clif. Why, ma'am, you are very pleaſant.

Julia. Certainly; this is the place for pleaſure. But how long have you been at Brighton?

Clif. Long enough, madam, to receive proofs of what I never even ſuſpected.

Julia. Don't talk ſo loud; the people are all ſtaring at us.

Clif.

Clif. Oh, madam, it's your ambition to be ſtared at by young and old!

Julia. I was going to take a turn before the Pavilion come, give me you arm, and let's know what is this mighty buſineſs.

Clif. 'Pon my honour, ma'am, this is exceding well—my arm! then you are not afraid of meeting old Cypreſs?

Julia. Now bleſs your pretty little ſoul, Charles, who is old Cypreſs?

Clif. Oh, ma'am, that incomprehenſibility of ſurpriſe is really abſurd: you firſt refuſe to admit Cypreſs, becauſe I was in the way; then, to ſoften him by a compleat triumph over me, you ſend me out word——

Enter COLIN, *ſpeaks in at the ſhop.*

Colin. I want the telepope, that miſtreſs won with the dice-box.

Clif. (*ſtops him*) Oh! I gave you a card for your lady: you brought out for anſwer that ſhe didn't know me?

Colin. Yez, Sir. [*Exit into ſhop.*

Clif. There madam.

Julia. But what's all this to me?

Clif. You ſeem very careleſs about it; but I think it's very much to you; and Julia, all in all to me: (*tenderly*) therefore madam, I inſiſt——

Julia. Hold, Sir! you forget yourſelf: ſuch behaviour in a public place!

Clif. But, ſure I have a right to demand an explanation.

Julia. Oh, my valiant captain! To proceed in form: hadn't you beſt ſend me a challenge? but you may take it for granted, Sir, that whether in reſentment

reſentment or affection, this is the laſt time I ſhall ever give you the meeting. [*Exit.*

Clif. I'll flog Cypreſs! no, the good natured people round have witneſs'd my inſulting a woman; they ſhall not add to my diſgrace by ſeeing me beat an old man. Eh! isn't this Mr. Parrots, the Iriſh Mimic? Ha, ha, ha! A capital miſtake of talent his, attempts to imitate every character and dialect the moſt oppoſite; yet, with ſuch an invincible brogue, that when he fancies he ſpeaks or ſings a variety of voices, you can only think yourſelf in a debating ſociety at Tipperary.

Enter PARROTS *and* WAITER.

Par. Waiter, prepare me a good breakfaſt of ſome tea and cakes; but if you can't get three new laid eggs, you may eat them all yourſelf. (*Exit Waiter*) Captain Clifford, how do you do, Sir!

Clif. Ha! Mr. Parrots, true, I ſaw your bills for performance.

Par. Yes, Sir, I'm come to give my imitations, and have hir'd a fine big room; but ſuch a buſhel of troubles as I have had.

Clif. I'm glad you're come Parrots, I wanted ſomething to laugh at, this place is very pleaſant, eh? the Steine, and Downs, and bathing——

Par. Bathing! oh a bleſſed affair happen'd to me about that, the very day I arrived, I was ſo afraid of nobody coming to hear me, that I was about to go back to London; ſo I took my place in the machine, but inſtead of a ſtage coach they put me into a wooden cloſet, and dragg'd me into the ſea: hallo! ſays I, let me out! Off with your clothes, ſays the fellow, and tumble out here headlong.

Clif.

Clif. Ha! ha! ha!

Par. Well, I thought I'd ſtay here a few days longer, if only to pick up, among their bathing ſhops, and raffling machines, a new ſtock of originals; and faith I've been at them eves dropping about every where; why t'other night in the play houſe, I had a Scotch preſbyterian calling to the muſic for God ſave the King! A French marquis bawling for Roaſt Beef! and an Iriſhman roaring for Rule Britannia!

Clif. Oh, you've him at your tongue's end.

Par. Who, the Iriſhman? now there you're out: he had ſuch a devil of a brogue, that he's the only perſon there I cannot mimic neatly.

AIR—PARROTS.

I'm the man that can take off every fowl,
From the ſinging lark, to the barking dog.
Hark! the lark. (*mimics*) now the dog.
All beaſts I can mimic upon my ſoul,
From the cackling hen, to the grunting hog.
The hen, (*mimics*) now the hog, (*mimics*)
All's food for wit, that falls into my diſh,
Like crowing cock, I'm a fine bird-call,
And yet I cannot well mimic a fiſh,
Becauſe that a fiſh ſays nothing at all.

At all jolly parties I make a rout,
I'm call'd for my ſong; for a joker I paſs;
But ſome how or other---I bring it about,
That the people all think me a fine jack-aſs.

At Hanover-ſquare, when your concert plays,
Like them I can preſto, piano too,
I ſing and I whiſtle with ſo much aiſe,
The black crow's neat ſong, and the tight cuckow.
Lo! the crow; the cuckow. (*mimics*)

The ſawing of boards, and the drawing of cork,
And water as dropping, drop, drop, drop, (*mimics*)
I tune up my pipe, with my great pitch-fork,
At the bottom now, and now at the top. (*mimics*)

At all joy parties I make a rout,
I'm call'd for my ſong; for a joker I paſs;
But ſome how or other I bring it about,
That the people all think me a fine jack-aſs.

Clif. Ha! ha! ha! this offers ſomething for old Cypreſs. (*Aſide*). Mr. Parrots, if you ſhou'dn't be encouraged here, equal to your merit, you may eaſily get money for your travelling expences however.

Par. Then how my dear Sir?

Clif. Liſten.—A gentleman here had an old friend, whom he once inſulted groſsly: this friend hadn't ſpirit to reſent it himſelf, yet dying lately, carried his reſentment to his laſt breath, abſolutely in his will left a legacy of a hundred pounds, to any one that wou'd cane him on the open Steine.

Par. Ha, ha, ha! Why that was a comical cowardly ſort of revenge.

Clif. Now ſuppoſe you were to earn this legacy.

Par. Beat a gentleman! you don't catch me at that Captain.

Clif. Why beſides touching the caſh, you chaſtiſe an impudent little raſcal.

Par. If I were to chaſtiſe all the impudent raſcals I meet, I ſhou'd have five fifts for every one of my ten fingers, thumbs and all.

Clif. Intereſt is not the ſtring, I muſt touch the Hibernian's courage. (*aſide*) I don't think the legacy will ever be claim'd, tho' the money is a temptation, yet nobody hitherto has ventured to win it by ſtriking him: he's a remarkably ſtrong little fellow, indeed full of tricks with his ſtrength when he gets a bottle; twiſting pokers round his neck, battering pewter pots with his forehead: they talk here, (but I never believ'd it) that the cauſe

cauſe of the eaſt cliff falling, was his ſhoving, in a drunken fit, one of the great guns off the battery: yes, yes it requires a deal of reſolution to win this legacy.

Par. Why, Sir, d'ye think I'm afraid? upon the Steine you ſay? any particular time mention'd in the will?

Clif. Eh, yonder is old Cypreſs. (*aſide*) when there's a good deal of company, about now, à propos, look, that's your man.

Par. What that clergyman bowing to the ladies? or the man in mourning, laughing ſo hearty? (*looking out*)

Clif. Pho, look there.

Par. Oh the little ſquab lad in the bob wig and blue and ſilver coat. But, Captain, if I do earn the legacy, who's to pay it me?

Clif. What name! oh, any, (*aſide*) eh,—one, —one Captain Tomkins is the executor.

Par. But where does he live?

Clif. Any body will tell you, look, that's his houſe. (*points off*)

Par. Very well.

Clif. Here's Jack Daily, he'll be dragging me to the bottle. (*going*)

(*Enter an* OFFICER.)

Officer. Ha! ha! ha! hollo Clifford! by heavens you're a fine fellow to ſlip off ſo!

Clif. Never mind me, there's a lady that I——

Officer. Meet a lady with ſuch a ſober ſtupid face—Come along my boy! (*ſings*)

"For Venus ne'er looks with a ſmile ſo divine."

(*takes him off*)

Par. To get my bottle I muſt firſt touch the corks. He's here, a hundred pound is a good thing, but beating him in cold blood—by my ſoul I'd rather get a thraſhing myſelf (ſo that nobody might know it) than ſtrike a man that has never done me any harm.—But a ſtick is neceſſary.

[*Exit into Gregory's.*

Enter CYPRESS *with a newſpaper.*

Cyp. I'm burning for revenge on my cruel Peg, but no finding this Mr. Parrots the mimic—a deal of faſhion here this evening.

Enter COLIN, *from the ſhop,* (*with a teleſcope.*)

Oh, is your Lady on the Steine?

Colin. Sitting in yon voine company at Crawford's library.

Cyp. She ſhall ſee what terms I'm on with people of condition. (*looks thro' an opera glaſs*) Sir Luke! we'll ſettle our bet at the rooms. (*calling off*) Lady Dimple! do you ride to Rottingdeane tomorrow? Our friend the Colonel promiſes a charming treat from the Dorſet band, on the level. (*calling off*)

Colin. Yes, Sir, miſtreſs and I will be on the level. (*looks thro' the Teleſcope*) Dick Coachman! Shall us tip a mug of Newhaven beer at the white horſe? (*calling off*)

Cyp. Colin! Couldn't you draw your lady this way? tell her ſhe'll ſee ſomething very pleaſant.

Colin. What, ſir, yon wi child and tumbling blac . m or?

Cyp. No make her look towards me.

Colin. I will. [*Exit.*

Cyp. Then ſhe'll learn that I'm ſomebody for all her ſcorn.

Re-enter

Re-enter PARROTS *from the ſhop, with a ſtick.*

Par. I'll pay you for this little nag, but now take it out an airing upon trial. (*ſpeaking off*)

Cyp. Let's ſee what valetudinarian friends at Buxton. (*ſits and reads the Newſpaper, Parrots walks round, then ſits by him*)

Par. I muſt get him more amongſt the company, (*aſide*) Sir, hadn't you beſt take a walk?

Cyp. Take a walk!

Par. Yes, Sir, and I'll take another, and yet we'll both take the ſame walk.

Cyp. Who is this man? (*aſide*)

Par. I'll make him affront me, and then it will be all his own doing. (*drops the cane on Cypreſs's foot*) Sir you needn't kick ſhelalah about, you and he will be better acquainted by and bye.

Cyp. I proteſt this is an odd perſon. (*aſide*)

Par. I don't like ſtriking a naked man; I wiſh he had ſome weapon. (*aſide*) Sir, how do you like this colt? becauſe Sir, if you'd ſtep and take a filly out of the ſame paddock yonder, they'd breed charming.

Cyp. Breed what?

Par. A quarrel!

Cyp. I do not like this man. (*aſide*)

Par. How ſhall I rouze him! (*aſide*) When that paper's out of hand Sir, I'll thank you for it; (*takes it*) I'm oblig'd to you, Sir.

Cyp. It's now out of hand indeed.

Par. Sir, I ſay that's falſe, for now it's in hand, and yet I'll read it out of hand.—(*reads*) "On Saturday died"——

Cyp. Lord Sir, juſt let me look at the deaths!

Par.

Par. Takes an affront like mulled claret, then I'll beat him without any ceremony for the meanneſs of his ſpirit! (*aſide*) Look ye Sir, as to battering pewter pots againſt men's foreheads, and making cravats of kitchen pokers, that's all to me a mere dog's whiſtle!

Cyp. Sir!

Par. I never attempted to throw a cannon over a cliff like others!

Cyp. Did'nt you Sir? I beg pardon, I thought you did—Gad this is an odd fellow! ha! ha! ha! (*aſide*)

Par. Harkye, Sir, I wiſh to avoid ſtrife, and ſo—if you'll only tell the executor I did it, I'll not do it at all.

Cyp. Then Sir, you may let it alone, what's all this he's talking about, I'll do, and you'll not do.

Par. Oh but I will if you go to that, ſblood! and thunder Sir! why don't you put me into a fury as you did the dead man? but what did you do to make the dying ſoul leave you ſuch a token of affection?

Cyp. Who! what! has any deceaſed friend left me?

Par. Ay you're left the truth of a thumping legacy!

Cyp. Indeed! where am I to receive it my dear Sir?

Par. Why here.

Cyp. Here! when?

Par. Now.

Cyp. Who's to pay me it?

Par. I.

Enter

Re-enter COLIN.

Colin. I told my lady Sir, and ſhe and company are all looking at you.

Par. The executor may want a witneſs——

Cyp. Witneſs! why, my dear ſir, won't my receipt do? Come, we'll get pens, ink, and ſtamp in the ſhop.

Par. No, leaving a mark will do for this—you ſtand there, and obſerve what paſſes. (*to Colin*)

Cyp. Ay, tell your lady what tokens of affection I receive from others. Now I'm ready to take it.

Par. And I to give it. (*ſtrikes him*)

Cyp. Murder! help!

Par. There, I've tried the poney (*throws the ſtick down*) And now for a touch at the executor! [*Exit.*

Cyp. Oh heavens! oh my back!

Colin. Then this the joke they're to ſee, he, he, he! How my lady laughs, all the gentlefolks be's laughing at you! he, he, he! what a happy man you be to make people ſo merry! he, he, he!

Syp. Merry, you villain, yes I'm very happy, publickly diſgrac'd! caned on the open Steine! and for wnat?—What did I do to the fellow? Miſs Melcombe may indeed now deſpiſe me, I myſelf to draw her attention and be curſt to me, I'll write to her—explain what I don't underſtand, I'll go home—isn't this my old landlady!

Enter LANDLADY.

Eh, now good dame, where are you gadding, and nobody at home to light me a candle?

Land. Ah, Mr. Cypreſs, I wiſh I could afford to

to keep a maid, but lawk one muſt call in upon one's neighbours to ſee whether they're dead or alive.

Cyp. What then you're a legacy hunter? you ſelfiſh creature! I ſay return home and light my candles!

Land. Ah, Sir, I'm only going to the Apothecaries, take a couple of turns more on the Steine, for the ſea air is ſo wholeſome for you phthyſicy old gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Cyp. There's a ſcandalous goſſip! eh, gone to the apothecary's! ſome hope of an old woman that goes into an apothecary's ſhop, I'll make her a preſent of a pair of fleecy hoſiery gambadoes.

Colin. Oh here's the poney. (*takes up the ſtick*)

Cyp. Boy, you ſtep home with me to ſtrike a light, and carry a letter to your lady.

Colin. Yes, Sir, he, he, he! you be more comical than tumbling blackamoor.—How cleverly he managed the poney, here he went ſo! and then he went ſo! (*flouriſhing it over* Sypreſs's *head*)

Cyp. Why you raſcal! (*ſnatches it, Colin runs off*) What will Peggy think of me, ſure ſhe won't have me after this public diſgrace, well if not, I'll ſtill purſue her; perhaps when ſhe dies ſhe may leave me ſomething in token of former friendſhip.

AIR—CYPRESS.

Our joys are all fled,
Oh! alas, and alack!
My friend now lies dead,
And the houſe hung with black.

How

How can his lov'd wife
Her vaſt ſorrows endure?
She's loſt to all life,
As the mutes at the door.

Our handkerchiefs wave,
And our hearts are in dole;
He's laid in the grave,
And we think on the---cole.

With glaſs of wine we'll cheer our woe,
And wipe our muzzy faces,
Then hey! for Doctor's Commons go.
To ſee how there the caſe is.

"I have the fortune," cries one ſon,
"And t'other not a ſouſki,"
The wife ſings, "My kind huſband's gone.
"He was a Rouſi-ouſki."

Executors grand!
Now think how they can crib,
Left plate, houſe, and land,
To his dear loving rib.

With widow we dine,
All batchelors met,
Atchievement's the ſign,
There's a wife to be let.

So lonely her---bed!
Her ſad heart ſure will break;
She ſwears ſhe can't wed
In leſs than a---week.

With glaſs of wine, &c.

[*Exit.*

Enter JULIA *agitated, and* HARRY.

Julia. And Mr. Clifford lives next door to me? I will not live next door to him—Harry—You muſt look out other lodgings. Then this was the cauſe of his behaviour to me! ah! fye! fye!

men are all baſe and venal. (*aſide*) How long has your brother and his miſtreſs been here?

Harry. But a few days, ma'am.

Julia And Captain Clifford you ſay ſent in a tender meſſage to my aunt? that is your brother Colin's lady—the other Miſs Melcombe?

Harry. Moſt certainly ma'am. I didn't know you had an aunt; they ſay ſhe's very rich? but that to be ſure you know.

Julia. And that ſhe is very rich my falſe Clifford to be ſure knows. But dear he need not be vain of his conqueſt, for my venerable aunt throws out her lure for every bird that flies! he fancies it is his fine perſon that has caught her, but I'll convince him, that with all his grace, and accompliſhments, he may be ſupplanted by the firſt inſignificant, dangling coxcomb, that chuſes to pay her any attention. (*aſide*) Harry you are acquainted with ſome of the officers' ſervants?

Harry. Oh yes, madam, very genteel valets.

Julia. Then if you know any very genteel valet, that has a very ſmart little maſter, whoſe regimentals would fit me——

Harry. Madam!

Julia. Borrow them—ha, ha, ha! I think I ſhall make a ſmart Brighton officer! I can dance, ſport my uniform on the Steine, chatter at the libraries, ſhew the ladies my neat marquee, then at our camp and review,

I'll make a rout,
The cows and ſheep my only foes,
On prancing ſteed curvet about!
With tops of powder, fright the crows!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

(*Moon-light*)—*Before* CYPRESS's *Houſe.*

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD, *elevated with Wine.*

Clif. What's company, wine, mirth, without love! women ſhould be indulged in their little caprices, ſince man cannot exiſt without their charming ſmiles. I'll call on my divine Julia, throw myſelf at her feet and aſk her pardon. (*A light appears at the upper window, Cypreſs is ſeen ſeated in cap and gown writing.*)

Enter COLIN *from the Houſe.*

Colin. I'll wait on him no longer, my lady will want me, and this old rogue will give me nothing.

Clif. Julia's ſervant! where have you been? who lives here?

Colin. Mr. Cypreſs, Sir.

Clif. Eh! I totally forgot——I wonder if Parrots performed the exploit! That 'tother bottle! loſt all the fun by it,—what you're come with a letter?

Colin. No Sir, I ſtay to take one, his old landlady be's not yet com'd home, ſo ſtingy won't keep a maid—ſo Mr. Cypreſs bid me watch door.

Cliff. Well, I want to aſk him a queſtion.

Colin. Noa, Sir, he bid me not let any one diſturb him whilſt he's writing love.—

Clif. Is that he up there?

Colin. Yes Sir, he ſleeps in a garret for the good air over the hills.

Clif. Go home, your lady wants you.

Colin. Does ſhe? good bye, Sir. (*ſhuts the door*)

Clif. Why did you ſhut the door?

Colin. That nobody might go in, till old woman comes back.

Clif. Dem the old woman!

Colin. How fine theſe officers talk, dem the old woman! [*Exit.*

Clif. Julia's diſſimulation, carrying on a correſpondence—Cypreſs has the name of money, can ſhe be ſo baſe! you're compoſing your'e love-letter? then I'll diſcompoſe.—(*looking up, knocks at the door*) I don't think he can know me. (*derarging his dreſs*)

Cyp. (*within*) Colin! why don't you go to the door?

Clif. I'll teaze him—but what ſhall I ſay!

(*Cypreſs opens the door with a candle*)

Cyp. Where is this clown run to?

Clif. Pray, Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Cyp. No Sir.

Clif. Aſk pardon Sir, any where in this neighbourhood, Sir?

Cyp. 'Pon my word Sir, I'm but a ſtranger myſelf.

Clif. Good night, Sir—ſorry to give you—ſo much trouble.

Cyp. Oh Sir, no trouble, good night Sir. (*ſhuts the door*)

Clif. Ay, trot up, (*liſtens*) ſ ated? (*looks up*) yes—(*Cypreſs appears at the winaow, takes up pen, Captain Clifford knocks, Cypreſs ſtarts, takes the candle and retires*)—ay, now trot down again. I hope he won't let his candle fall, for I like to contemplate

plate his delectable viſage—(*liſt'ning, Cypreſs opens the door*)—Pray Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Cyp. No, Sir, Captain Tomkins does not live here, eh! why, Sir, you are the gentleman aſked the ſame queſtion this inſtant!

Clif. Bleſs my ſoul! the ſame door indeed! Sir, I aſk pardon.

Cyp. Oh, Sir, no offence—plague what keeps the old woman!

Clif. Sir, I wiſh you a good night.

Cyp. Oh, Sir, good night to you. [*Exit.*

Clif. (*liſtening*) Up we trot again—ſet to our love-letter? Eh, I believe he has taken his pen and ink-horn into ſome other room—oh no, there ſits old amorous Ovid. (*knocks, Cypreſs ſtarts, appears vext, tries to open the window but cannot, the Captain knocks*) Oh we trot down a little faſter. (*liſtening*) I believe he's tumbled down ſtairs. (*Cypreſs opens the door*) Pray, Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Cyp. Why what the devil, Sir, I told you twice no Captain Tomkins lived here.

Clif. I beg pardon, Sir, ſorry to give you ſo much trouble.

Cyp. Sir, really I don't underſtand what you mean——

Clif. Sir your moſt obedient, I wiſh you a good night.

Cyp. Well, Sir, good night.—(*as he's ſhutting the door, Captain Clifford puſhes it*)

Clif. Oh, Sir, you ſeem to have loſt one of your ſlippers.

Cyp. Curſe it all!

Clif. Pray, Sir, don't ſtay out in the cold—you'll

opens the door) Pray. Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Enter LANDLADY *with a lanthorn going towards the door, Cypreſs claps it violently, Parrots runs off—the Curtain drops haſtily.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Coffee room at TILTS.

CAPTAIN CLIFFORD *discovered at Breakfast.*

CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

I'LL get leave of abſence—quit Brighton, and ſee Julia no more.

Enter KITT-KATT *and* WAITER.

Kitt. (*looking at the Subſcription Book*) What then your Coffee room is a ſubſcription buſineſs? Captain Clifford is he at Brighton?

(*Waiter points to the Captain and Exit.*

Clif. Ah! Mr. Kitt-katt!

Kitt. Moſt obedient, Sir.

Clif. Have you been long here?

Kitt. Came laſt night; my principal motive is to take a picture of your camp on a review day—a cap-

you'll get a ſore throat. (*Cypreſs ſhutting the door, Captain Clifford puſhes it*) Oh but, Sir, can you tell me where Captain Tomkins lives?

Cyp. Inquire at the public-houſes.

(*ſhutting the door, Capt. Clifford puſhes it open*

Clif. Pray Sir, which is the public houſe?

Cyp. Hell and fury, I don't know!

Clif. Sir, I aſk pardon—moſt obedient, good night, Sir. [*Exit Bowing.*

Cyp. This old woman to take the key of my parlour, but I'll quit her lodgings to-morrow! I'll come down no more if the houſe is on fire! [*ſhuts the door.*

Enter a PORTER.

Por. Letter ſays number twelve. (*holds it to the lamp. Cypreſs appears at the window writing, Porter knocks, Cypreſs after many attempts, burſts open the window and looks out*)

Cyp. I'll come down no more! Get away you raſcal!

Por. I've a letter for Mr. Cypreſs.

Cyp. A letter! oh. (*ſhuts the window.*

Por. Get away you raſcal!—don't care, the lady ſhall pay me for bringing it. [*Exit.*

Enter PARROTS.

Par. Unlucky, Captain Clifford and his jolly party broke up, but where does the executor live?—the Captain pointed this way, ſo ſince I'm on the ſpot, I may as well try to find it out to night, that I may be ſure of knowing it in the morning, oh this may be it. (*going to knock, Cypreſs opens*

a capital ſubject—I ſhall have a particular likeneſs of each officer—may I hope, Sir, for your influence with your military friends, individually to ſit for me?

Clif. Certainly.

Kitt. I need not ſay that Captain Clifford will have a conſpicuous ſituation in the fore ground. (*bows.*

Clif. (*pauſing*) If I never ſee Julia more, I ſhould like to have ſome remembrance of her. (*aſide*) Mr. Kitt-katt, baniſh battles and camps from your mind for the preſent, I wiſh you to take the likeneſs of a lady for me?

Kitt. With pleaſure Sir—ſhall I wait upon the lady? is ſhe in Brighton?

Clif. Yes; but hold; tho' ſhe has claim to the full exertion of your art, her modeſt opinion of her own charms could never ſuffer her to conſent—ſhe'll not ſit, it muſt be done without her knowledge.

Kitt. Then, Sir, procure me an opportunity of ſeeing her.

Colin. (*without*) Yez; have our horſes ready at two.

Clif. Oh, ſtep here my lad?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Sir don't keep me, I got anger laſt night for being out of the way, and miſtreſs was fain to ſend letter to Mr. Cypreſs by common porter.

Clif. Send letters to him! well no matter—where's your lady now?

Colin. Gone to hear big drum and hautboy on Pavilion Parade.

Clif. Mr. Kitt-katt couldn't you take the likeneſs by a ſtolen peep?

Kitt. But how ſhall I know the lady in the crowd?

Clif. Here you, ſhew your miſtreſs to this gentleman.

Colin. Shew my miſtreſs this gentleman?

Clif. Pſha! point her out to him—but don't tell her——mind.

Colin. Indeed, Sir, I don't know her mind, ſhe's ſo fly.

Clif. Pho! Get along. (*ſhoves him off*) Quick, follow him, obſerve the lady he ſpeaks to—ſup with me to-night, and I'll introduce you to the officers.

Kitt. Many thanks, my good Sir, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Enter PARROTS.

Par. Ah, Sir, what did you run ſuch a hum upon me? firſt to make me beat a man, then aſk himſelf for the reward?

Clif. What do you mean?

Par. Mean! why Captain Tomkins is the gentleman I threſh'd, and not the executor! laſt night I knock'd at the houſe, and I thought he'd have knock'd the door and myſelf into the window the other ſide of the way.

Clif. Why Parrots, did you inquire laſt night for Captain Tomkins. Ha, ha, ha!

Par. Pho, none of your laughing, Sir, tell me where the executor lives that I may get in the money, and out of the town, as he may be for bringing me before a juſtice.

Clif. Ha, ha, ha! and he opened the door in a red night-cap? ha, ha, ha!

Par.

Par. Yes he did, but never mind his red night-cap now.

Clif. With a candle in his hand? ha, ha, ha!

Par. Oh the devil burn your candle, Sir, what a laughing you keep!

Clif. And you aſked, "Pray, Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?" ha, ha, ha!

Par. Y s, I did.

Clif. Ha, ha, ha! let's ſee, the Captain is one executor, but you certainly went to the wrong houſe.

Par. Well right or wrong, I'll go no more to Captain Tomkins, if there are two executors who is the other?

Clif. It's Mr. —— Come with me, and I'll ſhew you his houſe—ha, ha, ha!

Par. Oh, Sir, if you keep grinning ſo I won't go with you! 'pon my honor.

Clif. Now I'm ſerious, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CYPRESS's *Lodgings.*

Enter CYPRESS.

Cyp. Pay two guineas a week here, and an old beldam keep no maid! Oblige me to open doors, and get myſelf inſulted by all the raff in the ſtreets I'll directly for London—pack up my cloaths—

Enter COLIN, (*crying.*)

Colin. Yes, Sir, it's all along of you.

Cyp. Colin, what's the matter?

Colin. You wou'd bring me away laſt night todling after you, and while I was out, miſtreſs was in a worry to ſend me with a letter.

Cyp. Ay, to Captain Clifford I warrant, I'm glad I didn't ſend my letter to her. Well?

Colin. And ſo, this morning, Colin, ſays ſhe, you're an honeſt creature, and the beſt zarvant that ever flouriſhed a flambeau, but I diſcharge you for an idle vagabond. I've loſt my place on your account, and if you've any conſcience you'll get me another or take me yourſelf.

Cyp. This fellow will tell me all her ſecrets. (*aſide*)

Colin. I'm now an honeſt mon out of bread, bread bes the ſtaff of life, and without it I ſhall tumble down, as you wou'd was I to trip you up.

Cyp. His coming is à propos, to prepare and attend me on my journey—I fear you're a ſad fellow tho'.

Colin. Yes, Sir, I bes ſad out of pleace, hire me, and I'll be a merry fellow.

Cyp. But living with a lady has ſpoil'd you.

Colin. No, Sir, I have liv'd with a gentleman who was ſometimes a prince! ſometimes a Roman lucifer! ſometimes a pagan god!

Cyp. Did he keep a coach?

Colin. Noa, he was an Italian, ſo the Engliſh nobility kept a coach for him, my maſter ſung in the Haymarket, he told me, Sir, he uſed to ſing for the pope; he was a comical fellow, they call'd him the firſt Buffalo.

AIR.

AIR.—COLIN.

(*Mock Italian ſtyle.*)

Maſtieri wasi Opera ſinger,
Lived in Alley call'd Cramboni,
In his ring he wore a finger,
Much he lov'd too munch Bologni!
Sop'd it in vinegarini,
And ſhake over pepperini.
Caro then his mouth he'd open,
With no "pia Andrae,"
In the coffee-houſe Spring-garden,
Signior would no ſpendi farden.
At the Orange take his coffee,
Pianoiſſimo drinks off he.
At the bar whips up a jelli,
Reado then newſpaperelli,
Nice ſallad, if he ſhou'd eye any,
With pennyo he will buy any.
If it have dandelioni,
Saladini, beetrootini,
Endivini, celerini.
Napkinnini, ſwingidini,
Cutto with the knife and forko
Jaw to worko, draw ſe corko.
Flaſky, glaſki,
Primo, Brimo.
Brinky, whinki,
Soko, joko,
As he paſs Hay-Marketti
Horſe in carto there he metti,
Hair-bag full was ſtuffed with hay,
Hungry Horſo drag away.
Look like ninni,
Ladies grinni,
I approchi,
Call a coachi.
To del watermano throw,
Penny ſi fortiſſimo;
He ſteps in, ſtep up I puto,
On hi finger door I ſhuto,

Squall

Squall whip ſmacko,
Pavement cracko,
Pall-Mall-dini,
Cockſpurini,
Up Strandini,
From Sanguini,
Buy pomatum,
For my patum,
Taviſtocko,
For my blocko,
Of Vickeri,
Buy falſe hairi,
Hardhamoſi,
Snuff my noſei,
Me a caro,
Temple Baro,
Fetter Lani,
Sauſageani,
Buy of Longman,
Pretty ſongman;
Signior fill his pockets full,
Sail to Italy backino,
Dere he laugh at Johnny Bull,
In his ſuperfine Caſſino.

Cyp. Well, my lad, I'll try you—ſtep to the Caſtle Inn, and deſire them to ſend me a poſt chaiſe about eleven; tell the maſter I'd join for part, if he knows any infirm old lady or gentleman going to London, becauſe on a journey I'm very tender of the ſick.

Colin. So am I, Sir, 'twou'd do your heart good to get ill, only to ſee how careful I'd nurſe you—law, I had it of feyther and mother; an old friend, (that they didn't care two-pence about, only hoped he'd leave them ſomething when he died) was woundedly ill in our ſtreet; mother uſed to make him chicken broths—and wi little puddings; yet, would you think it, after all, he ſlip'd up to heaven without leaving them a marvadee!

Cyp.

Cyp. That was a bilk! to heaven! no, he ſlip'd down to t'other place, for his ingratitude!

Colin. Then, Sir, when you are ſick, I'll take ſuch care of you, that the ſooner you go up to heaven, and leave me ſomething—the better for us both; 'twill be ſo unexpected you know.

Cyp. But, boy, you muſt find out that gentleman that affronted me yeſterday on the Steine, and bear him my mortal challenge.

Colin. Don't trouble yourſelf, Sir; here comes the very gentleman, ſo you may deliver it yourſelf.

Cyp. Oh lord! I'm going to town; help me with my luggage, ſirrah.

[*Pulls trunks about, and throws clothes over him.*

Enter PARROTS.

Par. Well, as the Captain has ſent me now to the right executor, he has made amends for all his capers. Oh! ſtop boy, wasn't it you that ſaw me trim the old gentleman yeſterday? you muſt ſtay, and be my voucher that I did it; there's half-a-crown for your gentility—oh, the gentleman, I preſume; good morning to you, Sir; according to the will, I beat the old man yeſterday, and if you don't believe it here's a witneſs.

Cyp. Eh! (*turns, Parrots ſurpriſed and confuſed.*)

Colin. Oh! Sir, he'll believe it without my oath—He, he, he!

Par. Boy, return me that half-crown.

[*Exit Colin.*

Cyp. If you're come to renew your barbariſm, I'll bawl murder out of the window, you villain.

Par.

Par. I'm had again!—I might expect this, when the captain got upon his red night caps—I find now he has brought me to the ſame houſe, only it looks into another ſtreet.

Cyp. Begone!

Par. Sir, are you Mr. Cypreſs, or Captain Tomkins, or the executor, or the dead man, or the legatee, adminiſtrator, or teſtator? I have earn'd the legacy, and will have it.

Cyp. What legacy?

Par. The hundred pound!

Cyp. Are you dreaming? Who told you of this hundred pound?

Par. Why, faith, a queer kind of genius enough ſet me on,—but do you know one Captain Clifford?

Cyp. Captain Clifford! I ſee it, a concerted plan between him and Miſs Melcombe. (*aſide*) You've been moſt groſsly impoſed on.

Par. Why, I ſuſpect there has been ſome hum put upon me; but no harm done; I wiſh you good morning.

Cyp. Sir, there has been a deal of harm, and I'll have juſtice—Who are you?

Par. Sir, I'm a gentleman without an eſtate, tho' I'm an elder brother, as my father had no ſon but myſelf, ſo I'm oblig'd to live upon ſecond-hand voices; ſince there's no legacy, I muſt exhibit my imitations in the big-room. (*aſide*) Sir my bill, I hope you'll honour it. (*gives bill*)

Cyp. What are you Mr. Parrots, the Mimic? The very man I wiſh'd to ſee.

Par. I thought ſo, Sir, therefore introduced myſelf to you.

Cyp. What, with your oak ſapling? however, I for-

I forgive all; I'll ſtart you a character to mimic, the moſt whimſical lady!

Par. But is ſhe well known?—a great bird?

Cyp. Who? Miſs Melcombe! the feather of the faſhion—She once lov'd me.

Par. And ſhe doesn't now? Well, ſecond thoughts are beſt. My dear Sir, introduce me to her.

Cyp. She won't let me introduce myſelf.

Par. But I muſt hear her actions, and ſee her talk, or how can I mimic her?

Land. (*without*) Yes, ſir, very airy.

Cyp. This curſed old woman, dancing the people in upon me to ſee the lodgings.

Enter LANDLADY *and* HARRY.

Land. Ay, Sir, you'll not find more pleaſant lodgings in the town.

Harry. Oh, ſomebody here—dem it, Madam, band-boxes! not room to whip a cat—(*opens the windows, flings the chairs about, throws himſelf on the ſofa*) don't let me diſturb any body.—Eh! this is the old blade that ſent the card to my lady this morning.

Cyp. Peggy's other ſervant! (*aſide.*)

Par. A very ſaucy conceited gentleman this.

Harry. No object in the proſpect. (*Looking out of the window, Parrot's ſnatches Harry's hat, and flings it out of window.*)

Par. Now, Sir, you've a capital object, how d'ye like it?

Harry. Dem'me, Sir!—Well, Ma'am, if I don't ſee any thing more to my fancy, I ſhall call again. [*Exit with Landlady.*

Cyp. His miſtreſs ſend him to look for lodgings in this houſe! then ſhe can't know I live here. (*aſide*) That was Miſs Melcombe's ſervant, run after him, he'll put you in the way of ſeeing his lady, who, if you can by your mimicry, make a ridiculous laughing ſtock—

Par. But you muſt bring me a great deal of company—fill my rooms with an overflow.

Cyp. Yes, yes, and forgive you all.

Par. Thank'ye, Sir, but if I offend a man, till I make him reparation I can't forgive myſelf, therefore I muſt aſk your pardon in preſence of all the people that ſaw me wrong you.

Cyp. What repeated! I deſire it may end here.

Par. I'll make ample atonement, for I'll ſay, Sir, I'm ſorry I ſtigmatiz'd you by beating your fine old back about, with my dirty little bit of a ſtick.

Cyp. This will be more diſgrace than the thing itſelf.

Par. The Steine is now full; come, Sir.

Cyp. Sir! I'll not go!

Par. Do you think I've nothing to do but to threſh you, and then you to deny me an occaſion to rub off as I go? Come—

Cyp. I do forgive you.

Par. What here in a cloſet? Your non acceptance of my conceſſion is a demand of ſatisfaction, that's my inference.

Cyp. Confound your inference and impudence.

Par. Only walk with me up the Steine, before the pavilion, on the parade—and in the hearing of them all—

Cyp. Get out of my houſe.

Par. Have a care, or before I clear off one flogging,

flogging, you'll make me give you another; why, I believe I muſt keep a tally to ſcore down all the apologies I have to make you.

Cyp. Well, Sir, I attend you.

Par. No, Sir, I'll wait on you.

Cyp. Curſe your politeneſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Parade, the Pavilion in view.

Company converſing, walking, &c. Carriages, horſes, croud, tents, ſentinels, &c. Military band; firſt, wind inſtruments, play a plaintive Scotch air; then drums and fifes—quick Iriſh tune.

Enter JULIA, (*in regimentals*).

Julia. I think I've paſt, hitherto, quite officer-like:—now for a loving attack upon my aunt Margaret. From the time ſhe came out, ſhe ſhould be here by this.

AIR.—JULIA.

My bluſhes I muſt with my ſex now forget,
Tho' coy I'm no longer a maid;
In bright burniſh'd Gorget a brazen face ſet,
A ball room ſhall be my parade:
In nice chicken gloves as I gallantly ſtand,
While fiddles for action prepare;
For dear pas-de-deux, give the word of command,
And gracefully foot to the fair.

At meſs when old care in a bumper is drown'd,
Let the toaſt give a zeſt to each glaſs;
When Bacchus the temples of Cupid has crown'd,
I reel off to my favourite laſs:
" Moſt lovely," ſays I, " O thou witty and fair,
" Permit me to play with your fan;"
I'll ſtrut and I'll ſmile, dem it quite militaire!
'Pon my ſoul I'm a very fine man!

Enter PARROTS.

Par. When I thought he was coming out of the ſtreet door with me, to run back and lock himſelf up in his garret! Captain Clifford told me he was as ſtrong as a camel!—Oh, here's Miſs Melcombe's ſaucy footman.

Enter HARRY, (*calling to* JULIA.)

Harry. Madam!—Well, Ma'am, I've ſeen variety of lodgings.

Julia. Huſh! how indiſcreet, go. (*apart*)

[*Exit Harry.*

Par. Madam! I'm ſure he did ſay madam. Oh, oh! then this muſt be the lady Cypreſs deſired me to mimic. Such a beautiful creature love him! may be ſo, as the F's fat, fair, and forty were all the toaſt of the young men—Who knows but the S's ſhriveled, ſallow, and ſixty may become the rage of the young women. (*aſide*)

(*Muſic*)

Par. This Iriſh muſic is very fine.—Pray, Sir, how do you like Planxty Connor?

Julia. I don't know any ſuch perſon.

Par. Perſon! why, Sir, it's——'Pon my ſoul ſhe is a pretty little fellow!—Dreſt herſelf up for ſome frolick I ſuppoſe.—When a lady is inclin'd for fun, a gentleman ſhould take half the buſineſs on himſelf. (*aſide*)

Julia.

Julia. By his looks he ſeems to think I ought to be in petticoats, but I muſt face it out. (*aſide*) Sir, you ſpoke to me.—Any buſineſs?

Par. Why, Sir, I have no objection, Sir.

Julia. Over a bottle?

Par. Ay, Sir, any way, Sir! that's a pretty cap upon your head; isn't it heavy? doesn't it hurt your forehead?

Julia. This. (*takes off her helmet*) Oh, no; I'm uſed to wearing a cap.

Par. Hem! I believe you are indeed. (*aſide*) that's a fine big ſword: who tied you to it?

Julia. What, Sir! (*fiercely*) Sir, my ſword is tied to me

Par. Is it, Sir?—Oh, ſhe is a lovely little ſoul; but can ſhe think of Cypreſs! however, as he'll pay me for mimicing her, I'll do it;—and now to catch her manner. (*aſide*)

Julia. My captain! I dare ſay to meet my aunt, for yonder ſhe trips:

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. Julia take lodgings in the very houſe with Cypreſs!

Par. Oh, Captain Clifford, are not you aſhamed of yourſelf?

Clif. Mr. Parrots! what are you at here?

Par. My buſineſs! Sir, I'm come to mimic Miſs Melcombe.

Clif. What! unkind as ſhe is, I can't ſuffer this. (*aſide*) Harkye, Mr. Parrots, we ſhall quarrel if you turn your talents of mimicry to any freedom with Miſs Melcombe.

Par. You have turned your talents of hum to a great

a great deal of freedom with me.—I've play'd enough; I muſt now work a little.

Julia. Oh, here is my aunt Margaret. (*aſide puts up glaſs.*) A deviliſh fine woman, 'pon my ſoul!

Par. "Deviliſh fine woman, 'pon my ſoul!" (*mimics*)

Clif. What little martinet have we here?

Par. "What little martinet have we here?" (*mimics*)

Serjeant. (*without*) To the right about!

Par. "To the right about!" (*mimics*) Zounds, Sir! you've confounded me ſo, I don't know whoſe voice I'm catching at; if it's the lady's, or the ſerjeant's, or yourſelf, or myſelf.

Enter Miss Melcombe, *in riding habit*—Julia *bows to her, kiſſes her hand, ſighs paſſionately, and exit.*

Clif. Parrots, who is that puppy? (*looking after Julia*)

Par. Oh, he's a very great admirer of one Miſs Melcombe. (*ironically*)

Clif. Indeed! [*Exit. haſtily.*

Miſs M. A very impudent young man that!

Par. Oh, you are greatly affronted. (*aſide*)

Miſs M. I think I look better liſtening to the muſic on horſeback, beating time with my little whip. Eh, isn't that my lord? Title is charming! the privilege of dreſſing as one pleaſes, it's ſoon follow'd becauſe worn by the Ducheſs! talk loud in the libraries! politics, a bold manly voice, ſtagger about, have a finical dangling church beau ſnuffling and ſtammering, "Yes, madam, juſt the opinion of Monteſquieu, your grace."

grace." Then I look round to ſee the ſmall gentry's embarraſſment.—As I canter by their parlour windows, make a full ſtop, up with my glaſs, then hey, gallop off, turn full front like a gallant officer!

Par. Faith I think ſhe throws a bit of an ogle upon me—I'll give her a little touch of one of my die-aways—heigho! (*ſighs, kiſſes his handkerchief and gazes at her*)

Miſs M. That gentleman ſeems to admire, what timid baſhfulneſs—only ſteals a glance.

Par. One may gueſs what's the matter with this dowager, how ſhe's bridling, and purring about, like an old tabby cat.

Miſs M. He ſeems deeply ſmitten.

Par. She'll ſtretch her neck off her head! heavens! how ſhe rolls her twinklers, now ſhe ſhuts them, there's a ſmile looping the corners of her mouth to the guſſets of her eyes. Faith I believe it's for me we are making ſwans and peacocks of ourſelves; this may be a ſhorter cut to the caſh than my imitations, I'll ſay ſomething comical and witty to her—(*aſide*) Pray ma'am, what's o'clock?

Miſs M. Sir, I'm paſt two.

Par. Yes madam, you are paſt two—and fifty. (*aſide*) Lord madam, how fond you young ladies are of walking up and down here.

Miſs M. I wiſh I had'nt been ſo haſty in diſcharging that ſimple fool Colin, I already feel the inconvenience of being without a ſervant.

Par. Speak your commands, madam; I am your moſt devoted ſervant, ſhall I order your carriage? is that it? with ſhoulder knots on the horſes heads?

Miſs M. No, Sir, but it's a handſome equipage.

Par.

Par. That's the reaſon madam I thought it was yours, for when one is handſome themſelves it gives a beauty to every thing that belongs to them. I'm ambitious, Madam, to be your's, for at preſent I'm but an ordinary fellow.

Miſs M. Be mine, Sir! what do you mean?

Par. Faith, I believe I was too quick to the point there. (*aſide*) Madam, I meant—no meaning at all. (*bows*)

Miſs M. A very polite man indeed. (*aſide*) Oh, Sir, when a tender idea comes in the ſhape of a compliment, 'tis an over-delicate modeſty to be aſham'd of revealing it.

Par. Yes, Madam, modeſty is the fault of all my countrymen. Mine had like to have been the death of me; laſt week, a great muſician, no faith he was a phyſician, ordered me—ſaying, "Mr. Parrots, you ſhou'd go into the hot-bath." So I went Ma'am, and I ſaw two doors cloſe together, by my ſoul I was ſo modeſt, that I didn't care to aſk the man which was which, ſo opening one, inſtead of the hot, I plung'd over head and ears into the cold bath. Oh, the ſhock was ſuch a devil of a ſurpriſe!

Miſs M. Ha, ha, ha! I proteſt, Sir, juſt ſuch an error was made——

Par. With who pray, Ma'am?

Miſs M. My lap-dog, little Bluff—but I ſent the dear creature to the cold, and the man flung him into the hot bath.

Par. The ſame miſtake as mine, only 'twas quite the reverſe, what was the matter with the pretty little ſoul?

Miſs M. What ſoul, Sir?

Par. Your lap-dog, Madam.

Miſs M. Oh the dear little animal, quite in the

the gaité du cœur, was friſking about to amuſe me, jumping up to catch flies, when he unfortunately ſwallowed one.

Par. Swallow a live fly, Ma'am! You ſhou'd have made him ſwallow a ſpider to deſtroy it.

Miſs M. And pray, Sir, what ſhou'd I have ſent after the ſpider?

Par. There, Madam, ends my ſkill as a glaſs blower; however, I'll illuſtrate it by example: ſuppoſe a poor debtor was flying from his country in a ſhip—my caſe, (*aſide*) the ſhip is caſt away, and the debtor's ſwallowed by a whale—not my caſe—(*aſide*) then I'd ſend an attorney after him.

Miſs M. Very pleaſant—but then what wou'd you ſend after him?

Par. Belzebub himſelf! oh I warrant the devil would bring up the attorney, as ſure as a pair of nut-crackers! Madam, will you ſtep over to Mr. Jones's ſhop, to hear him play on his Welch harp?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. No pleaſing that beggarly ſour crab, I wiſh my lady wou'd forgive me; oh here ſhe is, and that Iriſh buck ſmirking at her: now or never's my time to catch her in a good humour, (*aſide*) do, my lady, pray take me again into your ſervice; kind Sir! put in a good word for me.

Par. I will; Madam, if the poor devil has had the misfortune to offend you, I'll anſwer he'll never repeat it, and the next time he does, caſhier him, without bail or main-prize.

Colin. If Mr. Cypreſs gets me to neglect you

again, this gentleman, my friend, here, ſhall lay two ponies on his back, like a pair of drum-ſticks.

Miſs M. Well, mind your buſineſs in future.

Colin. Yes, Ma'am, (*joyfully*) porter brought back letter laſt night from Mr. Cypreſs, 'tis on your toilet, Ma'am.

Miſs M. Don't talk to me of Mr. Cypreſs.—I can't bear thoſe ſtaring officers!—Colin, prepare the horſes, I'll ride towards the camp.

Par. One way to avoid the officers. (*aſide*)

Enter KITT-KATT, (*looking round.*)

Kitt. I've loſt the lady's ſervant, and now how ſhall I know her—Eh, isn't this he? Then that muſt be his miſtreſs—this the Captain's flame!—She has money I ſuppoſe—well, as he deſired, I muſt take her likeneſs. (*Takes out pencil and paper.*)

Miſs M. No! it's like to rain—I'll take an airing in the ſociable.

Par. Ma'am, t'other day, I and a friend went out in my ſociable, and we convers'd very jocoſe, at laſt we quarrelled about the ſpelling of a finger poſt, and my friend ſtruck off my hat in my ſociable, and I with one bother knock'd my friend out of his ſociable. But now, as Mr. Cypreſs bid me, I muſt watch and catch her manner. (*aſide*) Oh, charming lady! my manner of taking you off muſt give univerſal pleaſure.

Miſs M. Take me off! But Sir, conſider, don't let the ardour of your paſſion——

Par. The ardour of my paſſion!

Miſs M. To attempt to run away with me wou'd be ſo exceedingly romantic—

Par.

Par. I'm to run away with her too! oh, very well—tho' we had two meanings, we're both of one mind.—Then my lovely ſoul——

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Permit me the honour, mem—mem, your hand.

Miſs M. The pretty little officer! oh fye, Sir, d'ye think I'd admit ſuch liberties, Sir? I don't know what you mean, Sir! I'd have you to know, Sir! I'm not the perſon, Sir!——

Julia. Oh, mem—dear mem—'pon my ſoul, mem—that is—Sir, your moſt obedient (*triumphantly to Parrots.*)

[*Exit gallanting Miſs Melcombe.*

Par. Well this is fine, after all my modeſty and politeneſs, ſhe has walked off with the impudent little officer—hollo, Dowager, you're miſtaken in your man, I've heard of ſuch marriages; oh, muſtn't let the fine old lady be deceiv'd; eh, isn't that my friend the Rev. Dick Bellange? oh, oh! I'll talk to him. [*Exit.*

Kitt. (*Still drawing, looks ſuddenly up, miſſes Miſs Melcombe.*) Gone! that Iriſh fool! Two more looks and I had her—Another peep.

[*Exit,*

SCENE

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

A Room in MISS MELCOMBE'S.

Enter CAPT. CLIFFORD.

Clif. Eh! where have I got to—Miſs Melcombe's dreſſing room!—I'm impatient, yet dread to ſee her.—I don't like quarrels—life, where we eſteem, ſhould be a ſummer's day of ſweet complacency. Eh! Julia's toilet ſeems odly furniſhed! phials, and ſtuffs of lotion! Paregoric Elixir! lozenges, eh, books, prophecies! Buchan! novels, "female ſtability!"—Oh, from this ſhe has ſtudied her new attachment for Cypreſs—the devil! ſhe doesn't paint? A wig! why ſhe ſeems chang'd in ſoul, mind, and perſon!—Yet her face to-day, retain'd all it's native lovelineſs! Oh, the young coxcomb. (*looking out*) What old lady's this with him.

[*Retires.*

Enter JULIA *and* MISS MELCOMBE.

Julia. Yes, Mem, the harp is delectable, but you have a fine voice, Mem.

Miſs M. Oh, Sir, you have a fine taſte.

Julia. Aye, Ma'am, and I've now and then the voice of a humming bird—ſinging convivial ſongs at our meſs—has rather impaired it—then we officers are obliged to give the word of command full and bold. (*gives the word of command*)

Miſs M. Oh, Sir, you military gentlemen are ſo terribly charming!

Enter

Enter PARROTS.

Par. No, Madam, it is I that am terrible, becauſe you are charming.—I tell you what, Sir, I thought you were harmleſs, but now I'm afraid of you, ſo quit this lady, except you can parry a bullet.

Julia. Oh, Sir, you ſhall ſee that——

[*Exit haſtily.*

Miſs M. Heavens! I'm all terror! Sir, declare, what brought you on the Steine this morning?

Par. To take off the lovely Miſs Melcombe.

Miſs M. Indeed! but not without my conſent?

Par. I didn't know that was neceſſary when Mr. Cypreſs bid me—

Miſs M. He! then he wants to recede—oh, an anſwer to my letter laſt night—(*takes it from the toilet*)—heaven's! 'tis my own ſent back unopened. Yet it will break his heart if I give my hand to another—(*aſide*)—he, he, he! then, Sir, you are determined to take me off?

Par. You, Madam! why, this fine Maccau gives me leave to mimick her (*aſide*) Then, Madam, have I your permiſſion?

Miſs M. Oh Sir—(*ſimpering*)

Par. This ſhews your good ſenſe—I'll catch her voice and manner now, as Mr. Cypreſs deſired me, and if I fail as a lover I'll make the moſt of her in the way of my profeſſion. (*aſide*)

Miſs M. But Sir, I preſume you're a perſon of family?

Par. "Perſon of family." (*mimics*)

Miſs M.

Miſs M. Dont think I jeſt, for Sir I muſt know your connections.

Par. " Know your connections." (*mimics*)

Enter CYPRESS.

Cyp. Ha, ha, ha! that's right Mr. Parrots! Cruel Peggy! you've now a mimic, you had a true adorer.

Miſs M. A mimic! is it ſo you take me off?

Cyp. Ah you and your Captain Clifford could lay a plot to expoſe me, I now deliver you over to public ridicule, Mr. Parrots exerciſe your talent.

Par. " Exerciſe your talent."

Cyp. But not upon me.

Par. " Not upon me."

Miſs M. Right Sir he's an excellent ſubject.

Par. " Excellent ſubject "

Miſs M. I ſhall go mad!—leave my houſe!

Par. " Leave my houſe!"

Cyp. Bravo! admirable!

Par. " Bravo! admirable!"——pon my ſoul for ſubject you two are a pair of nonpareils.

Miſs M. I ſhall faint, inſulted! (*weeps*)

Cyp. Nay Peggy—Seraphina your tears will drown the very ſoul of your dear little Cypreſs.

Par. Miſs, ſit down and compoſe yourſelf.—(*Draws the ſopha forward, and diſcovers Kitt-Katt behind it.*)

Par. Why here's another taker off.

Kitt. Very right Sir, I came for that purpoſe.

Miſs M. Oh heavens! what danger attends our helpleſs ſex when poſſeſs'd of tolerable attractions—Sir diſcloſe your purpoſe for hiding here.

Kitt.

Kitt. Why ma'am I was told it muſt be done without your knowledge, ſo was reſolved to catch you where I cou'd.

Par. Oh this is a taker off quite in our Iriſh faſhion.

Miſs M. Then I've ſtill the power to vex Mr. Cypreſs. (*aſide*) Sir I permit you—the liberty of—

Kitt. Madam you're very good,—I have your chin and eye, and now for a touch at your lips.

Miſs M. But Sir, conſider, don't let the fervency of your love.

Kitt. The fervency of my love!

Cyp. (*looking over Kitt Katt's ſhoulder.*) Why Seraphina he's come for your head! a taker off in the French faſhion.

Miſs M. Only to draw me! then you're a very impudent fellow. Here Colin, open the ſtreet door, for theſe gentlemen.

Re-enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. Eh—What's the matter here?

Kitt. Oh Captain I've ſuch a likeneſs.—(*ſhews the paper*)

Clif. Likeneſs! what do you mean Sir? make a caricature of the divine Miſs Melcombe?

Par. Divine! Oh a taker off in the ſlummery way.

Enter JULIA *with Piſtols.*

Julia. Now Sir the ſurvivor take the lady. (*to Parrots*)

Par. Then I will take you my brave little lady!

Julia. Heavens! diſcovered!

Par. Come to me yourſelf big ſword and piſtol. (*embraces her*)

Miſs M.

Miſs M. Oh this great man will kill my pretty little officer—what miſchief in our faſcinating ſex—here are five gentlemen will fight and perhaps all be ſhot for me.

Julia. So, Captain Clifford, you've ſet your heart on this lady?

Clif. Me, Sir! I know nothing about that lady.

Julia. Really! and was it not to addreſs her that you quitted me——

Clif. You!

Miſs M. Why, certainly it is——

Clif. My Julia!

Julia. Ha, ha, ha! then ſince I have inadvertently diſcovered myſelf—my dear aunt, how glad I am to ſee you.

Miſs M. My niece in this ſcandalous metamorphoſes! go, you are a ſhame to your ſex.

Par. Faith, ſuch a pretty fellow wou'd do honour to a hundred of our ſexes—How do you do major? (*to Julia*)

Clif. Ha, ha, ha! come Julia, you muſt forgive me? I ſee now our odd miſtakes proceeded from——ha, ha, ha! I never once thought of your aunt!

Cyp. Nor did I know the aunt had a niece.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Mr. Parrots, the parſon bes waiting up ſtairs to do the job you beſpoke him for.

Miſs M. What Sir! have you brought a parſon into my houſe too?

Par. Madam, he foretold he ſhou'd marry me to you; and the devil take him that makes a falſe prophet of a reverend divine!

Cyp.

Cyp. Fire and fury! a fine blunder you've made with your ſtupid mimicries—Peggy, ſure you won't throw yourſelf away upon that Iriſh adventurer.

Par. Be quiet, or I'll aſk your pardon before the whole bleſſed bevy here Don't wait for legacies of dead men's ſhoes, but buy new pumps to dance at the four weddings of us two. (*Takes Clifford's hand.*)

Julia. Ah, Charles, amidſt the duplicity of a deceitful world, a generous confidence ſhould be the lover's ſecurity.

Clif. Come, come, my lovely Julia—forget and forgive—now I'll give an entertainment at Tilts, and who knows but Cupid and Bacchus may light the torch of Hymen!

Par. Yes, when my dowager gets a ſup in her eye, ſhe'll be able to ſee all my perfections double—and while the bottle goes round, my only imitations ſhall be to take off my glaſs! and our glaſſes ſhall jingle to this chorus, that Brighton may be the Country Seat of the Goddeſs of Health, whilſt animated by a ſummer viſit from the Auguſt Perſonage, who ſweetens the magnificence of the Prince with the affability of the Gentleman.

FINALE.

JULIA.

Love is ever breaking
Laws of his own making,
Tho' his mandates tell us,
We ſhould ne'er be jealous,
Yet what's moſt endearing,
Still to loſe we're fearing.

PARROTS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing,
Fun our fun producing,
Hearts of care we lighten,
Joyous jokes at Brighton!

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

COLIN.

Here I've eat fine wheat ears,
Sop'd in ſea my fleat ears;
Gollop'd South-down Mutton,
Tipſey Steine I ſtrut on!

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

JULIA.

Light is my dragooning,
Sauntring, triping, tuning!
Captain fierce array'd is,
But to kill the ladies.

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

CYPRESS.

I myſelf could kill! ſo
Vex'd, I'll make my will tho
And to one old Save-all.
That's myſelf, I'll leave all.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

MISS MELCOMBE.

Farewell Paregoric!
Gentle tales of Yorick
Lull me ſoft to ſlumber!
Sweet delights we'll number. (*to Parrots.*)

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

PARROTS.

Sweet our moon of honey,
Sweet I'll touch your money:
Then ſo briſk and airy,
Hey for Tipperary!

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

THE END.

TANTARA-RARA,

ROGUES ALL.

IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED ON THE FRENCH.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1788.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Ulick Liffydale,	Mr. Booth.
Andrew, or Le Duc de Puffendorff,	Mr Quick.
O'Toole, or Lord Limavaud,	Mr. M'Ready.
Pickle, or Count Frankemare,	Mr. Cubitt.
Carty,	Mr. Ryder.
Hazard, or Sap,	Mr. Bernard.
Picard,	Mr. Bonville.
Sandy,	Mr. Brown.
Palm,	Mr. Janson.
Cog,	Mr. Rock.
Peep,	Mr. Helme.
Corporal Toddy,	Mr. Edwin.
Commiſſaire,	Mr. Davies.
Narciſſa, or Lady Caroline,	Miſs Tweedale.
Blanch,	Mrs. Platt.

Archers, Clerk, Officers, Waiters, Soldiers, &c. &c.

Scene, *Paris.*

TANTARA-RARA,

ROGUES ALL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter CARTY, *in a Footman's morning Jacket.*

CARTY.

I AM a rogue, but Andrew, our ſham duke is a greater. Well, if our ſociety ſhou'd be broke up, any taken, ev'n 'peach, as they know me only for Iriſh Tim Carty, little Peter you are ſafe.

Toddy. (*without*) How to find out the Duke in this great city of Paris.

Enter CORPORAL TODDY, (*ſomewhat intoxicated*).

Holloa! which is—where's the Duke of Puffendorff?

Carty. (*in the Iriſh brogue*) At home; if not, may be he's abroad.

Toddy.

Toddy. And where's his home when he's not abroad?

Carty. I belong to his grace, and if you only ſtop 'till I get a little cream for his Highneſs's coffee, I'll——

Toddy. Cream! You're not his Highneſs's dairy-maid.—A Paris footman is ſuch a ſlop-daudle. A ſcrubbing bruſh buckled to the ſoles of your pumps, ha, ha, ha! to dry-rub the floor to the tune of Malbrook. (*mimicking*)

Carty. You're out, Honey, I'm Iriſh.

Toddy. And I'm Corporal Toddy in the Imperial ſervice.—Oh, your maſter the Duke cou'd ſo befriend me!

Carty. As how, pray?

Toddy. You muſt know, a detachment of our regiment lying at Gemblours—my Colonel knowing me to be ſober, and careful—ſent me on a recruiting party to Bruſſels, and gave me money to buy accoutrements, ſhirts and ſhoes. Well, Sir, I pick'd up my men, ſpeechified, aleified, and wheedled 'em, in our way, you know.

Carty. Faith I believe you're a crimp.

Toddy. I furniſh'd—bought all their clothes, went on ſo capitally 'till I came to the ſhoes, and then—Oh, then I made the devil of a Faux-pas, for in lifting up my leg to ſtep into a ſhoemaker's ſhop, I tumbled into a wine-cellar.

Carty. Ha, ha, ha! that was a blunder!

Toddy. A curs'd miſtake, for inſtead of leather, I bought claret.

Carty. Ha, ha, ha! for which your back will be unleather'd—but what did you do with the claret?

Toddy. I—drank it—ſo the money once broke into—thought I might as well be hang'd for a ſheep

as

as a lamb—I ſpent it all—met a friend here—and a friend there—then one—a ſup—and—another a ſup——

Carty. 'Till you ſup'd it all up?

Toddy. Oh, how I flouriſh'd! then figured up to Paris, and here I am now without a chink.

Carty. Why, man, you're a peculating defaulter. If you go back you'll be ſhot.

Toddy. Then I'll be ſhot if I go back.

Carty. Embezzle the publick money!

Toddy. 'Twas a job, and we great financiers always make the moſt of a job; but your maſter the Duke, gets me off with a wet finger.

Carty. Why, what does the Duke know of you?

Toddy. Never ſaw his Grace, but my Colonel and he are as great as cup and can.—Did you ever hear of my brother, he was a fine rogue—poor Andrew! went off at the fall of the leaf I fear. (*aſide*) Bring me to the Duke, you'll ſee I know how to talk to a courtier.

Carty. I ſee you don't know how to talk to a courtier, or any body belonging to one. (*touches his palm*)

Toddy. Come.

Carty. I've forgot the way.

Toddy. But I hav'n't. (*gives money*)

Carty. Oh, dear Sir!

Toddy. Oh, Sir! (*complimenting each other*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Magnificent Saloon in ANDREW'S *Houſe.*

Enter NARCISSA, *followed by* BLANCH, (*in a paſſion.*)

Blanch. Pray, Miſs, return me my letter.

Nar. But Madam—

Blanch Nay, I inſiſt upon it.

Nar. Well, my dear Governeſs, don't be angry—there—(*Gives a letter*)

Blanch. Open! Then you've read it?

Nar. I didn't think any harm in reading a letter addreſs'd to myſelf.

Blanch. Yes, but I entruſted you with that letter in my illneſs, which, had I not ſurviv'd, by it you might have diſcover'd a ſecret I durſt not reveal whilſt living.

Nar. Yes, I know now, that Mr. Andrew is not my father.

Blanch. Huſh!

Nar. Oh, my dear Governeſs! tell me. Some faint traces of what I think I was, hang like a ſweet dream upon my memory; I think I wasn't always with Mr. Andrew; and tho' I look'd upon him as my father, I never felt for him that reverence of affection—No, Mr. Andrew is a wicked man! Speak—are my real parents but honeſt people? if they are poor, I ſhan't be aſham'd of them—(*Weeps*) Oh, tell me!

Blanch. Amiable child! — From your little cloth s, (for I have 'em by me) your parents were of no mean condition: all I know, my love, is, that Andrew,

Andrew, the maſter of this houſe, ſtole you from Ireland when about four years old—brought you up as his own, giving you every accompliſhment, merely to render you a proper inſtrument for a grand ſcheme of his, which, it ſeems, is now ripe for execution.

Nar. In the power of ſuch a wretch!

Blanch. True, my dear—Scarce a town in France, or indeed, England or Ireland, that has not been the ſcene of his frauds and villainies, in all ſhapes and characters.

And. (*Without*) Narciſſa!—Blanch!

Blanch. He's here.

Enter ANDREW (*with an open letter*)

And. Ah, ha, my girl! call up all your graces—here's a noble huſband coming for you——Blanch, let's ſee how you'll trick her up—She's to be Lady Caroline, daughter to a Duke.

Nar. Lady!

Blanch. A Duke! ha, ha, ha! Lord Mr. Andrew! how?

And. None of your Mr. Andrews—I am to-day the Duke of Puſſendorff—but hold, you ſhall hear Jack Pickle's letter—Ha, ha, ha! my partner in many a ſucceſsful ſcheme. (*reads*) "Dear Andrew! I've hook'd at Liſle a noble "gudgeon, Lord Limavaddy, ſon to the Earl "of Glenmire, an Iriſh peer; he has bills on "Perigord's bank for eight thouſand pounds, "his allowance on his travels—I think your "Narciſſa may ſnap him—I've paſſed myſelf on "him for Count Frankenmaic, your nephew—"mind you call yourſelf (as we laſt determined) "Le Duc De Puſſendorff from Vienna—Let the

" houſe you've taken in Paris ſhew in ſplendour. " Your's, Jack Pickle."—Ah, ha! Eh Narciſſa, " what ſay you to be Lady Caroline Puffendorff?

Nar. Set me up as an impoſtor—the tool of ſuch a ſcandalous deception!

And. Eh! what then I ſuppoſe I'm not your father, and have no claim to your obedience?

Nar. Sir, when the commands of a father are contrary to the principles of honor and virtue, a ſuperior authority bids me diſobey him. Blanch, come with me to my room. [*Exeunt.*

And. There's a perverſe little devil—Why, you Narciſſa, huſſey! child!—ſhe'll fruſtrate all, —here, after my care of bringing her up, to put her off on ſome great man, merely to make my own fortune—all my expence in a faſhionable education—and now ſhe comes out with her virtue and honor—how did ſhe pick 'em up?—I had her taught muſic and dancing indeed—Impoſition! a fool! all the world's under a maſk and if noblemen turn gamblers, why not a gambler turn nobleman.—A Duke I will be—Hah! " here's a poſtcript. (*reads*) His Lordſhip and I " will be with you nearly as ſoon as my letter"—Eh, we muſt be quick—What are my worthy confederates at, idle with ſucceſs? We ſhou'd be keen at every prey that ſtarts—Ha, ha, ha! My confederates are ſtill Rogues of all nations! (*laughing without.*)

Enter CARTY, PICARD, PALM, COG, SANDY *and* SHUFFLE.

Oh lads, you ſhou'd have been ready for your ſeveral characters—What have you been about?

Carty.

Carty. (*with the brogue*) We've been about the table, and puſhing about the bottle.

And. Yes, but you ſhou'd keep your faculties bright, ſharp, we've a nice game to play—Hold, let's ſee—how's this I had appointed your ſeveral ſtations in my grace's houſehold? Ha, ha, ha! Peep is my Swiſs-porter at my gate—Picard, you're my French groom o'the Chambers—Cog, you're my Engliſh coachman with your fine fat ſtupid face—Sober Sandy, you're my Scotch Steward, and Carty, my Iriſh butler, with your jokes, brogue and purple noſe.

Carty. What's that?

And. We ſhall want a row of footmen in the hall—So firſt, on with your liveries.

Cart. Arrah, but ſtop a little; upon my ſoul Mr. Andrew, I don't underſtand your always clapping us into liveries, and making us butlers and footmen, and ſetting yourſelf up for a Duke or an Earl, or ſome great man or other—We attending upon you indeed! Andrew, who are you?—Set you up indeed with an O'Carty behind your chair!

Cog. Why yes, Maſter Andrew, I don't thinks as how its fair, as we all put in the ſame ſtock to carry on any ſcheme, that you ſhou'd get all the good living.

Carty. Living! are you a biſhop to be pamper'd up, while we like a congregation of curates do all the work?—I ſay boys, we ſhou'd all take the gentleman in turn.

All. Aye, certainly, all in turn.

And. A moment——Who looks the Duke? (*conceitedly*)

Sandy. (*in the Scotch dialect*) Yaw mean, wha's dreſs'd the Duke.

Cog.

Cog. Ave, fine feathers——

Carty. Feathers! Upon my honor, we're a flock of rooks led on by a jackdaw.

And. Oh, very well, gentlemen, I'll throw up the hand, and ev'ry man for himſelf. (*a loud knocking*) There's the young Lord—plague on your mutinying—to your poſts—fly!—

Enter PEEP.

Peep. Here's Jack Pickle and the Lord ſtepping out of their coach. (*the confederates run off haſtily*)

And. Yes, here comes our noble pidgeon.

Enter CORPORAL TODDY.

Who the devil's this! by heaven that vulgar reprobate my brother; if he knows me, I'm undone.

Toddy. Pleaſe your Grace——

And. He does'nt know me yet.

Toddy. Your Highneſs is a ſoldier's friend, and I'm yours. (*bows*)

And. To keep my face from him. (*turns to a looking-glaſs, as if adjuſting his dreſs*)

Toddy. He never dar'd face an enemy, that turns his back upon a friend. (*aſide*)

And. (*aſide*) The raſcal will expoſe me, and blow our whole plot.

Toddy. If your highneſs will but do yourſelf the honor to hear my gracious ſuit.

And. (*in the German dialect*) Vat? oh! my good fellow, retire, and I'll——

Toddy. I knew you wou'd—your wine is good, and ſo is yourſelf—I'll talk him over—oh, how wine

wine does oil the hinges of a man's tongue. (*aſide*) I've waited on your highneſs—I ſay, I'm come to—pleaſe your highneſs to aſk if—that is—I'm come to—Now, for the blood of me, I can't recollect what I came for. (*aſide*)

And. How ſhall I get him away—If my lord comes up—pray walk——

Toddy. Walk! eh, the ſhoes, that's it—that I was to buy for our regiment; aye, now for it. (*aſide*) Pleaſe your grace, the money I got to purchaſe 'em is——

And. Begone!

Toddy. All gone, and——

And. Walk down.

Toddy. I've got no ſhoes.

And. What, has the fellow come up here without ſhoes? my brother too? oh, diſgrace! (*aſide*)

Toddy. Tho' he's a duke, he might have the manners to look at me. (*aſide*) And ſince I've had the honor of being introduc'd to your highneſs's black bag. (*bows*)

Pickle. (*without*) His grace is here—this way, my lord.

And. (*aſide*) Ruin! how ſhall I get this fellow away!

Toddy Sure I know that face. (*looking in the glaſs over Andrew's ſhoulder*)

Pickle. (*without*) Picard, inform his grace——

And. Undone!

Toddy. (*comes round before Andrew*) 'Tis he! oh, Andrew—oh, my dear, dear brother. (*throws his arms about Andrew's neck*) Andy boy, I heard you were hang'd.

Enter

Enter PICKLE (*as* COUNT FRANKENMARC,) O'TOOL *as* LORD LIMAVADDY *and* CARTY.

Pickle. With your grace's permiſſion. I beg leave to introduce my friend, Lord Limavaddy.

O'Tool. Your grace's moſt devoted ſervant.

And. (*in the German dialect*) My lord, dis honor give me vaſt pleaſure.

Toddy. Pleaſure! oh, my dear brother! (*embraces Andrew*) I'm glad you are not hang'd. (*apart to him*)

Pickle. (*apart to Andrew*) What the devil's all this?

And. (*apart*) Be quiet——my lord (*to O'Tool*) I've been in de ſervice, and tho' radder a diſciplinarian on duty, yet off, I wiſh to gain de good vill of de men. Ha, ha, ha!

Toddy. What's that, brother?

And. Ha, ha, ha! True, brother ſoldier—we are all brothers, my lord. (*apart to Toddy*) ſtep down to the cellar and get dumb—drunk, you unlucky ſcoundrel!

Toddy. Brother, but where's the duke now?

And. Ha, ha, ha! True broder, de duke's loſt in de ſoldier.

O'Tool. Certainly, my lord, dignity can only be degraded by diſhonor, and I honor a ſoldier.

Toddy. Then a ſoldier honors you. (*ſhakes hands with O'Tool*) Andrew, you'll come and crack a flaſk with us below?

And. (*to Carty*) Take it to yourſelf, or I'm diſcover'd.

Toddy. Why don't you ſpeak? Will you come? (*to Andrew*)

Carty.

Carty. Yes, I'll come.

Toddy. You! wait 'till you're aſk'd; I ſpoke to my brother.

And. Ha, ha, ha! right, broder Soldier. Ha, ha, ha! (*winks at O'Toole*) A good recruiting agent this. We muſt keep ſuch neceſſary raſcals in humour.

Toddy. Andrew, give me your hand. (*holds out his hand to Andrew, Carty takes and ſhakes it*)

Carty. There, my dear boy.

Toddy. What's that for? I'll dear boy your head againſt the wall! very ready with your paw, little Trigedy.

Carty. Wasn't I to introduce you to the Claret?

Toddy. What's that, eh? your two paws—Claret! another thing, you're the honeſteſt—you'll come brother Andrew. [*Exit, with Carty.*

And. (*aſide*) What an eſcape!

Pickle. My Lord, (*to Andrew*) were I that fellow's colonel, I'd have him drum'd out, upon my honor.

And. A drunken ſcoundrel, but a deviliſh goot ſoldier, my Lord. My Lord, now give me leave to welcome you. (*they ſalute*) Make my houſe your own, ſend hither your baggage and domeſtics.

O'Toole. (*bows*) I fear that clown, my ſervant has loſt his way.

Haz. (*without in the Somerſetſhire dialect*) If this is the Duke of Puffendorff 's, I wants my maſter Lord Limavaddy.

Pickle: No, here comes poor Sap like a hound at fault—this way.

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. Lord, your Lordſhip, I thought I never ſhou'd had found you.

O'Toole. How did you loſe me?

Haz. Why, my Lordſhip, getting deown from behind the coach to buy a ballad of a buxom brown lass, that was twirling a ſtrum-ſtrum as nimble. (*mimics*)

O'Toole. Retire!

And. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my Lor! Engliſh character is a treat to me.—Vell, my honeſt fellow.

Haz. Thinking to ſkip up again on my perch —Whiſk! I ſaw the coach out of ſight—od-dang it, I was ſo frighten'd—an I run after 'till—bob! I came plump againſt a muff—there was a gentleman behind it tho'—ha, ha, ha!—I peeps over it, and ax'd him the way—up went his eyebrows—Lord-a-marcy—how he grinn'd; and I'll be hang'd, thof he had ruffles all here—if he cou'd ſpeak even common Engliſh, but here he went—rue the left—rue the right—ſo jabber'd—

O'Toole. Leave the room.

Haz. He did—'till flap—a coach-wheel takes him a tip o'the elbow and ſpun him round like a Tee-to-tum—He, he, he! down came Muff—and there he lay rue and rueful all over.

And. Ha, ha, ha! but come my Lor, permit me to preſent you to my daughter Caroline.

O'Toole Your grace does me much honor.

Haz. Muſn't I goa to that bankers for the two thouſand pounds?

O'Tool. Preſently.

And. (*apart to Pickle*) We'll lighten him of thoſe pounds.

Pickle.

Pickle. A well-fledg'd pidgeon, and we won't leave him a feather, (*apart*)

Enter PICARD.

Picard. My Lord Duke, here are your Flanderchen tenants to pay their rent.

And. Boors! to bring me monies now—my Steward—hey— [*Exit Picard.*

Enter PALM.

Palm. (*to Andrew*) My Lord, there's the Spaniſh, Bavarian, Swediſh and Ruſſian Ambaſſadors in the anti-chamber.

And. Deſe ambaſſadors be very troubleſome I hate buſineſs when I wiſh to enjoy my friend—My Lor, excuſe me a moment—Count, you and your couſin take care of his Lorſhip, I vill ſtep and apprize Narciſſa of your arrival—My Lor, your pardon for a moment.

[*Exeunt Andrew and Pickle ſeverally.*

O'Toole. Mr. Hazard!

Haz. (*in his natural manner*) Mr. O'Toole.

O'Tool. The Duke here certainly takes me for a Lord.

Haz. Aye, and you'll trap his daughter and her fortune.

O'Toole. I'm afraid I never ſhall be able to keep up the deception.

Haz. Why, what's the matter with you now?

O'Tool. I don't know, but I wiſh I had hit on ſome other method of retrieving my ſhatter'd fortune, than by impoſing on the hoſpitality of this generous nobleman—He's ſo free from the idea

of fraud himſelf, that he's above the ſuſpicion of it in another.

Haz. And have I brought you to the ground, and now you won't fight; oh, well, if you're ſo by the Lord, I'll whip into a fine coat, and have at the lady myſelf.

O'Toole. And here to abuſe the friendſhip with which his nephew the Count has honor'd me——

Haz. Ha, ha, ha! Well, tho' I now wear a livery, I was once as delicate as you, I was once a gentleman as well as yourſelf---ſpent as good a fortune too, but never was lucky enough to meet ſo able an adviſer as you have in your humble ſervant—No, poor I met with a raſcally valet, who, one morning went off and left me without a ſhirt but the one I ſlept in.

O'Toole. Beſide's here's my father's old friend Sir Ulick Liffydale in Paris, to whoſe daughter I was engag'd in our infancy, and if he ſhou'd hear of this.

Haz. What? you'd make one mad! Sir Ulick loſt his daughter, you've loſt your fortune, and if you redeem it by a match with the rich heireſs of this houſe, nobody will have cauſe to complain. Sir Ulick will ſee the ſon of an old friend do well without his help—the German Duke will have, tho' not a new Lord, ſome old royal Iriſh blood in his family—the young lady will have a young, handſome and accompliſh'd huſband, and, what's beſt of all, your gratitude will reward me with a comfortable competence; and in the chimney corner of life, after all my beating about, poor Has-been will ſit ſnug the remainder of his days—Mr. O'Toole you are, and ſhall be a Lord—Here comes the lady—A beauty 'pon my ſoul!—Now for it—ſtart amaz'd—

knee

on your knee—Look!—Sigh!—Talk!—Her money!---Oh that I was in your coat!

O'Toole. A lovely creature indeed!

Haz. That's the ſtring, touch it again---play up---It's to the tune of eighty thouſand pounds. (*changes to the clowniſh accent*) True, my Lordſhip, I'll leave the money in your room. Oh, the Grandees!---(*affects ſurpriſe and falls back*)

Enter ANDREW *and* NARCISSA.

And. My Lord, my daughter Caroline---(*apart to her*) Narciſſa ſmile, your fortune's made.

Nar. My Lord, accept my thanks for this honor---Is this the noble youth I muſt impoſe on? (*aſide*)

O'Toole. Madam, I am much beholden to your couſin the Count for this inexpreſſible happineſs. (*ſalutes her*) Can I deceive ſuch an angel? (*aſide*)

And. (*apart to Narciſſa*) Throw him an ogle.

Haz. (*apart to O'Toole*) Give her a kiſs. (*muſic without*)

And. My Lord, vill you pleaſe to ſtep to de next apartment, my daughter has a little concert, it may amuſe your Lordſhip. (*muſic*)

[*Exeunt Andrew, O'Toole and Narciſſa.*

Haz. (*in his natural voice*) Huzza! Victoria! ——Honeſty's fine talk when we've our fortune to make—an honorable fool!—I cou'd have broke his head; but I muſt ſpirit him up to it, 'till we touch the Duke's caſh---let's ſee, I've ſettl'd with O'Toole when he gets her fortune, to pay me three thouſand---Shall I throw it into buſineſs---buy a place, or---No, I'll purchaſe an annuity, ſnug. Ha, ha, ha!—What a happy thought—Eh! the Duke---I ſhou'd like to hear his private opinion

hion of my pupil---here the Count too---aye---he'll tell him---I'll liſten---(*gets under a table cover'd with green baize*) Oh, ſuch a pleaſure --us poor wits, to trick theſe rich dull blockheads!

Enter PICKLE.

Pickle. (*as entering*) Come hither Andrew.

Haz. (*under the table*) Now, who the devil's Andrew?

Enter ANDREW.

Pickle. Ha, ha, ha! Well, my boy, han't I hook'd the noble gudgeon compleatly.

And. Capital! Narciſſa has him, ha, ha, ha!

Pickle. And you act the German Duke like a complete raſcal.

Haz. (*aſide under the table*) Act the Duke!

And. And you, Pickle, ſham the Count admirably, ha, ha, ha!

Pickle. Andrew, you muſt be contented with his marrying Narciſſa, then you'll have him entirely in your own hands, therefore the eight thouſand he has at his banker's we muſt divide amongſt us.

And. I muſt have my ſhare of that for my trouble in taking this houſe, collecting, marſhalling, and keeping our lads together. But let's ſtrip him firſt, I've the dice loaded, and the cards mark'd ready.

Pickle. We wo'n't leave him a guinea, and he has Spa and Rome yet to viſit.

And. We'll let him win four or five hundred firſt to blood him, then turn the tables, and his thouſands tumble into our pockets. ha, ha, ha!

Pickle. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

Enter CARTY.

Carty. Oh, then you two gags, what are you both got grinning about here? There's my Lord aſking for your Grace, and your Countſhip. Do you know, that becauſe he's my countryman, it goes almoſt againſt my conſcience to cheat him; but which of you do him up at the cards? Andrew, I think you're beſt at the ſlip.

And. I can't; his Lordſhip ſeems a curs'd able young fellow, and ſince I put my thumb out, I'm afraid to venture to do any one, except a friend, or ſome particular acquaintance. Is ſupper ready?

Carty. It is ready; but I deſire you don't ſup in your old ſtile, leave us ſome of the pheaſants, and let me have ſome Burgundy for your brother, the drunken corporal; Peep has got him out in the porter's lodge.

And. Come, but firſt—(*throws himſelf into the Duke's character*) Eh, aye, there is the ducal maſk upon my face. I am the Duke Puffencorff, you my nephew Count Frankenmarc.

[*Exit, ſtately. Pickle and Carty follow.*

Hax (*looking from under the table, whiſtles*) So, ſo this is my ſnug chimney-corner for life? (*riſes*) I thought we roſe early this morning, but I find other people were up before us—well, well, well! Why, this is the battle of the rooks, and the longeſt claw for it. Here's a Duke Puffendorff for my Lord Limavaddy! Then whiſt is the game, and tho' honors are divided, the odd trick wins the rubber. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Audience Chamber in the COMMISSAIRE'S.

COMMISSAIRE *and* OFFICERS *diſcover'd, ſeated at a table.*

COMMISSAIRE.

AND why don't you introduce him——

SIR ULICK LIFFYDALE, (*entering*)

Sir U. Faith, and I'll introduce myſelf.

Com. And who is yourſelf, hah?

Sir U. Sir Ulick Liffydale, of Kinegad in the kingdom of Ireland.

Com. Sir, I aſk you a thouſand pardons. (*riſes*)

Sir U. Monſieur Commiſſaire, I look on your office here, to be much the ſame as the Bow-ſtreet office in London; and I'm come over to France in ſearch of a daughter that was ſtole from me fifteen years ago in Ireland; I'm told the kidnapping thief that took her, is in Paris, and

and if you find him for me, I'll give you five hundred of as rough guineas as ever ſkaited on Latouché's compter.

Com. Sir, in the Police of Paris, Juſtice does not carry her ſcales to weigh gold—you're a ſtranger—do me the honor to dine with me, and in the evening I think I've a clue that may lead to the very offender you mean.

Sir U. Then upon my honor I will dine with you—that is, you ſhall eat a bit of mutton with me, over at my Hotel, becauſe I've aſk'd ſome friends.

Com. Sir, I'll do myſelf the honor to attend you. Le Plume, if any cauſes, ſend 'em over to me, I'll hear 'em there: it may amuſe you, Sir Ulick, and give you ſome idea of what ſort of people we Pariſians are—But come, my clerk ſhall take your information—Leonard, have a file of muſqueteers ready. I think, Sir, we ſhall find your man; aye, aye—come, clerk, have thoſe hand-bills diſtributed: I long to ſpread the nets over Mr. Andrew and his covey.

Officer. The way there, for Monſieur Le Commiſſaire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ANDREW'S *Houſe.*

Enter ANDREW *and* PICKLE.

And. I think Narciſſa has him.

Pickle. Yes; but by Heav'n, all's up, if you don't

don't get that drunken ſcoundrel, your brother, out of the houſe—he's been tipling and roaring, and if my Lord comes in his way—

Toddy. (*Without*) Holloa, Brother Andrew!

Pick. D'ye hear him?

And. Huſh! Some ſoldiers have been ſent from Bruſſels, to apprehend him for the regimental money he has made away with—I'll wheedle him out, and as he's muddled you may eaſily put him into their hands—Stop for him in the ſtreet.

[*Exit Pickle.*

Enter CORPORAL TODDY.

And. What, you are not going?

Toddy. (*Loud*) No.

And. (*in an under tone*) If you'll only go, I'll give you—any thing.

Toddy. I take any thing from your betters—but you give me ten guineas.

And. I've given you a bill for twenty already.

Toddy. So you did—give me thirty guineas.

And. Curſe the fellow!—there's five to get rid of you. (*Gives him money, which he puts into his coat pocket*) Now will you go?

Toddy. I will—And ſo this Lord is to marry the girl you ſtole from her parents—ha, ha, ha! and he thinks you're a Duke!

And. (*aſide*) Peep muſt have blab'd this.

Toddy. Ha, ha, ha! My brother a Duke!

And. For heaven's ſake don't call me brother.

Toddy. Why, wou'd you have me call you ſiſter?—I tell you what Andrew—

And. Yes, I ſhall be blown—if Narciſſa was but

but married—(*aſide*)—Will you go before his Lordſhip riſes?

Toddy. Well, I will—(*going, returns*)—but I ſhou'd like to have a little converſation with a Lord—talk politics.

And. Do you wiſh to expoſe and ruin me?

Toddy. I don't, Andrew.

And. I beſeech you, don't call me Andrew.

Toddy. I won't Andrew, is this your own coat you've on?

And. Yes.

Toddy. Did you pay the taylor? (*Bell rings*)

And. My Lord's bell!

Toddy. (*Loud*) Coming up, Sir!

And. The Devil! D'ye think you're in an alehouſe?

Toddy. I wiſh I was.

And. Huſh! this way—

Toddy. Not a word—I'm with you—(*Going*)

And. (*Softly*) My dear fellow!

Toddy. Are you ſure my Lord is in the next room?

And. Certain—and I wou'dn't wiſh for fifty pounds he heard you.

Toddy. Oh, ho! (*aſide*) then I'll only ſay one word more. (*In an under tone*) I'm now in Paris, an't I?

And. Yes, I wiſh you were at the devil. (*aſide*)

Toddy. If you don't this moment lay fifty guineas here, I'll roar out Andrew, that they may hear me at St. Andrew's Holborn.

And. Huſh! I've no more caſh, but there's a note on Perigord's bank for fifty.

Tod. Eh! (*Reads*) "On demand pay"—very well—(*Puts it in a pocket-book in his coat pocket*) Thank ye.

And. Adieu, my dear brother.

Toddy. Call me brother, and I'll knock you down, you raſcal—(*Sings*)

" Some are Lords, and ſome are Dukes, merry be the firſt
" of Auguſt."

[*Exit.*

And. Thank Heaven, he's provided for—Hey—yonder's my Lord and Narciſſa—ſee if ſhe don't turn away from him. Yes, with her ridiculous honor and virtue, ſhe'll overſet the whole marriage vehicle—I muſt in time take care of myſelf—If my Lord's room is open, I'll—or even lock'd, I can—here comes the clod, his ſervant.

Enter HAZARD, (*with a bag.*)

(*In the German accent*) Who are—Oh, aye, you are my Lor Limavaddy's Valet.

Haz. Yes, an pleaſe your Grace—ſince my maſter—my Lord, I mean, left his Valet at Liſle, he has promoted I—Ha, ha, ha!

And. You are a careful man.

Haz. Oh, yez, yez, I be's mortiſh careful—all this money I've been getting at bank, and I'll lay it by careful enough 'till I tell it over to him. (*touching his coat pocket*)

And. Yes, yes—be a good lad—

[*Exit.*

Haz. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, your graceleſs Grace, and yet O'Toole ſcruples to cheat this honeſt Duke—I'm right not to let him know that they're impoſtors as well as ourſelves, for now his reſpect for this raſcal is natural—But, ha, ha, ha! he's fell really in love with their ſham Lady Caroline—

Caroline---Here's the fellow I thought I knew laſt night---Carty they call him: Eh! by heaven it is Peter, the very ſervant that ran away and robb'd me.---He one of the gang too!---Yes, its all a confederacy!

Enter CARTY.

Carty. (*in his own voice, aſide*) This Lord Limavaddy's ſervant has the very features of my old maſter, Mr. Hazard!

Haz. Yes it is Peter?

Carty. Reduced to a livery—can't be—yet, as I've known footmen ſtepping into their coaches, why not a gentleman be obliged to ſtep up behind one. (*aſide*)

Haz. Seems conſidering—I hope he forgets me. (*aſide*)

Carty. (*aſide*) If he recollects me, I'm in a hopeful way, for the clothes I ſtole from him.

Haz. (*aſide*) If I cou'd get a nearer view of his face without diſcovering my own.

Carty (*aſide*) The height and ſhape, but I don't think the features. (*eyeing each other aſkance, and approaching by degrees*) Here goes at a venture. (*Slaps Hazard on the ſhoulder, and ſpeaks with the brogue*) My honeſt fellow, arrah, you haven't had no coffee.

Haz. Noa, noa, zur; I didn't think it was the cuſtom in France to give coffee to ſervants.

Carty. (*aſide*) No, it's not he.

Haz. (*aſide*) Yes, 'tis my friend Peter.

Carty. (*aſide*) And yet—I h—I'll found him—Faith, my boy, and I think I've ſeen your face ſomewhere.

Haz.

Haz. Noa, zur,—I never was there in all my life.

Carty. A pretty ſort of an anſwer—I'll try again. (*aſide*) Did you ever ſee my face?

Haz. Yez, zur, zure.

Carty. When?

Haz. Juſt now.

Carty. Where?

Haz. There (*points to his face*)

Carty. (*aſide*) The very tone of his voice, and he may ſham the dialect.

Haz. (*aſide*) Yes, he's in doubt, but I muſt not own myſelf.

Carty. (*aſide*) If 'tis he! now to draw him out—Hearkee—a word—(*in a low tone*) the honeſteſt of us all may have a reaſon to put on a diſguiſe, but you needn't be afraid of me.

Haz. Afraid of you—why zure you're not Iriſh Ryan the boxer?

Carty. (*aſide*) Cloſe yet; but if he's really in neceſſity, I'll throw out a bait——You're the very picture of a dear friend I had once—paid as much attention to him, aye, as one cou'd to a maſter; but having a quarrel with a ſaucy chap, I gave him ſuch a beating, I thought I had kill'd him; ſo faith, I was obliged to make off in ſuch a hurry, that in my confuſion I pack'd up my clothes in a portmantel, and carried 'em off with my own—Now an't you he?

Haz. Me!—not I—I never---

Carty. Come, own yourſelf to be he, and I'll make good every ſhillings worth I took from you this moment.

Haz. Will you?---Eh, now I recollect, I am he---Ha, ha, ha!

Carty

Carty. (*aſide*) Eh! no, it's not, I was wrong. ---I find you wou'd be a knave, if you knew how.

Haz. Noa, indeed, zur, I'm as honeſt——

Carty. If it ſhould after all.—Well, pray what clothes were in the Portmantel?

Haz. La! zure you know—

Carty. Come, tell us.

Haz. Clothes, there were either coat, waiſt-coat, breeches, ſhirts, ſhoes, or ſtockings, I'll take my oath on it.

Carty. (*aſide*) I never was ſo puzzled.—Well, what's my name?

Haz. There now if the man don't ax me his own name!

Carty. (*aſide*) Deviliſh like! but—no—it's not he—ha, hâ, ha! I was joking all this while only to try you. My Lord Duke's very particular, and we've ſo much plate about, we're cautious of ſtrange ſervants.

Haz. Then if I wa'n't an honeſt ſervant, my Lord wou'd ſcarce a' truſted me with two thouſand pounds, I've here brought from his banker.

Carty. Two thouſand pounds!

Haz. Yez, here 'tis. (*ſhews a ſeal'd canvas bag*)

Carty. You ſilly dog! Run, go lock it up in your Lord's room.

Haz. Yez, yez.

Carty. Put it in the little cupboard in the 'ſcrutoire, then lock that, and the door and keep both the keys in your pocket.

Haz. I will, Zur. La! what a fine thing it is to live in ſuch an honeſt houſe!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

O'TOOLE's *Apartment at* ANDREW's.

Enter CORPORAL TODDY.

Toddy. Ha, ha, ha! Brother Andrew ſaw me ſafe out, but I ſaw myſelf ſafe in again. Now, with the notes he has given me, if I cou'd only ſteal here as much to ſell, as wou'd buy the ſhoes for our regiment, I cou'd go back to Bruſſels, and perform my contract with honor. Eh, neat ſtockings—(*Takes them*) A hat upon a peg, and a gentleman's head in the room! (*Takes the hat down*) Swords were made for ſoldiers—Piſtols to go off. A watch! ſhake hands—(*Takes it*)—Eh —Some pretty clothes yonder—

(*Goes into a cloſet*)

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. Aye, the 'ſcrutoire—(*goes over to it*) lye thou there our two thouſand (*places the bag in the bureau*) Ha, ha, ha! Yes, with hopes of this, and what they think we've at the bankers, the raſcals let O'Toole win four hundred laſt night to encourage him—but I was on the watch, and ſoon as they ſlip'd in their loaded dice—Oh, not a throw wou'd I let him take after—Ha, ha, ha! As we're in this very honeſt houſe, I'll ſecure the door. [*Exit locking the door.*

Enter CARTY, (*from a ſecret door in the Wainſcot*).

Carty. (*in an under tone*) Ha, ha, ha! There goes careful—a fooliſh dog! never thought that a room

room may have more doors than one; but Andrew himſelf don't know of this, which I diſcover'd on our firſt coming to the houſe, and which I'll not diſcover to one in the houſe. Now for the two thouſand. (*opens the Bureau takes out the bag*) Let's ſee, any more of the Lords moveables here. (*lays the bag on the table and returns to the Bureau*)

Re-enter CORPORAL TODDY *from the cloſet*, (*in a ſuit of O'Toole's*).

Confuſion! My Lord himſelf. (*conceals himſelf*)

Toddy. (*aſide*) Two thouſand! (*takes the bag off the table*) "More doors than one to a room."

[*goes to the door in the wainſcoat and exit.*

Carty. Sure my Lord doesn't begin to ſuſpect us —he muſt have thought his money was not ſafe here, and now is gone, I dare ſay to lodge it again at his bankers.—Curſt unlucky!

(*The room door is unlocked*)

Enter ANDREW.

And. (*in an under tone*) Ha, ha, ha! not one of my aſſociates ſuſpects that I as maſter, have a maſter-key to every door in this houſe. (*ſeeing Carty*) Oh, oh! before-hand with me. (*aſide*) How did you get in here, when I found the door lock'd? (*angrily*)

Carty. And how did you get in, and the key in Sap's pocket?

And. What brought you?

Carty. I had two thouſand reaſons for coming, what brought you.

And. Two thouſand more, ha, ha, ha! we divide.

Haz. (*without*) The door open, how's this?

Re-enter HAZARD.

My mind miſgives me. (*goes to the Bureau*) Yes 'tis gone. Oh, oh! the bag of money's gone!

And. (*aſide*) Hey!

Carty. Your Lord took it.

Haz. Then we're ſafe.—But I'll ſeem not to believe it to ſet theſe fellows by the ears. (*aſide*)

Enter O'TOOLE.

O'Toole. Come, I want to dreſs.

Haz. My Lord, did you take the money I left here? Deny it. (*apart*)

O'Toole. What money?

Haz. That's right. (*apart*) It's gone! murder'd! undone! oh, now I ſee why yow deſir'd me to leave it there, for you to take it. (*to Carty*) Oh, ho! (*affects to cry*)

And. What is de matter, mi Lor?

O'Toole. I proteſt your Grace, I don't know. What are you at here? (*to Hazard*)

Haz. My Lord, that knave has ſtole your two thouſand pounds.

Carty. Why, you blockhead, I myſelf ſaw my Lord there come out of the cloſet, and take it off that table.

Haz. Table! and I lock'd it up in that Bureau.

O'Toole. (*ſurpris'd*) Saw me, friend!

Carty. How, or when you chang'd your coat ſince, I don't know; but take the bag, you certainly did, my Lord, off that table.

And.

And. (*apart to Carty*) Oh, I ſee how 'tis—you'll ſhare it?

Carty. Why, the devil a ſixpence of it I have!

And. (*apart*) You won't! (*calling*) Ho! ha! where are all my ſervants?

Enter ſeveral Confederates dreſsed as Servants.

Take that knave, keep him in cuſtody 'till I ſend for the Archers.

O'Toole. Nay, your Grace.

And. Will you give me half? (*apart to Carty*)

Carty. 'Pon my ſoul, I haven't it. (*apart to him*)

And. Take him away.

Carty. (*apart to Andrew*) I'll diſcover on you.

And. Away with him. (*they are dragging him off*)

Carty. I'll blow your Grace——

And. De villain will blow my brains off, away vid him.

Carty. My Lord, his Grace is only——

And. Take him along.

Carty. Andrew! Andrew!

And. Aye, hold him faſt, Andrew, never mind his bawling. (*They drag him off.*)
Ah, my Lord, pardon me! a Rogue, rob a gueſt in my houſe!—when I wanted to rob him myſelf.

[*Aſide and Exit.*

Haz. Hang him your Grace—Ha, ha, ha! If this fellow ev'n does know me, a good opportunity this of getting him out of the way—Ha, ha, ha! Some revenge, too, for his robbing me when his lawful maſter.

O'Toole. I can't conceive what's all this you've

been at here—come, my clothes, I want to dreſs.

Haz. I'm glad you remov'd the bag out of their way—but how did you break open the bureau?

O'Toole. Why the fellow thinks of nothing but robbing bags, and breaking open bureaus! By Heaven, you'll bring yourſelf and me to the galleys—My clothes! Quick.

Haz. Very well. [*Goes into the cloſet.*

O'Toole. I repent heartily, I ſuffer'd this unprincipled fellow to lead me on ſo far in this dangerous plan of his—

Re-enter HAZARD, *with* CORPORAL TODDY'S *Coat.*

Haz. Here's a transformation! Hey—(*takes the money and book out of the pocket, with the bill which Andrew had given Corporal Toddy*) (*Reading*) "Pay bearer fifty pounds—on demand"—Sir, excuſe me a moment. (*going*)

O'Toole. Where are you going?

Haz. Only to my banker's, Monſieur Perigord's—Receiving money is curſed troubleſome; but to us men of buſineſs—hem—we—fifty pounds! on demand. [*Exit.*

O'Toole. Yes, this buſy little raſcal won't ſtop 'till he gets me into the hands of the police—I can ſcarce look the injured nobleman in the face without viſible embarraſſment; yet his charming daughter cannot read villain in my guilty countenance—To wrong ſuch innocence, I ſhou'd be the worſt of villains. Yonder's her governeſs—Yes, I'll throw myſelf at Lady Caroline's feet, confeſs my infamous deſign upon her fortune, and bid her adieu for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in a Tavern.

Enter two GERMAN SOLDIERS, SERJEANT, *and* LANDLORD.

Serjeant. And this is the houſe he uſed to frequent?

Land. Yes—but Corporal Toddy's not here now indeed, Sir—Coming, Sir! [*Exit.*

1ſt *Soldier.* I warrant, he han't as much left as will give us a bottle.

Serjeant. Yes, we muſt bring him back in irons.

2d *Soldier.* We muſt catch him firſt.

Toddy. (*Without*) To be ſure I am.

Serjeant. Here he is—To your arms—Screw on your bayonets, and get the hand-cuffs ready.

Toddy. (*Without*) A bottle, you raſcal! bring up ſix bottles.

Serjeant. Six bottles! never mind the hand-cuffs—Stand cloſe. [*They retire.*

Enter CORPORAL TODDY, *with two or three coats, waiſtcoats, ſhirts, hats, &c. on, one over the other.*

Toddy. Ha, ha, ha! I had a glorious hawl of fiſh came to my net—Rolling round my brother's houſe, I gather'd like a ſnow-ball, and now I peel like an onion. (*Takes them off.*)

Serjeant. (*advancing*) Corporal, you're my priſoner.

Toddy. Me a priſoner, ha, ha, ha!

Serjeant. We've orders to take you back to Bruſſels

Bruſſels for defrauding the Emperor of the money committed to your charge.

Toddy. Oh, to buy the ſhoes! bleſs his Imperial pate! but I'm able to ſhoe his whole army, horſes and all.—Only ſee—han't a guinea here perhaps—(*ironically*) two thouſand Louis d'Ors tho'. (*ſhews the bag*)

Serjeant. Lads, didn't I always ſay Corporal Toddy was an honeſt man, and an honor to the cloth, and that he'd ſhare the laſt florin with a comrade?

Toddy. Share! not a guinea do you get here; I'll give you wine you dogs—peep out and ſing, my little goldfinches. (*empties the bag on the table, diſcovering it filled with counters, button tops, &c.*)

Serjeant. Why, your goldfinches are chang'd into rooks.

Toddy. (*diſmay'd and aſtoniſh'd*) Yes, I got them in a rookery—oh dear! not worth a bribe.

Serjeant. (*fiercely*) Come.

Toddy. Hold! the bank note Andrew gave me—oh, my unlucky fate! forgot it in my own coat—oh!——

Serjeant. None of your ſhuffling—you muſt come directly—on with the hand-cuffs, and play up the Rogue's March, (*They form round him, and are going*)

Enter COMMISSAIRE, BANKER, SIR ULICK LIFFYDALE, *and* OFFICER (*with* HAZARD *in cuſtody.*)

Com. (*ſpeaks as entering*) Walk this way.

Bank. Bring him along—Yes, Mr. Commiſſaire, here's the bill I ſtop'd at our bank—oblige this fellow to confeſs how he came by it.

Haz.

Haz. Oh, my lord juſtice! I found it in a ſoldier's pocket.

Toddy. Eh, you rogue! pick a ſoldier's pocket? o—If it ſhould be mine.—(*aſide*) Let's ſee it, (*takes it from the banker*) 'tis my very note—huzza! ſerjeant, its for fifty pounds; let me go, and you ſhall have it all—not a word—there keep it. (*apart, gives it to the Serjeant*)

Bank. But he muſt'n't keep it—I muſt keep it to produce it on the trial.

Toddy. Pſhaw man! there'll be no trial now: will there ſerjeant?

Bank. (*paſſionately*) But I demand!——

Toddy. To be ſure its on demand. Be quiet, man! I tell you the little difference between me and the Emperor is ſo made up—I don't go to Bruſſels now, do I ſerjeant?

Bank. I don't care where the devil you go to, or who you are, but that fellow ſhall be hang'd. (*to Hazard*)

Toddy. He!—oh, true—he ſhou'd—aye, aye, —and Mr. What d'ye-call-um, I'm obliged to you for ſtopping the note, for it's mine, isn't it ſerjeant?

Bank. Lay hold on that fellow then; the bill is forg'd.

Toddy. Forg'd! oh, its not mine.

Haz. It muſt, for the coat I took it from muſt have been his, that on him I'll ſwear belongs to my maſter, Lord Limavaddy.

Toddy. Oh, then perhaps this money belongs to your maſter Lord Limavaddy. (*Mimicing and pointing to the ruffles on the table*)

Com. Lord Limavaddy alias O'Toole—But where did you get this forg'd note?

Toddy. From Andrew.

Com.

Com. Who is Andrew?

Toddy. My brother, Sir, but he's a duke now and then.

Com. I've that name on informations for numberleſs frauds. Confeſs what you know of this Andrew.

Toddy. Betray my brother!

Serjeant. Why, 'twas this brother that betray'd you to us.

Toddy. Indeed! and here wanted to get me hang'd, by giving me a forg'd note—why he's a rogue, double refin'd—now, how wou'd he like if I was to tell you, Mr. Juſtice, that he paſs'd himſelf for a duke upon a raw boy of a lord?

Haz. That's my maſter, we are both raw young boys.

Com. Well!

Toddy. And his taking him in to marry a girl he ſtole from her parents?

Sir U. Stole from her parents! Eh, what's this? If it ſhou'd be my child. (*to Commiſſaire*) Sir, I requeſt you will take his depoſition.

Bank. Yes, but I muſt have juſtice for the forgery.

Com. You ſhall;—I anſwer for the appearance of theſe culprits—their evidence will be material againſt this villain Andrew.

Enter OFFICERS, *with* CARTY.

Officer. Here, Sir, is a fellow deſires to be brought before you.

Toddy. What, little Trigedy! one of Andrew's corps, Ha, ha, ha!

Officer. We caught him forcing his way out of—

Carty.

Carty. Sir, I was falſely accus'd, that's the truth on't, and my maſter, locking me up in the wine-cellar——

Toddy. Forc'd your way out of a wine-cellar! I always took you for a ſneaking ſcoundrel.

Com. But for what were you confin'd?

Carty. Eh Lord, he ſaid I ſtole a bag with two thouſand—(*ſees the bag on the table, and the clothes on Corporal Toddy*)—Eh! yes, it muſt, ha, ha, ha! two thouſand! all of us running after the hare, and this is the cat we were hunting, ha, ha, ha! why it is—(*looks at Hazard*)—it certainly is my old maſter Hazard! Oh, I ſee it, ha, ha, ha! Sing Tantara-rara Rogues All.—The poor Corporal too hand-cuff'd, ha, ha, ha!

Toddy. And if I waſn't, you ſhou'd be head-cuff'd, ha, ha, ha!

Com. Look to that facetious Lacquey.

Enter WAITER (*with a cooper of wine*)

Waiter. Six bottles of wine for Corporal Toddy.

Toddy. (*ſings*) Then merry be the firſt of Auguſt.

Com. Take 'em away.

Toddy. Go, and leave my liquor behind me! then I ſhall be hang'd for certain—

Serjeant. (*to his men*) Secure this wine, and take care of your priſoner.

Toddy. Let me ſecure the wine, and I'll take care of the priſoner.—Oh Sir! (*to Commiſſaire*) One bottle wou'd give you ſuch a clear view of this affair, and two bottles wou'd make you ſee double——

Sir U. See double!—Juſtice ſhou'd be blind.

Toddy. She ſhou'd be blind drunk.

Com. A room there. (*calling off*)

Toddy. A room and a bottle, don't you hear the juſtice? Strike up, "Merry be the firſt of "Auguſt."

Com. Look to the priſoners. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V; *and laſt.*

ANDREW'S *Houſe.*

Enter ANDREW *and* PICKLE.

And. An advertizement from the Police!—Then we muſt take the ſhorteſt cut to Lord Limavaddy's eight thouſand, ſtrike our tents and decamp.

Pickle. Lord Limavaddy! Ha, ha, ha! only look at the advertizement. (*gives it*)

And (*reads*) "Caution to the public—Notorious cheats—Andrew, alias Duke Puffendorff "and-- --Eh, what's this?---one O'Toole, who "at Liſle paſs'd himſelf for Lord Limavaddy."—O, death! have we been pluck'd by our own pidgeons?—I let him win my four hundred pounds, but by heaven he ſhall refund, or I'll—

Pickle. Huſh!——Yonder's Narciſſa——I've thought of a method to frighten him out of it, this way, ſoft. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter NARCISSA *and* BLANCH.

Blanch. My dear Narciſſa, I indeed concur in your reſolution, not to be an accomplice in Mr. Andrew's impoſition on this young Lord.

Nar. Did you tell him I wiſhed to have a moments interview with him?

Blanch I did, and his Lordſhip had before as earneſtly deſired a conference with you—Here he is. [*Exit*

Nar. How I tremble!—I deſpiſe myſelf for appearing what I am not—yet muſt meet his contempt by diſcloſing what I am.

Enter O'TOOLE.

O'Toole. (*embarraſſed*) Lady Caroline!

Nar. (*confuſed*) My Lord!—How ſhall I tell him? (*aſide*)

O'Toole. When I reveal myſelf, how deſpicable muſt I appear; but I'm determin'd. *aſide*) It is fix'd——Madam, that we are to be united.

Nar. (*ſighs*) My Lord!

O'Toole. My happineſs then is your ſorrow?

Nar. Wou'd our union promote your happineſs?

O'Toole. My bliſs, did not I fear that future remorſe muſt embitter my felicity.

Nar. Then, Sir, I muſt own—you were the firſt offer my heart approv'd; and when one loves, deceit is perfidy!

O'Toole. (*aſide*) Deceit! She already knows I'm an impoſtor—Doubtleſs, Madam, 'tis time now to lay aſide the maſk.

Nar.

Nar. (*aſide*) Maſk! then he has diſcover'd who I am! Indeed the impoſition has been carried too far.

O'Toole. It has; but—Ah, Madam, 'twas that villain, Hazard, that plan'd and conducted the whole ſcheme.

Nar. You miſtake, 'twas Andrew.

O'Toole. Andrew! I never knew Hazard by that name.

Nar. Oh, he has gone by fifty names.

O'Toole. Who do you mean, Madam?

Nar. 'Twas he that ſtole me from my parents.

O'Toole. Indeed!—Who, Hazard?

Nar. No; Andrew, the Duke de Puffendorff, as he calls himſelf.

O'Toole. Hah!

Nar. Oh, my Lord! reſcue me from this villain—tho' unworthy of your love, look on me as a helpleſs orphan, the object of your pity; your countenance ſpeaks a heart ſenſible to the tear of ſorrow; you are my only hope; on my knees I implore you, don't—don't abandon me. (*Kneels and weeps*)

O'Toole. Riſe, Madam; you ſee before you a wretched adventurer not worth a ſhilling—Your generous confeſſion renders you dearer to my heart than if really the daughter of a King, with millions to your portion.

Enter ANDREW, (*as Duke*), PICKLE, (*as Commiſſaire*) *and confederates*, (*habited as Muſketeers.*)

And. Mr. Commiſſaire, there's your priſoner, Mr. O'Toole—a raſcally ſharper, who, under the

the falſe title of Lord Limavaddy, wou'd have robb'd me of my daughter.

Nar. Oh, heavens!

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. My Lord—may I——

And. Secure that ſcoundrel! He's an accomplice.

Haz. Oh, mercy! (*He is ſeized*)

And. Me! Mercy, you villain!

Haz. Releaſe my Lord—No? Then for the ſignal—(*Stamps*)

Enter COMMISSAIRE, SIR ULICK, CORPORAL TODDY, BLANCH, *and Muſqueteers.*

Com. (*Speaks as ent'ring*) Guard the doors! Hah, Mr. Andrew—I've long wiſh'd for this meeting—and Mr. Pickle, my worthy repreſentative! ſecure them all. (*they are ſurrounded by Muſqueteers*)

And. But I hope, my Lord, your mercy will—

Haz. "Mercy to you, you villain!"

Sir U. Yes, it muſt be my daughter—every circumſtance agrees—her clothes deliver'd to me by this gentlewoman——(*To Blanch*) her likeneſs to her dear mother—ſhe is---my child! (*Embraces Narciſſa*)

Nar. And have I a parent that I don't bluſh to own?

Sir U. Ha, ha, ha! And ſo, O'Toole, you were the Lord---Ha, ha, ha! Your Counſellor, Hazard, here, has told us all, and indeed taken, (as he ſhou'd) the blame upon himſelf.

O'Toole. And, Sir Ulick, is't poſſible this ſhou'd be

be the bleſſing deſign'd for me in my infancy? (*to Narciſſa*)

And Since you are her real father, Sir, I hope, as I reſtore her to you innocent and accompliſh'd---

Toddy. Stop, Andy, I'm the elder, tho' you're the greater rogue. Sir, (*to Sir Ulick*) as you owe your daughter to my---honeſty, pray bid the Engliſh Ambaſſador command the Emperor to talk no more about my not buying ſhoes.

Sir U. Ha, ha, ha! You've been "Rogues "All," but I hope our Duke and Lord here, in future, will think the nobleſt title is "An honeſt Man."

THE END.

THE

BIRTH DAY;

OR,

THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.*

IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED ON THE FRENCH.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

AUGUST 12th, 1783.

THE MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

* This Piece was written in honor of His Royal Highneſs, the Prince of Wales's attaining his one-and-twentieth year.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I conſider the inſignificancy of this trifle, I am ſurprized at my own temerity; my reaſon would have recoiled, and left nothing but my preſumption to attend it to your Royal feet, had not your gracious condeſcention in permitting it to approach you, encouraged me in the laudable attempt to celebrate (though by humble means) an æra auſpicious, great, and glorious. The guardian genius of Britain having placed a BRUNSWICK on the throne, ſaw, and ſelf-approving, ſmiled upon her work. And Victory, when determined to beſtow her richeſt wreaths of laurel upon Britiſh valour, to perpetuate her bounty, wiſely choſe that point of time which ſhe foreſaw muſt be the darling theme of future ages, the period that gave birth to the PRINCE OF WALES.

The combination of momentous circumſta ce conducive to the advantage of England, attending your Royal Highneſs's dawn of life, promiſed a zenith of glory; and the ſhining qualities of your youth juſtify our hopes, and give an ample ſati faction to our expectations. As you were the early bleſſing, ſo will you prove the latter comfort of your Royal Parents, the atron of ſcience, the promoter of virtue, the delight and joy of a happy people, whoſe affection, reſpect, a admiration may you ever poſſeſs, as you do thoſe of your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt humble,

Dutiful and truly

Devoted ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON,
AUGUST 26, 1783.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Prince of Arragon, ... Mr. PALMER.
Don Leopold, ... Mr. WILSON.
Don Frederick, ... Mr. WILLIAMSON.

Seraphina, ... Mrs. BANNISTER.
Florina, ... Miſs GEORGE.

Servants, Attendants, &c. &c.

SCENE, *Don Leopold's Caſtle, near Saragoſſa.*

THE

BIRTH DAY;

OR,

THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in DON LEOPOLD'S *Caſtle.*

Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON *and* FREDERICK.

PRINCE.

SO! at laſt we are arrived at Don Leopold's caſtle.

Fred. Thank Heaven! for ſince we turn'd our horſes heads from the palace of Saragoſa, my Prince has not till this moment honour'd his faithful Frederick with a ſingle word.

Prince. I imagined my dear Frederick, that you wiſh'd to ſee me in love.

Fred.

Fred. Without doubt—the darling of your Royal parents, the idol of the people; the blooming hope of every friend to his country, and the impending terror of her foes, adorn'd with every grace of nature, ſhining in each accompliſhment with all the glowing ſpirit of a hero, ready to burſt into action, I ſaw you in the midſt of a brilliant court, ſurrounded with pleaſure, but a ſtranger to happineſs.

Prince. 'Tis true, Frederick: I was amus'd, but never pleas'd.

Fred. I ſaw it. I dar'd, impell'd by duty, to pry into your thoughts, and from the ſtate of your heart, this languor, this apathy, this reſtleſs, joyleſs inquietude, I plainly ſaw that in the midſt of ſplendor, love was wanting to make you happy.

Prince. Ah, Frederick; but if this love, which you imagine ſo eſſential to my happineſs, ſhould plunge me into unutterable woe, and render me for ever miſerable!

Fred. Love make a Prince miſerable! Impoſſible.

Prince. Why not a Prince as well as another man?

Fred. Heir to the Crown of Arragon, who has only to aſk and obtain, to wiſh and be happy!

Prince. Ay, Frederick; but I wou'd have the fair one love me, not as the Heir of Arragon: I would owe nothing to the dignity of my ſtation.

Fred. Well, Sir, fortune has arrang'd each circumſtance of your adventure here to the full extent of your wiſhes. Chance throws into your hands a Lady's picture; the features are juſt what your fancy imagines to be the moſt beautiful in the world; and for ſeven or eight days, by your

your orders, I ſearch'd the court, the city, the country, for the charming original: my endeavours proved fruitleſs, and you began to deſpair of ever finding this lovely incognita; when one day, in hunting, led by the ardor of the chaſe, having ſtray'd from your ſuite, you find yourſelf near the park wall of this caſtle—hear the cry of diſtreſs, ſee women purſued by a huge and fierce boar. Fired with a generous alarm at their danger, you fly to their aſſiſtance! to kill this monſter, was but the work of a minute; but what a minute of delight, of tranſport! A young lady from wearineſs and fright having fallen at the foot of a tree, preſents to your eyes the very identical lovely original of the picture. Thus, in ſaving her life, your firſt interview was the moſt auſpicious moment of your's.

Prince. I own, my dear Frederick, hitherto I have reaſon to be content; as yet, 'tis certain, my quality is a ſecret to Don Leopold and his daughter; and as I was firſt introduced to them by your name, they ſtill imagine me to be Don Frederick. The amiable Seraphina liſtens to my vows with the moſt flattering complacency, approves my paſſion, anſwers each gentle ſigh, each tender look, with the ſweet ſympathy of dear affection; and, by her permiſſion, I made a formal demand to her father of her hand in marriage.

Fred. Which he readily granted, not knowing you to be the Prince of Arragon.

Prince. The old Gentleman did not heſitate a moment; and this very day, the anniverſary of my birth, Don Leopold has fixed for the celebration of our nuptials.

Fred.

Fred. Then nothing but the joy of the night can exceed the happineſs of the day.

Prince. Ah! Frederick, this day may be moſt unhappy! Seraphina loves me, but before I wed her I am reſolved to put her affection to the proof; if it cannot bear the trial, oh, Frederick! what a ſevere ſtroke to a heart ſo tender, ſo ſenſible, ſo paſſionate as mine!

Fred. Well, my Lord, hope all for the beſt —Ha, ha, ha! I'm diverted even at the idea of Don Leopold's ſurprize and embarraſſment when he finds that you're the Prince; I aſſure you he'll entertain you with ſuch things as never yet reached a royal ear.

Prince. Av, that I ſuppoſe: for the character of my old Don, tho' rough, is noble, free and independent. Huſh, here he comes; remember I am Don Frederick, and you are my attendant.

[*Exit Frederick.*

Leop. (*without*) Be quiet—hold your tongue —ſay no more, it's all in vain—ridiculous to propoſe it! No, no, no courts for me.

Enter DON LEOPOLD.

Ah! they did not tell me you were here.

Prince. But juſt arriv'd, Sir; you ſeem angry.

Leop. So I am Frederick.

Prince. What's the matter, Don Leopold?

Leop. My daughter wants to carry me to Court.

Prince. Why not, Sir? A nobleman of your birth and diſtinction ſhould not thus bury himſelf in the country.

Leop. In the country! I live upon my own eſtate.

Prince.

Prince. Yes, but from the character I have given of you, the Prince, I'm ſure, would wiſh to be known to you.

Leop. I tell you what, boy; I've as much reſpect for the Prince as you; I eſteem, I love him; and were there a cauſe, the laſt drop of my blood ſhould write my loyalty; I'd die to ſerve him. But I don't like new acquaintance: I am too old.

Prince. And yet I will aſſure you, Don Leopold, the Prince wiſhes for nothing more than to have you nearly attached to him.

Leop. Me! On what account?

Prince. To have in your rare and valuable character, a man of candour and probity, incapable of falſehood, on whoſe honor, whoſe friendſhip he might rely, and place an intire confidence in his fidelity—you laugh!

Leop. Ha, ha! ha! very good! the Prince wiſhes to have me near him, me, whom he never ſaw; becauſe, forſooth, you have told him that I am a perſon of probity and candour!

Prince. Juſt ſo. I'll anſwer for your welcome, go when you pleaſe.

Leop. Will you? firſt anſwer for my going, for go I will not; no, no, he ſees bad company enough already.

Prince. But—

Leop. None of your buts! you are going to be my Son-in-law; take it once for all, I was never made for a courtier; I am a fantaſtical, ridiculous old fellow, that thinks noble birth wants no decoration of title; that a ſtar upon a breaſt cannot give honor to a heart that's baſe, nor a ribbon dignity to a neck that perhaps deſerves a halter. Tho' I live at a great expence, I keep within my

income; I have no uſe for more than half the ſervants I maintain, but then the other half I conſider have uſe for me; and tho' I am a Lord, I am as free from debt as the pooreſt private gentleman.

Prince. You would indeed be an extraordinary character at court.

Leop. Ay, ay, Don Frederick, but I prefer being lodged in this old caſtle of mine here, to the honor of being inconveniently ſituated near a King; in one word, I'd rather walk about my park, gardens, and my own improvements, than to ſlide and amble through an anti chamber, like a cypher of great importance, in a groupe of idle buſy-bodies, illuſtrious profligates, reverend atheiſts, mock patriots, and right honourable ſharpers, the whole forming a villainous picture, a curious court calendar.

Prince. Then 'tis impoſſible to perſuade you to accompany us.

Leop. Then don't attempt it; aſk a lover to reſign his miſtreſs, a lady to praiſe her rival, a lawyer to tell truth, and a Doctor to return his fee; but never aſk me to go to court; you ſhall not change my mode of thinking, nor ſhall I try to alter your's.

AIR.—LEOPOLD.

The court is a fountain of honour and fame,
And ſweet are the waters that flow;
Yet ſay if our throats, or this water's to blame,
As we drink the more thirſty we grow?
But the court to be ſure is a fine place,
A gay, a polite, a divine place,
I am the man can tell you how,
If there you'd wiſh to riſe,
With your every ſtep a bow!
On your tongue a thouſand lies;

Sub-

Submiſſive be your ſtile!
A great man's frown's a rod,
A penſion in his ſmile,
A ribbon in his nod:
Strict care and cleſe economy,
Firſt make a mighty brag on;
But ſet to guard the golden tree,
Then gobble like a dragon.

Enter FREDERICK, (*ſpeaks apart to the Prince.*)

Fred. Your attendants wait their orders, Sir.
Prince. Very well.

Enter FLORINA.

Leop. Florina, where's my daughter?
Flori. I left her in the garden, Sir; I fancy ſhe's reading in the jeſſamine alcove.
Leop. Hey, Don Frederick, don't you wiſh to ſee her? ay, ay, well, well, go—you hear ſhe is in the jeſſamine alcove.
Flori. Oh pray go, Sir, 'tis the ſweeteſt place to make love in! ſing her an amorous ditty, and the pretty little birds ſhall play up the ſymphonies.
Leop. Hark ye! I'll play up a ſymphony with you, huſſey, if you ſtrike up your amorous ditties in my daughter's hearing—But go to her, Frederick, while I prepare for your wedding and ſome little fancies of my own to honor the birth-day of our Prince. This night Seraphina ſhall be your wife; and to morrow morning, if you will go, there lies your way to court, and here lies mine to my groves and gardens.
[*Exeunt* DON LEOPOLD *and the* PRINCE *ſeverally.*
Flori. Then at laſt the delicious moment is at hand, when we ſhall bid adieu to this crazy caſtle,

theſe inſenſible trees, theſe diſmal groves, and melancholy gardens.

Fred. You are weary of this place, hey!

Flori. Weary of it?—that I am.

Fred. Variety pleaſes you.

Flori. Infinitely; I deteſt ſameneſs, order and odious method; I delight in noiſe, hurry, ſhew, and rattling confuſion.—Oh heavens, I've conceiv'd the moſt charming ideas of a court!

Fred. And you are a charming girl: you are form'd for a court—that graceful mien, this fine ſhape, (*puts his hand round her waiſt*) that expreſſive ſenſibility of countenance, thoſe ſpeaking eyes, thoſe ruby lips.

Flori. My lips are well enough: ſo let them alone, if you pleaſe. (*puſhes him back*)

Fred. With all your gaiety, ſprightlineſs, and vivacity, ſuch ſhining qualifications for good company, you cannot fail of ſucceſs.

Flori. Yes, I flatter myſelf there is a little ſomething, a certain—inexpreſſive—that—ay, ay, my je ne ſçai quoi will do the buſineſs—

AIR.—FLORINA.

Your wiſe men all declare
Of the thing ſo ſtrange and rare,
The beautiful ſublime in great nature's law,
A woman bears the belle;
Yet why they cannot tell;
'Tis the myſtical charms of the je ne ſçai quoi.

The lovely town-bred dame,
Dear cauſe of many a flame,
Each ſmart ſwears he ne'er ſuch a beauty ſaw.
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?
No; the myſtical charms of the je ne ſçai quoi.

Behold

Behold the village maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
With her ſtockings green, and her hat of ſtraw!
Is love in dimple ſleek,
Or the roſes of her cheek?
No; the myſtical charms of the je ne ſçai quoi.

You and I are going to live in the ſame houſe: come let us be open and candid! do you reſolve to govern your maſter?

Fred. Moſt certainly I will.

Flori. Well, mind, take care that you do; for I am poſitively determined to govern my miſtreſs: a'n't I right?

Fred. Certainly; ay, and ſhe'll be well governed!

Flori. Why yes, it is'nt that I want to make a great fortune, that is, all at once; I'm not covetous or ambitious, but you know one muſt be a little vain, when one is plac'd with a lady who is wife to the Prince's favourite; my education may have been limited, but for all that, I hope to play my cards with ſuch addreſs, that I ſhall ſoon have a little court of my own.

Fred What a baggage! (*aſide*) I dare ſay you will, and from this moment I put myſelf under your protection.

Flori. Well, I ſhall take care of you; indeed, you may be of ſome uſe to me.

Fred. As how pray?

Flori. Why, you muſt help me in collecting little intrigues, adventures, and anecdotes.

Fred. Then you have no averſion to ſcandal.

Flori. Why you know ſcandal is a waiting woman's moſt neceſſary qualification.

Fred. You are an ingenious pretty little ſoul, that's

that's the truth on't—oh! here comes my maſter.

Flori. And my miſtreſs! hey! they ſeem to have had a wrangle.

Fred. Something's the matter indeed!

Flori. Well come along, it's none of our buſineſs; let's leave them to themſelves, for when two lovers fall out, they can always decide the quarrel without ſeconds.

Flori. What, two to one againſt my miſtreſs? Oh, then I'll ſtand by, to ſee fair play.

[*Both retire.*

Enter PRINCE, *affecting diſorder and embarraſſment, followed by* SERAPHINA.

Sera. Cruel Frederick! why did your valour ſave my life; your merit win my heart; when now you make your Seraphina wretched, by ſeeming ſo unhappy on the very day of our union?

Prince. Oh heavens!

Sera. You ſeem alarm'd: I aſk the reaſon, you anſwer me with ſighs, and looks to heaven: Explain the cauſe of theſe emotions, or I'll inſtantly acquaint my father.

Prince. Stay, madam.

Sera. Speak then: why am I treated thus?

Prince. Your indignation I deſerve, and with patience I ſubmit: Oh Seraphina!

Sera. Speak, my Frederick. (*weeps*)

Prince. Dry your tears, they fall for a wretch unworthy of your pity.

Sera. Worthy of my tendereſt regard, my affection, my love.

AIR.

AIR.—SERAPHINA.

Sweeteſt paſſion of the mind,
Generous, noble, unconfin'd,
Sov'reign Jove that ſways the ſoul,
Love is fate above controul.
Pureſt ſource of honor, truth,
Kind director of our youth;
This her precept---virtue prize,
Emulate the bleſs'd above,
To be worthy what you love!

Prince. No more! this kindneſs but aggravates my guilt.

Sera. Guilt!

Prince. My perfidy.

Sera. How?

Prince. To you, Seraphina, I am a traitor; and when I diſcloſe my treachery, your tenderneſs will turn to contempt and abhorrence.

Sera Betray'd by Frederick?

Prince. Liſten to the ſtory of my falſhood, and then abandon me to the remorſe which muſt for ever puniſh and torment me. Yeſterday having obtained the conſent of my Prince for our marriage, Frederick, ſays he, from the fidelity by which I know you are attached to me, I make no doubt of your concern at my late inquietude of mind, and of your anxiety to know, and if in your power to remove the cauſe; cou'd you imagine it poſſible that the portrait of a young lady, whom I never ſaw, has made ſuch an impreſſion on my heart, that till I find her, till ſhe's mine, your Prince muſt be unhappy! Here, behold, examine; ſee if nature ever form'd any thing ſo lovely, altogether ſuch a combination

tion of beauties! Here, take it, Frederick, I commit this precious picture to your care. Reply not: Fly, my friend; ſearch every where, and, if poſſible, find thi adorable woman, this charming unknown! Judge Seraphina, judge of my aſtoniſhment, my grief, when I beheld—theſe, theſe are the features that have caught the Prince's heart; there is the picture that he entruſted to my care. (*gives a picture.*)

Flori. (*Looks over Seraphina's ſhoulder*) Lord, Madam, this is your own picture! (*While Seraphina and Florina are looking at the picture, the Prince watches Seraphina's countenance, and ſpeaks apart to Frederick.*)

Prince. Frederick, I doubt her conſtancy: but deſire my attendants to be in readineſs

[*Exit Frederick.*

Sera. 'Tis indeed mine; that, that my father had drawn about a month after my return from the convent, and which he loſt a few days following.

Prince. And which fortune threw into the hands of the Prince; but inſtead of repaying his confidence with fidelity, inſtead of throwing myſelf at his feet and confeſſing that I was his rival, I endeavour'd to conceal my embarraſſment, and turn his paſſion aſide; with a forc'd laugh I affected to rally his love for a perſon unknown; and to cool his tranſport, urg'd that the picture might have flatter'd, that the original might not be living, that thoſe features perhaps never exiſted but in the painter's fancy. In ſhort, my perfidious jealouſy left nothing unſaid that might prevent his curioſity from any further attempt to diſcover you.

Flori.

Flori. (*aſide*) You had little to do I think.

Prince. Mad with the fear of having my treaſure ſnatch'd from me, I flew to your father and urg'd him to haſten our marriage; I ſummon'd all my diſſimulation to maſter my anxiety before him; but when I approach'd your preſence, that unſuſpecting innocence, that air of frankneſs and ſincerity even triumph'd over your charms; the tender and ingenuous joy you expreſs'd at ſeeing me, when heaven itſelf had deſign'd you for a throne, confounded my intentions; I had no longer power to diſguiſe the cruel conflict that agitated my ſoul. You, lovely Seraphina, perceived my emotions; your kind ſolicitude has produced this explanation; there now remains no more for me but to quit your preſence, and for ever baniſh from your remembrance, my ſhame, my guilt, my confuſion, and my love.

Flori. Ay do, go along, and ſend the Prince to us. (*aſide*)

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Sir, a courier is arrived from court: he ſays he was ordered to make extraordinary haſte, as he comes to you with news of very great conſequence.

Prince. (*affects much embarraſſment*) News! heaven! the Prince has not diſcover'd——

Sera. Go, Frederick, ſee what his buſineſs is.

Prince. (*aſide*) Aye, I ſee her love is extinguiſh'd. Oh Seraphina, I have nothing to hope, and fear the worſt. [*Exeunt Prince and Frederick.*

Flori. Well, men are all foxes, ſo cunning and ſo falſe. Now wou'dn't any body in the world

have ſworn that this Don Frederick's love was real?

Sera. And after ſuch a proof can I doubt the reality of his love?

Flori. A pretty way of ſhewing it, to deprive you of a crown! O fie! He ought to be aſham'd of himſelf. Dear Madam, at the firſt ſight of the picture, a real lover would have cried out in a tranſport of joy, "My Prince, I know it; that's the picture of Donna Seraphina de Quintana; ay, and not half ſo handſome as that beautiful young lady: Oh Sir, if you were but to ſee her! Such an air, ſuch a charming face! you'd declare, Sir, that not a woman in the world would ſo well become a throne." There, Madam; that would be the language of a true lover.

Sera. Ceaſe, Florina; my mind is tortur'd with cruel reflections.

AIR.—SERAPHINA.

My dawn of life, how bright, how gay!
Blythe zephyrs play'd around:
Sweet Flora, goddeſs of the May,
Came ſmiling on to cheer the day,
With roſeate chaplets crown'd.

Tho' morn and noon new joys beſtow,
While peace and love attend;
The ſmiling landſcape changes now,
And fate alone can tell me how
The doubtful night muſt end.

Flori. What an eſcape! what would have become of you if he had concealed his treachery till you had been married to him? Dear madam, I tremble to think of it.

Sera. Prythee, peace; no more of this.

Flori.

Flori. You are right, madam; I'm wrong; 'tis with the glory that awaits you I ought to entertain you. You'll ſoon be a Princeſs! after that you'll be a Queen. Charming, delightful, tranſporting! the very thought gives extacy!

Sera. Ah, Florina, you and I differ much in our opinion of happineſs.

DUETT.

SERAPHINA.

Sweet content can baniſh ſtrife,
Smooth the rugged paths of life,
Bleſs with joys the Sylvan ſcene,
Tranquil, happy, and ſerene!

FLORINA.

Youthful, ſprightly, blooming hope,
Cries---Florina, ceaſe to mope!
Quit the lifeleſs grove and field,
Courts alone can pleaſures yield!

SERAPHINA.

Peaceful joys!

FLORINA.

Rattling noiſe!

SERAPHINA.

Morning bright!

FLORINA.

Up all night!

SERAPHINA.

Waterfalls!

FLORINA.

Routs and balls!

SERAPHINA.

Shepherd's lutes!

FLORINA.

Fiddles and flutes!

SERAPHINA.

Give me love, and nothing's wanting!

FLORINA.

Give me love, and ſome gallanting!

BOTH.

Thoſe are the joys of the Sylvan ſcene.
Thoſe are the joys of the courtly ſcene.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The outside of DON LEOPOLD'S *Castle.*

Enter the PRINCE *and* FREDERICK.

PRINCE.

NOW, Frederick, now for the trial! and if I prove my Seraphina's mind, as pure as her person is charming, this day gives her my hand; and to-morrow, when presented to the King, my father, her beauty and her virtue must justify my choice, and give an added splendor to the court of Saragossa.

Fred. Behold my lord, she comes, and her little governess too—ah, her councils do no great service to her mistress's cause.

Enter SERAPHINA *and* FLORINA.

Prince. Madam, I'm lost, undone; you've now ample

ample revenge: a particular friend at Saragoſſa has given me notice that the Prince himſelf will be here in an hour.

Sera. The Prince!

Prince. Yes, my good, my royal maſter, having heard of my approaching marriage, ever ſolicitous for my welfare and happineſs, and little ſuſpecting how much I've abus'd his confidence, has ſignified his pleaſure that he'll honour the ceremony with his auguſt preſence.

Sera. What a ſtroke of fortune!

Flori. Ay, madam, who can ſay that fortune's blind, when ſhe has now hit the nail on the head ſo nicely?

Sera. To-day, do you ſay, Frederick?

Prince. This day, this hour; every moment I expect him; drawn hither by his friendſhip for me, he forſakes the court, even at the time when a happy people rejoices at the day that gave birth to their Prince, and, as he imagines, to give me a more joyful ſurpriſe, I'm inform'd that he comes maſk'd, with a few ſelect friends, who attend him from the palace.

Flori. Maſk'd! what a pity!—Oh, the dear, dear Prince, how I do long to ſee him! (*Aſide*)

Sera. In the diſtreſs this accident has thrown me, what can I ſay to alleviate your grief? You know, Frederick, my will depends upon a father.

Prince. I underſtand you, Madam.

Sera. To him my duty obliges me to ſubmit.

Prince. Certainly, Madam, and no doubt but he has already ordered you to think of me no more.

Sera.

Sera. Don Leopold loves me tenderly; we have no reaſon to imagine but that he'll order every thing for the beſt; I'll go ſeek him, and immediately acquaint you with his determination.

[*Exit.*

Prince. Confuſion!

[*Walks up in diſordor.*

Fred. (*to Florina*) Well, what's your opinion of this affair?

Flori. Preſently we'll acquaint you with our determination. [*Exit.*

Prince. There, Frederick! what think you now?

Fred. As yet I cannot judge.

Prince. Oh, I ſee plainly what I'm to expect! Yes, yes, ſhe's reſolv'd to reject me; and you ſee with what art ſhe endeavoured to prepare me for my diſmiſſion—her father's determination!—a mere excuſe for her caprice, and ſordid inconſtancy.

Fred. Nay, my Prince, my deareſt maſter, wait but a little, before your opinion totally condemns her.

Prince. No more, Frederick! in vain you attempt her juſtification; but I ſhall have the pleaſure of enjoying her confuſion, when ſhe comes to know me. Is my maſk and domino ready? (*Frederick bows*) Ay, ay, to puniſh her infidelity, even if ſhe did love me in ſpite of the violence I do myſelf by ſuch a reſolution, by Heavens ſhe loſes me for ever. [*Exit.*

Fred. Yes, I begin myſelf to think her conſtancy's a little ſhaken—oh, now we ſhall know more.

Enter

Re-enter FLORINA.

Flori. This is an unlucky accident for your maſter, young man!

Fred. Unlucky! not a happier gentleman in all Spain, if he can but ſecure the Prince's favour, and keep your miſtreſs's heart.——

Flori. How do you mean keep her heart?

Fred. Why, if ſhe prefers him to the Prince.

Flori. And how can you think any woman capable of ſuch a folly?

Fred. Folly! hasn't ſhe confeſt to Don Frederick that ſhe lov'd him? (*Florina ſnaps her fingers*) Nay, didn't you yourſelf tell me how much ſhe lov'd him?

Flori. Love! ha, ha, ha! I like you for that! What a boy is your maſter to catch at ſuch a bubble; and what a fool are you to talk of it! A young girl has fine notions of marriage, becauſe it releaſes her from the convent; therefore, the firſt good match that offers, receives her approbation, but if a better than that good match ſhou'd afterwards preſent itſelf, ſure that firſt approbation ſhou'd not be conſtrued into love. No ſuch thing, I tell you; and yet, you men exclaim, the perfidious woman! the falſe fair one! the cruel creature! Now that's ſo unreaſonable, abſurd, and ridiculous of you! ha, ha, ha!

Fred. So, women firſt love only to be married, and afterwards hate for the very ſame reaſon! Ah! you are pretty toys indeed! and yet it is in the power of that alabaſter face of your's to turn the head of the wiſeſt ſtateſman in Europe.

Flori. Oh heavens! from that lamentable tone, one

one would imagine that your head was in ſome danger from my alabaſter face; oh! do ſay ſo, and you'll divert me; do, make me laugh.

AIR.—FLORINA.

Quick for a ſmile implore me:
Your Goddeſs ſue!
How odd to view
Such charms, and not adore me!
Tho' girls may boaſt more merit,
You'll ne'er hit on
A pretty one,
Of more vivacity and ſpirit.
I'll rattle, I'll prattle,
I'll prattle, I'll rattle,
Ye creatures!
The toy for your money,
My word ſweet as honey,
So roguiſh and funny,
My features!
Gay bloom of opening roſes,
And thouſand fragrant poſies,
Sly winking and blinking,
As leering, and jeering,
So arch all;
For truſt me, when love's drum
Beats come, come, come!
Hearts thumping,
Briſk, jumping,
Age pacing,
Youth racing,
Some hopping,
None ſtopping
Ye march all!

Ha, ha, ha! oh, Lud! here comes Don Leopold.

Enter DON LEOPOLD.

Flori. (*Running to him*) Oh Sir! Sir! Sir!

Leop. Well, Sir! Sir! Sir! What the deuce is the matter with the girl?

Flori. Have you ſeen my miſtreſs, Sir? did ſhe tell you, Sir?

Leop. Very odd!

Flori. There, Sir! you find if you will not go to court, the court will come to you.

Leop. Yes, I have heard of the retinue I am to expect under my roof.

Flori. Yes, Sir, the Prince! the charming Prince!

Leop. (*To Frederick*) Oh, where's your maſter?

Fred. Heaven knows, Sir; in his diſtracted ſtate of mind, a man cannot ſtay long in any one place.

Leop. Yes, his mind can't be very eaſy, I ſuppoſe.

Fred. Why, Sir, do you think my maſter ſo very blameable?

Leop. Blameable! you'll ſee my friend, when the King's anger burſts upon him, that's all—you'll ſee—mark my words. now you will ſee the extent of court gratitude. Go find him, friend.

Fred. I will, Sir; I don't know what to think of the old gentleman. [*Exit Frederick.*

Flori. But ſeriouſly now, Sir, don't be angry with me—now would you not be very much diſpleaſed if Don Frederick had married my miſtreſs?—yes, yes, I ſee your heart beat, your cheeks glow, your eyes twinkle at the thoughts of having

having your daughter a queen; oh, dear Sir! all your grandſons will be little Princes.

Leop. Princes! their Grandfather's maxim is this; the greateſt monarch that ever lived, will find ſufficient glory in ſupporting properly the dignity of a man.

Flor. Oh dear Sir! I have no patience! you that are as high in your notions as the beſt of them, ay, and as proud too as any Grandee in all Spain! Now Sir, confeſs: was not your ſole motive for retiring from the court, becauſe you would not ſtoop and cringe to thoſe that thought themſelves above you? but now, Sir, your pride will be gratified; inſtead of your making court to any body, every body will make court to you.

Leop. Girl, you are full of prate—go you to court: you are fit for no other place, juſt the thing, full of chat, with a vivacity that means nothing; you have articulations, tones, words, but not a ſcruple of common ſenſe; made for a little ſelf-important court gadder, to dangle, friſk, and hop about like an impertinent huſſey as you are, [*they retire.*

Enter PRINCE, (*in Maſk and Domino*) *and* FREDERICK.

Prince. (*Unmaſks*) Frederick, I hope and dread the fatal moment; it is with reluctance I put my Seraphina to this proof, which if I now decline, I feel that I ſhall ſtill imagine there is ſomething left undone, that might have enſured my laſting felicity.

Fred. Sir, as you have begun, finiſh your part with your wonted reſolution.

Prince. Now I aſſume my own perſon here; a maſk, I truſt, will alter my voice ſufficiently, as they ſuſpect no deception—ſhe comes! we muſt not be ſeen together. [*Frederick retires.*

Enter SERAPHINA.

Prince. (*Puts on his maſk*) Where is Frederick? —but I preſume this is his charming bride. (*Approaching to ſalute Seraphina, ſtops ſuddenly, affecting great ſurpriſe*) What do I ſee! is it poſſible! Are you, Madam, the lady that Don Frederick is about to marry? (*Seraphina bows*) the dear original of the picture I gave to his care? Perfidious traitor! 'Twas but yeſterday he undertook to find out the charming object, whoſe portrait captivated every ſenſe, and made an impreſſion on my heart never to be eraſed.

Sera. Sir! Can I believe this?

Prince. Oh, Madam, do not doubt a paſſion the moſt tender and ſincere.

Sera. Sir, I ſhou'd have thought that the purſuit of a great Prince, the heir of Arragon, would have taken a nobler courſe, than to ſeek an humble recluſe like me, and receive honor by conferring it, with his addreſſes, on ſome Princeſs, whoſe birth might dignify the throne that waits him; and whoſe alliance might extend his fame, and add ſtrength to the intereſt of his kingdom.

Prince. 'Tis for you that throne's reſerv'd, which muſt receive luſtre from your beauty. Doubt-

Doubtleſs 'twas Providence that threw your picture in my way, that now ſent me hither in the very moment you were going to be loſt to me for ever! Heaven ordain'd you mine, and let your conſent confirm its diſpenſation.

Sera. Sir, it would be an idle affectation in me, to plead inſenſibility to the merits of a Prince, exalted by his virtues, even above the ſplendor of his birth.

Prince. Amiable Lady! a thouſand, thouſand thanks for this generous frankneſs! But ſtop not there; oh, make me happy—declare that Frederick has not touch'd your heart, that you conſented to marry him without love as without repugnance, free from inclination, but as he was the choice of your father.

Sera. The choice of my heart.

Prince. Madam!

Sera. There Frederick is enthron'd, never to be diſpoſſeſſed.

Prince. Oh rapture! (*aſide*) What, a ſubject preferr'd to me?

Sera. To worlds! I love him—let that excuſe a diſobedience to my Prince, ſo foreign to my wiſh.

AIR.—SERAPHINA.

Ah, fond lover, ſooth thy anguiſh,
Ceaſe to grieve, ah ceaſe to languiſh!
Since with your's I'll never part,
Keep and treaſure up my heart;
Royal youth, ah ceaſe to woo me!
Why with hopeleſs love purſue me?
Succeſs thy wiſhes crowning,
Each tender vow diſowning,
Tyrant faſhion love doth oning,

True

True to Frederick I'll prove,
And reward his faithful love.

Suffer me, Sir, to retire, and acquaint my father, that you honour his caſtle with your preſence.

Prince. One moment, Madam!

Sera. In pity, Sir, do not force me to violate the reſpect that your rank demands; what can I ſay more? The inſtant I heard of your arrival, at my father's feet I implored his protection; declar'd if he receded from his promiſe of my hand to Don Frederick, I'd ſhut myſelf from the world for ever.

Prince. What, rather than renounce your lover, when a Prince ſues.

Sera. Frederick's dearer to my ſoul than every earthly bleſſing; his preſence imparts more joy to me than the poſſeſſion of crowns and ſceptres could beſtow.

Prince. (*diſcovers himſelf*) And all too little to repay a love, ſo pure, ſo generous.

Sera. What do I ſee! Frederick!

Prince. Behold the prince of Arragon! who under the borrowed name of Frederick, beguiled you of your heart.

Enter ſeverally, [1]DON LEOPOLD, FLORINA, FREDERICK, *and the Prince's attendants.*

There is the real Don Frederick.

Leop. What's this?

Prince. On my knees, Seraphina! I ſolicit your hand, with all the extatic raptures of a lover. Don Leopold, I claim your promiſe.

Leop. My Lord, I came hither to repreſent to you my prior engagement to Don Frederick, but little

little imagin'd 'twas to a Prince I had promis'd my daughter.

Prince. I hope my being a Prince is no objection?

Flori. No, Sir; not the leaſt objection. (*curtſeys*)

Leop. Ha, ha, ha! the girl has ſpoke my thoughts, my Lord.

Flori. Well, Madam, an't I right? for you know I ſaid all along that you ought to have a Prince for your huſband?

Sera Yes, Florina; but if by your counſel I had rejected Don Frederick, I had probably loſt my prince for ever.

Leop. My Lord, I muſt entreat your pardon for ſome things I have ſaid, which, on recollection, I think I might as well have left alone.

Prince. No pardon without a penance, my good father-in-law; and that is, to accompany us to the court.

Flori. To court! Oh, I'll anſwer for my maſter, my Lord, and we'll all go to court. (*curtſeys*)

Leop. Will you? Ah, my dear Lord, it wou'd be a mortal reſtraint upon one of my age and humour. Peace, health, and an elbow chair, is all that an old man ought to wiſh for. I muſt beg your Highneſſes indulgence to partake of the little amuſements that I had prepar'd to celebrate your Birth day, and the wedding of my daughter.

Prince. I am honor'd by the affection of ſuch a father; and every monarch muſt eſteem the loyalty of ſuch a ſubject.

Leop.

Leop. Frank and free as I am, I am true and loyal, Sir. I honour you, and love my Seraphina; and ſuch is your virtue, ſuch your filial affection, that I am ſure you will join in the wiſh, with which I commence our feſtival.

Prince. Expreſs your wiſh, and be aſſur'd of our concurrence.

Leop. May the preſent great and good poſſeſſor of the throne, and his amiable conſort, reign for many, many years, the delight of his family, and a bleſſing to his People.

Enter Men and Female attendants.

FINALE.

Hail, happy people, now rejoice!
Sweet viols tune, exalt your voice!
And ſwell the choral lay:
Fame cries, behold, a Prince is born!
Then hail the fair auſpicious morn!
And bleſs his natal day!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Our blooming hope, our infant roſe,
In all its promis'd glory blows,
Our joy, our pride confeſs'd!

GRAND CHORUS.

Fame cries, &c.

Hail! gracious, Royal, happy pair,
Hail, happy kingdom, Royal heir,
Be ever, ever bleſs'd!

Hail!

Hail! happy people, now rejoice!
Sweet viols tune, exalt your voice!
And ſwell the choral lay:
Fame cries, behold, a Prince is born!
Then hail the fair auſpicious morn!
And bleſs his natal day!

(A MASK'D BALLET.)

THE END.

A

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

IN 1785.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Codger,	Mr. PARSONS.
Horace,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Cofey,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Corny Buttercup,	Mr. EDWIN.
Scout,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Tweedle,	Mr. SWORDS.
Barnavag,	Mr. BARRET.
Young Barnavag,	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
James,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Mrs. Mummery,	Mrs. WEBB.
Nancy Buttercup,	Mrs. WELLS.
Mrs. Neighbourly,	Mrs. LOVE.
Miſs Barnavag,	Mrs. BLURTON.

SCENE, *London.*

A

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in CODGER's.

Enter CODGER *and* JAMES.

CODGER.

YES, but why didn't you go?

James. Sir I thought as Corny went, there was no occaſion for two of us to leave the houſe.

Codger. Corny!—but why ſend Corny upon ſuch buſineſs—a country fellow ſcarce a fortnight yet in town go about with meſſage cards—where's the butler?—where's Coſey?—I proteſt I am exceedingly angry at this.

James. Sir, it's none of our faults, Corny wou'd go, and you know his ſiſter Mrs. Nancy told us before your face, that 'twas as much

much as our place was worth to ſay a word to him.

Codger. (*aſide*) Sweet little Nancy!—dear how my heart bounc'd at her very name—Well James you were right if Nancy bid you.

James. Yes Sir, but her brother domineers over the family at ſuch a rate—Very hard Sir for a parcel of ſervants to be under the controul of ſuch an ignorant fellow as that.

Coager I'll have no grumbling James—do as Nancy bids you. [*Exit James.* How the world wou'd laugh at me if they did but know of my falling in love with this girl, a poor country ſervant wench that I took from a regiſter office, and her brother, this Corny, a curſed aukward ruſtic; every inſtant I ſuffer ſome inconveniencies from his unaccountable abſurdities, but I pleaſe myſelf and hurt nobody, —ſtay—my nephew Horace—but he's a profligate unworthy of my favour. (*a loud and long knocking without. Codger calls at the ſide*) Stop Coley! James—James—Bleſs me, ſome great body, and I'm in a ſtrange diſhabille.

Enter JAMES.

James who is it?

James. It's only Corny Sir.

Enter CORNY.

Corny. Yes Sir, it's only I.

Codger. What the devil was it you that gave that thunder at the door?

Corny. Yes Sir, wasn't it a very good one?—As I've got this new trade of a footman, I was practicing a rat, tat, tat, tat.

Codger.

Codger. That was a rat, tat, tat, tat.

Corny. Why Lord Sir, don't be angry, I made as much noiſe as I cou'd.

Codger. Oh very well—ſo you have been——

Corny. Yes Sir, the day look'd ſo fine, I thought I might as well go take a walk.

Codger. Take a walk—Wasn't you d'ivering the meſſage cards?

Corny. 'Ods bobs if I ever thought o'them, but I'll do it now—better late than never. (*gives cards*) There I deliver every one o'them to your honour.

Codger. Deliver 'em to me—Oh you blundering dog.

Corny. (*turns and looks at James*) Hem!—How dare you ſtand and liſten to our conver ation—Is that your manners and be damn'd to you?

Codger. Retire James.

Corny. Retire James. [*Exit James.* Now if your honour won't be angry I'll tell you—the grand thing that brought me out.—Oh ſuch wonders as I've bin looking at—I ſaw—the corner o'the Hay-market.——

Codger. You ſaw the corner o'the Hay-market!

Corny. All the outlandiſh beaſtes and foreign fowls.

Codger. Oh that's what you've been at—Well Corney always tell truth, but now forget your wildfowls.

Corny. Oh the Leopard!—but then the Tigreſs is ſuch a fine beaſteſs.

Codger. Corny, your ſiſter Nancy is in my eyes a charming—

Corny. A charming brute!

Codger. She excels in beauty—

Corny. The Catamountain.

Codger.

Codger. At leaſt I admire her more than—

Corny. The Opoſſum.

Codger. As you hope for my favour, expect your intereſt with her, therefore my lad tell her that I am——

Corny. A dromedary.

Codger. You'll tell her that I'm a dromedary!—No incline her to liſten to my paſſion.

Corny. Sir, She'll never liſten to you if you get into a paſſion—I know Nan.

Codger. My love blockhead.

Corny. Oh I know that too—love! the porcupine.

Codger. Tell her it's in my power to give her all the pleaſure in this word.

Corny. Sir, if I do ſhe won't believe me. He, he, he!

Codger. That I'm ſo good I deny her nothing.

Corny. Yes Sir, ſhe knows yo're good for nothing.

Codger. Huſh, tell her that I'm generous, and kind and worthy.

Corny. Well Sir, to oblige you, I don't care how many lies I tell her. He, he, he! There's one thing I know will pleaſe ſiſter mortiſhly.

Codger. What—what my good lad?

Corny. Ever ſince ſhe com'd up in the baſket of the Abingdon fly, ſhe's a wo indy deſire to ride in the inſide of a coach, and I ſhall be glad of Thomas's place, for I'm ſure I'm a main good coachman.

Codger. Why did you ever drive a pair of horſes?

Corny. A pair—ay that I did—ſix.

Codger. Drive ſix horſes?

Corny. Yes, often in a waggon.

Codger. Ha, ha, ha!

Corny.

Corny. I'll on with Thomas's livery he's left behind, and try my hand, and hanſel it with giving ſiſter Nan a jaunt round Cavendiſh ſquare. Gee up! Bonny! If your honour goes to the window, you'll ſee how nice I'll tickle them up. Gee up! waithehoy! [*Exit Corny.*

Scout. (*without*) Well you'll ſoon ſee who I belong to.

Codger. Eh, isn't that Scout my reprobate nephew's man.—What has the villain quitted college without my leave!—I will not ſee him I'm reſolv'd—Coſey ſhall give him his diſmiſſion.

[*Exit Codger.*

Enter SCOUT *with a portmanteau and piſtols, which he throws on the table,* JAMES *following.*

James. Why that may be, but who, or what ſhall I ſay?

Scout. Go, go, ſcour your knives, and that's all you have to do.

James. Well, if you won't tell me either your meſſage or your buſineſs—

Scout. Oh we've our old butler ſtill I ſee. (*looking out*)

Enter COSEY.

Coſey. James have you nothing to do?

Scout. Did'nt I bid you go ſcour your knives?

[*Exit James.*

Coſey. (*looking at Scout*) Hey!

Scout. Do you forget me maſter Coſey?

Coſey. Scout!—you ſcapegrace! Oh your young maſter's come from Oxford, Eh?

Scout. Yes, we're come home.

Cofey. You're not, no home for you here.

Scout. No!—

Cofey. Hufh. (*looks about with circumſpection*) Our houſe here is not our houſe now—Changes, —your maſter—poor Horace—undone—ah—you're dry—never knew you better—Oh if you muſt have it—Come—this way.

[*Exeunt Cofey and Scout.*

Enter HORACE.

Hor. To judge by his door, uncle Codger keeps open houſe—If he ſhou'd have heard more than old gentlemen ought to hear of young gentlemen, I'm in a thriving way, without a guinea, and no hopes but on his favour—I dread to ſee him—I wiſh the ice was broke—Oh Scout is come—Why has he left the portmanteau here—I'll try and ſneak up to my room, and con over my penitentials for nuncle.

Enter SCOUT.

Scout, have you ſeen the old one?—Come and get off my boots. (*in a low tone*)

Scout. Don't be in a hurry Sir—you've a journey before you.

Hor. What is the puppy at?

Scout. Sir, I gueſs'd what wou'd become of your laſt ſcamper from Oxford—your uncle has heard of all our frolics.

Hor. The devil!

Scout. All but Sir, your excurſion to Abingdon—and acting Captain Plume in the barn.

Hor. What, and perhaps my affair with Nancy Buttercup?

Scout.

Scout. Every thing.

Hor. Who cou'd have told him?—Why ſhe and every body in the village thought me no other than Mr. Tinſel the ſtrolling player.

Scout. I don't know Sir, but ſome unlucky little bird has whiſper'd him all—He won't ſee you, ſo you're undone—and for me to live with you, I ſtarve—leave you, I'm out of bread—for known to have been your humble ſervant, I've totally loſt my character.

Hor. Not ſee me! amidſt the extreme of his anger at my extravagancies, a good natur'd recollection of the follies of his own youth, generally inclin'd him to pardon thoſe of mine! There muſt be ſomething extraordinary.

Scout. There is indeed, and very extraordinary.—I've got it all out of old Coſey—It ſeems the ſparkling eyes of a roſy-cheek'd country girl, that your uncle took in quality of a houſe-maid, has light up the dying embers of his amorous paſſions, and now our quondam mop-ſwinger, has got mid-way between Ducheſs and dairy-maid, by the auxiliary aid of muſic and dancing-maſters, Olympian devs, and a blackmoor barber, and a brother of his here in the family, an honeſt carter at his own home, on the preſumption of his ſiſter's aſcendancy over your uncle, is making ſuch a rapid progreſs to gentility—ſuch a Hector!—that the maſter ſeems an upper ſervant in his own houſe.

Hor. My uncle not ſee me. (*runs to a bell and rings violently.*)

Enter COSEY.

So, how d'ye do Mr. Coſey?

Cofey (*in a low tone*) My dear, dear young maſter. (*loud*) Here's ringing enough to pull the houſe down.

Hor. Is my uncle within?

Cofey. No Sir, he's not within at preſent. (*in a low tone winking and pointing*) He's in the back parlour.

Hor. Acquaint him with my arrival.

Cofey. I ſhall Sir when he comes in. (*loud*)

Hor. Why it's only juſt now I've been told he's in the back parlour.

Cofey. (*loud*) Upon my word I don't tell you a lie Sir; (*in a low tone*) except b ſ ore r.

Hor. Come, come, I know he's at hom .

Enter CODGER.

Codger. Sirrah I am not at home.

Cofey. There Sir, ſince you won't believe me, you've my maſter's own word for it. [*Exit.*

Codger. How have you the impudence to look me in the face?

Hor. Sir, this is a reception I didn't expect.

Codger. I ſuppoſe not, but I've heard of all your tricks.

Hor Sir, whatever you've heard to my diſadv tage, the progreſs I'v made in my ſtudies I hope will convince you—

Codager. Progreſs!

Hor. Yes Sir, I t nk 've got learning, and if you expect more—I've heard yourſelf ſay that you didn't return from college quite a conjurer.

Codger. No, not a bottle-conjuror like you—I've heard of your Athenian ſympoſiaques—your ſupper philoſophy.

Hor. Sir, this is a character that I really do not deſerve.

Codger.

Codger. Character! ay, you had great regard to character, when you turned ſtage player.

Hor. My acting, Sir, was only among a few young gentlemen, for the benefit of a diſtreſſed family.

Codger. Amazing goodneſs!—ay, I ſuppoſe 'twas your wonderful charity that prompted you to ruin the poor farmer's daughter.

Hor. Ah, Sir, I ſee my college life has been painted to you in the moſt glaring colours.

Codger. Didn't you run in debt in every tavern—when arreſted didn't you break the attorney's head—didn't you ſell the furniture of your rooms, and on a ſhilling diſpute throw the broker out of the window?

Hor. Did I do all this? (*to Scout*)

Scout. No, Sir, not above half of it.

Hor. Oh, but perhaps, Sir, it's your convenient houſemaid has whiſpered theſe amuſing flams in you ear, to make way for my little couſins, that ſhe intends to preſent you with, ha, ha, ha, I'll come and taſte the cawdle.

Codger. Here's gratitude, this my thanks for breeding you up from a little curly headed raſcal, when your whole inheritance cou'dn't purchaſe a ſaucepan of pap.

Hor. Sir, you have been kind, and I know you will have the goodneſs——

Codger. I have no goodneſs—do you be good enough to go out of my houſe.

Hor. Without money?

Codger. Lord boy, there's money enough without-ſide of theſe doors.

Hor. Oh, very well, Sir; by heavens I'll go on the ſtage and diſgrace your family—I'll turn player.

Codger. Well Exit Mr. Player.

Hor.

Hor. Or—I have it—yes, I'll make a tremendous exit; (*takes a piſtol off the table, which he gives to Codger*) Sir, be ſo obliging as to ſhoot that man. (*pointing to Scout*)

Scout. Shoot me! lord, Sir, why would you bid any body do that to any body. (*terrified*)

Hor. I'll ſay I did it myſelf, and by an ignominious, though guiltleſs death, ſtigmatize my family with eternal infamy.

Codger. Here's a deſperate villain! you James! Corny, here's a ruffianly rogue—get out o' my houſe.

Enter COSEY.

Coſey. Did your honour call me?

Codger. Get away, get away. (*to Horace*) Shew him out—I'll hear no more, go—go—

[*Exeunt Horace, Scout, and Codger, ſeverally.*

Coſey. Poor nephew, fooliſh uncle, pretty Nancy—coaxing doxy—her brother Corny impudent bumpkin.

Corny. (*without*) Ay, ay, let who will drive for me.

Coſey. Eh, the very clown.

Enter CORNY *in coachman's livery, ſoiled.*

Hey what now Corny?

Corny. Ah, maſter Coſey, I'm ſick of this coachma.'s trade already.

Coſey. What like your old cart and waggon driving better?

Corny. Yes, much handier at the team—gee up! look. (*ſhews his coat*)

Coſey. A quarelſome dog has a dirty coat.

Corny. Quarrel?—he, he, he! No, I'll tell you, you know his old honor ſeeing as how that I took a fancy to be coachman, was quite agreeable, ſo to

to hanſel my new place, I thought I might begin with giving ſiſter Nan a jaunt, and to do things handy, I leads the horſes up to the door by their very ears, but hitching the axletree of the hind wheel upon a poſtes, and ſiſter ſtanding on the ſtep ſo grand, ſlap goes a bit of mud in her eye—this was lucky, though ſhe was mortiſhly diſcomfronted at it, as it gave time for me by main ſtrength of back, to ſet the carriage even—well, in bounces Nan, and ſmack goes the door upon her fingers--(*ſqualls*) but what brought 'em there? —Well, now to mount the box—up I puts my foot on the top o' the little wheel, and catching hold o' the braſs lion's paw that hung at the corner of that hairy hammer-cloth—away it comes with me, and down tumbles I upon my back—ſeeing the folks all around lauging at a woundy rate, up I jumps, gives a chuck to the rein, and a ſtamp on the foot-board, and was juſt ſpanking off, when poor Nan in a hurry to tell me that I'd left my wig under the wheel, forgetting that the window was up, pops her head through the coach glaſs.

Coſey. Coach glaſs!—a bad job!

Corny. Yes, ſhe ſcratch'd her forehead a few, and found herſelf ſo timberſome, that out jumps ſhe, and down comes I—ſo there ended her jaunting and my coach driving.

Coſey. Well, now you've had a trial at the box, will you get up again behind the coach?

Corny. What, footman after being coachman! No that's advancing back in the world.

Coſey. Well, and pray Mr. Corny what place do you chooſe next in the family.

Corny. Let's ſee—I'll be—whats the gardener's wages?

Coſey.

Cofey. I think Maſter gives Mr. Bulbous fifty guineas a year.

Corny. I'll be gardener.

Cofey. Why there's nothing to do here in town for a gardener.

Corny. Fifty guineas and nothing to do—the very place I want—aſk it for me of maiſter.

Cofey. I will, if only to ſee how far the old gentleman's dotage will carry him. (*a knocking without*) There's ſomebody at the door. (*fits*)

Corny. I believe there is (*fits*)

Cofey. (*taking a pinch of ſnuff*) I wiſh they'd open it.

Corny. (*taking a pinch out of Cofey's box*) I wiſh they would.

Codger. (*without*) No body open the door—why Coſey!

Cofey. I'm here Sir.

Codger. Corny!

Corny I'm here Sir. (*they ſit ſtill*) Maſter Coſey?

Cofey. Well?

Corny. Is your ſiſter ſuch a very pretty girl?

Cofey. Me—I've no ſiſter, nor ever had.

Corny. Then my good old butler, as you haven't got no pretty girl a ſiſter, you'd as good ſtep down ſtairs and open the door.

Codger. (*without*) James, Corny, Coſey! is there no ſcoundrel to anſwer?

Corny. Yes, Sir, the butler here was anſwering.

Enter CODGER.

Codger. I hope Nancy isn't hurt, there's her dancing maſter below—I deſire and command you Coſey, never to let my nephew Horace into this houſe.

Enter

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Don't—don't be angry, Sir—I didn't think the glaſs had been up.

Codger. Angry, my dear! yes, I am angry with that Dolt, your brother; but ſhew me your pretty forehead—Oh, no harm to the alabaſter.

Corny. Oh ho! the old one is in his loving fit—(*apart to Nancy*) Kiſs him, Nanny.

Nancy. I wiſh you'd let Nanny alone.

Corny. Now's the nick to puſh my forten. (*aſide*) Speak to maiſter for the place for me. (*apart to Coſey*)

Coſey. Sir, honeſt Corny here, not finding himſelf quite eaſy on the coach box, humbly wiſhes to change with—

Codger. Hey! what the deuce will he have now?

Coſey. He'd be glad you'd make him—

Corny. Yes, Sir, I'd be glad you'd make me Butler.

Coſey. (*Surpriſed*) What is it my place you want?

Corny. Any body's place, ſo it be a good one.

Nancy. Why brother!

Codger. Hey, then I ſuppoſe you'll want my place bye and bye?

Corny. Yours—Why your honor, I had a ſort of a worſhipful wheezing this morning, and I feel this moment a very gentleman-like twinge in my great toe, but whether that's the gout or a corn, depends entirely upon your honor's love for ſiſter Nan.

Nancy. I vow, brother, you grow ſo proud and troubleſome there's no bearing with you.

Corny. Maiſter Coſey, I want the keys of the cellar and plate.

Codger. Pſha—ridiculous—Go, you fooliſh fellow, and mind your buſineſs.

Corny. Oh, very well, if I'm ridiculous—Nan, pack up your caps, the Abingdon coach ſets out to-morrow at five in the morning.

Nancy. I vow, brother, if I know what to make of you.

Corny. Make a butler of me, and hold your prate.

Codger. Bleſs my body if I know how to—muſtn't part with the girl tho' (*aſide*) Coſey, never mind the fooliſh fellow—give him—give him the keys. (*apart to Coſey*)

Coſey. What, Sir, wou'd you diſcard an old faithful ſervant for—

Codger. Pſha! now you're going to vex me too—to ſet your wit againſt a blockhead like that—(*apart to Coſey*)

Corny. Nan, where's your box?

Codger. You ſilly man, your ſiſter is well, and let her remain ſo.

Corny. Am I butler?

Codger. Ay you're any thing—every thing—(*aſide*) I wiſh you were at the Devil, and your ſiſter in my arms.

Corny. Come, I'll firſt ſee the ſtate of the wine cellar, and with a big bottle I'll knock down old Coſey, by inch of candle in a hoop.

[*Exeunt Corny and Coſey.*

Codger. Well, my ſweet Nancy, don't I prove my great love for you in ſuffering your brother to go ſuch lengths, and turn my family topſy turvy.

Nancy. Indeed, Sir, I'm aſham'd of him, yet I'm afraid to ſpeak or contradict him—from a boy he

he was always a Turk over me and my little ſiſter, and if we dared to look crooked, he'd thump us about ſo—

Codger. Only for you, my darling, I'd thump him out o'the houſe.

Nancy. I grant, Sir, you're very good to me, but I wiſh you had let me remain as I was—I don't know what to do—your indulgence has quite ſpoil'd me for a ſervant, and for any thing elſe—ah! no, no, no.

Codger. Ah, you arch wag—

Nancy. Indeed Sir, I'm not a wag; I am not indeed, Sir, and I can tell you Sir, for all I'm ſo much oblig'd to you, that it's all loſt time your doddling about me, for it won't do.

Codger. Come, don't play the Turk like your brother.

Nancy. But what ſignifies all this coaxing—wou'd you marry me, Sir?

Codger. Ay, that I wou'd.

Nancy. But will you?

Codger. You have indeed my will, Nancy, but—

Nancy. Don't give yourſelf the trouble of refuſing me, for I never will marry, except—(*weeps, but endeavours to conceal her tears*) I beg your pardon, Sir.

Codger. What's the matter, my love? if I've ſaid any thing to offend you, I beg you a thouſand pardons.

Nancy. No Sir, its only a thought that comes acroſs me now and then—there Sir, it's over.

Codger. My dear, have ſome lavender, or you'd beſt have a thimble full of wine—your ſpirits are quite down, my ſweeting.

Enter CORNY.

Corny. I'd be glad to know, Sir, which is old red port, or butter'd ale, the beſt cure for the gout.

Nancy. What a droll boy 'tis—ha, ha! he, he—oh—(*between laughing and crying*)

Codger. Hey, now ſhe's laughing—oh, I'll ſave my lavender drops, ſince his red port has done the buſineſs.

Enter JAMES.

James. Mrs. Nancy, there the dancing maſter has waited ſo long, he ſays he'll charge you a double leſſon.

Codger. Let him—but the puppy, how dare he ſend up ſuch a meſſage—Now for your cotillons. Tol, lol lol.

Cor. Dance up to maiſter, Nanny—Tol lol. lol.—Ah, Sir, if you were but to ſee ſiſter foot it in our barn at home, ſhe's ſo humourſome when I touch the Jew's Harp—

Nancy. Why brother—

Codger. The Jew's Harp! Come, my diamond, that only wants poliſhing—Art ſhall finiſh what Nature has begun. [*Exit Codger, leading Nancy.*

Corny. Tol lol lol.—If he charges double he ſhall bruſh up my hornpipe; and then I'll go ſee the larned pig, and other ſuch nice affairs.

AIR.—

AIR.—CORNY.

Who wou'd not up to London come,
To ſee ſuch pretty ſights?
A little Hare to beat a Drum,
And other ſtrange delights.
Two Mares a graceful minuet prance,
It's ſure moſt monſtrous rig,
To ſee the Dogs and Turkies dance,
And next the larned Pig.

To walk and fly their hoofs and wings,
Did Birds and Beaſts once uſe;
But Aſtley now knows better things,
And ſo does Maſter Hughes.
And man on earth no longer crawls,
Can Eagles ſoar much higher?
Young Ladies now ſkip over Pauls,
Each Damſel a High-flyer.

Mayhap ſome cunning Man may try,
Our humour not to baulk,
To teach a Salmon how to fly,
And Lobſters how to talk:
The Lion bold to bill and coo,
The Pidgeon how to roar;
Since Beaſts have learn'd to go on two,
Teach us to go on four.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in CODGER'S.

Enter COSEY *with Chocolate, and Newſpapers, which he lays on a Table, then goes to a door, and liſtens.*

COSEY.

EH! I fancy maſter's gone to bed again.

Coager. (*from within*) Who's there?

Coſey. It's I, Sir, with your chocolate, and the papers.

Enter CODGER, *in morning gown and cap.*

Codger. Oh, Coſey, is that you—pray has my nephew Horace, attempted an entry here ſince?

Coſey. No, poor youth—well, Sir, were I a gentleman and uncle to ſuch a nephew, ah——

Codger. Why faith, Coſey, I begin to ſuſpect that I've been rather too harſh with the lad.

Coſey. Suſpect! you may be ſure of it, Sir.

Codger.

Codger. Well, well, we ſhall think about that —d'ye hear, don't let that Corny come near me; what is he about now?

Coſey. Sir, he's practiſing his new butlerſhip at the ſide-board.

Codger. Butlerſhip! ha, ha, ha! well, and how does the devil come on?

Coſey. Oh, pretty well, Sir, he has only broke two or three dozen of glaſſes as yet.

Codger. Bleſs my body how ſhall I get rid of him?—but for his ſiſter Nancy, ſend her hither, tell her I want to hear her begin with Mr. Tweedle her new muſic maſter. [*goes in.*

Coſey. Muſic! well ſaid, Nancy Buttercup, but ſhe's a pretty little girl, and but for the inſolence of Chucklehead, her brother, we ſhou'd all rejoice in her good fortune.

Enter CORNY.

Corny. What have you been doing here, Eh?

Coſey. Leaving my maſter's chocolate if it be no offence.

Corny. Leaving chocolate! hem! I believe that belongs to the Butler's place, and if ſo, 'twas very great 'fence.

Coſey. Time enough for you to put on butler when you get out of livery, Maſter Corny.

Corny. Get you out o'room, Maiſter Coſey.

Coſey. Why if 'twas no more than my being the elder, you might be at leaſt civil.

Corny. True, but as I am the ſtronger, I'll be uncivil—Get out. (*puſhes Coſey off*) Throw my livery in my teeth! though if our old maſter Codger marries ſiſter Nan, as I'm ſure he will, this ſame livery does no great credit to either he or

or ſhe. Eh! here's a ſuit of his Honor's cloaths; Lord help him, he has clothes enough. (*takes clothes off a horſe*) Oh they ſhall go on—I dare ſay he'll take a great pride in me; and then ſuch reſpect as I ſhall command from the ſarvants—and here too is his breakfaſt waiting. (*empties the chocolate into a baſon*) I'll make it ready for him; poor old fellow! (*puts in ſugar*) I fear I've made it too ſweet. (*drinks*) No; it's not ſweet enough. (*puts in more ſugar then drinks*) A little more milk. (*pours in milk*) Let's try. (*drinks it off*) Now 'twill do very well. [*Exit with the cloaths.*

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. I believe there was never ſuch a poor unfortunate girl as I am, rob'd of my heart by a cruel dear deceiver that I ſhall never, no, I ſhall never ſee Mr. Tinſel again; and here conſtantly teaz'd by one that I never can love, though gratitude forbids me to hate him: I will not ſtay; but if the advertiſement I put into the newſpaper procures me another place, I ſhall be at leaſt freed from my brother's domineering, and my old gentleman's addreſſes—oh here's the newſpapers, dear let's ſee, is my advertiſement in; ay here's the Times. (*looking over the paper*) I hope it bids the enquiry to be made at my couſin Mrs. Neighbourly's, in Oxford-ſtreet. "Wanted "wanted—wants, wants, wants, wants, wants," oh, what a deal of wants there are in this world—yes, indeed here it is, ſtay. (*reads*) "Wants a Place, "a genteel young woman," genteel, ay that I certainly am, "of agreeable manners," I'm ſure I'm as civil as I can be to every ſoul in the houſe, from my maſter down to our footboy; "not unaccom-

unaccompliſhed," I can play three leſſons on the harpſichord without book; beſides now I can go through the whole gammut on the new-faſhion'd Piano-forté Guittar: "ſhe is capable of ſuperintending a family where there is no miſtreſs, pleaſe to enquire for A. B. at the Hog-in-Pound, Oxford-ſtreet."—very well—A. B. that's right, Anne Buttercup, I'll run up there to ſee if any body has enquired.—My brother! lord what has he been doing to himſelf?

Re-enter CORNY, *in Codger's cloaths.*

Corny. Siſter Nan, he, he, he! look at I, he, he, he! ſmart as a carrot.

Nancy. What figure is this you are?

Corny. I'm the figure of 1, won't be a cypher no more.—Got out of livery, now I'm butler—a ſuit of maſter's.

Nancy. Has he left off ſuch good cloaths?

Corny. Yes, he left 'em off laſt night as he was going to bed.

Nancy. Has he given 'em to you?

Corny. Not yet, but I intend to aſk them of him—Siſter Nan, don't I look monſtrous well? I'm ſure I do, for you know my ſweetheart, Dolly Dogroſe, that there Whitſun monday ſaid I look'd very like you ſiſter Nanny.

Nancy. I'm little obliged to Dolly Dogroſe, you may be like me, but I'm ſure and fartin, Corny, I'm not like you nor never was; no, not ſo bad as that neither.

Corny. Now how d'ye know, now how d'ye know pray? you know Dolly tried her cap upon me, but did you ever ſee yourſelf in a wig?

Nancy. Ah, go along with yourſelf and your compariſons.

Corny. Nanny, look, don't you think I'd make a compleat Member of Parliament? 'od I ſhould like to take houſe and follow that buſineſs.

Nancy. Buſineſs! ha, ha, ha! ſuch an ignorant— (*aſide*) Houſe! and I ſuppoſe write over your door, Corny Buttercup, Member of Parlialiament.

Corny. Yes, and I'd have all the great folks to deal with me, once they'd find out I've the gift of the tongue.

Nancy. (*Going to the table*) Now choke them that drank up my maſter's chocolate.

Corny. Now you'd as good ſay 'twas I did that too, you know that's your way always; oh very well it was, to be ſure 'twas I that gobbled it up. (*ironically*)

Nancy. Then if you did, you've a great deal of impudence; not left even a drop of cream.

Corny. Cream! why it taſted in my mouth like aſſes milk. (*bell rings*) Oh, Lord, I forgot to tell you, there's one Mr. Tweedle, a Harpſichorder below, he ſays, as how he's Organer at St. Thing-o-me's church, and he's ſent for by old Maiſter Codger to give you a gavot if your muſic bes in tune.

Enter TWEEDLE.

How d'ye do, Sir. (*bows awkwardly*)

Tweedle. Sir, your moſt obedient. (*bows*) I preſume, Ma'am, you're the young lady?

Corny. Lady! he, he, he! no that's Nan; ſhe may be a lady though if ſhe will, for his old Honour's ſo fond of her, that he intends——

Nancy.

Nancy. I requeſt you'll go out of the room.

Corny. I won't.

Tweedle. Oh, Ma'am, the gentleman's preſence is not the leaſt interruption. (*touches a Piano*)

Corny. Gentleman!—he's a vaſtly civil man. (*aſide*) Sir, will you have a glaſs of rum?

Nancy. Upon my word, Corny you're very rude, and only that the ſtrange gentleman's bye, I'd tell you ſo.

Tweedle. Very good tone.—You ſing, Ma'am?

Nancy. No, Sir, but now and then I hum a little for Mr. Codger.

Corny. Yes, Sir, ſhe hums Mr. Codger now and then, and ſo does I.

Tweedle. I mean, Ma'am, do you ſing?

Nancy. I'm fond of it, Sir.

Corny. But ſhe can't ſing half ſo loud as I. (*ſings*)

"And then ſays he to Mrs. Nan,
My name is Dicky of Ballyman;
And I can neither card nor ſpin,
Nor do any one kind of thing."
Tol de rol lol.

(*Claps Tweedle on the ſhoulder and ſings*) Join me in Chorus. Tol de rol lol.

Enter CODGER.

Codger. What the devil tol de rol lolling is all this?

Corny. (*Clapping Codger on the ſhoulder, ſings*) Chorus. Tol de rol lol.

Codger. (*Looking at Corny then at the ladies*

horſe) Is't poſſible—Oh, Mr. Tweedle, I ſuppoſe —Sir, on the recommendation of a pupil of yours, who—(*to Tweedle*) put on my clothes—(*apart to Corny*) whoſe muſical talents—(*to Tweedle*) you moſt impudent (*apart to Corny*) I admire—(*to Tweedle*) you audacious—(*apart to Corny*) I ſhou'd wiſh to give you the preference to any other ſon of Luterpe—you infernal ſcoundrel (*loud to Corny*)

Corny. But why, why Sir, ſhou'd you abuſe that young man.

Tweedle. Sure the gentleman's not talking to me.

Corny Yes, he means you though he looks at me, for in a morning he always ſquints hugely, (*apart.*)

Codger. I'll teach you another tune you villain. (*to Corny*)

Tweedle. Sir, I cou'd teach you fifty tunes.

Codger. Then won't you pleaſe to ſit down, Sir. (*to Tweedle*)

Corny. I'd rather ſtand, I'm obliged to you, Sir.

Codger. Walk out o' my houſe, you raſcal, or I'll break your bones (*to Corny*)

Tweedle. Oh, Sir, I'll ſave you the trouble—you're a moſt unmannerly old fellow.

Codger. What!

Tweedle And when you catch me in your houſe again, may I never get as much money with a ſcholar as wou'd cover the firſt note of Corelli's jig. [*Exit.*

Nancy. The gentleman's gone in a ſtrange manner

Codger. I don't know who's gone or who's here,

here, I'm ſo embarraſs'd, and confounded;—I tell you what, Nancy Buttercup, you're a good girl, and a charming girl, and worthy of every thing that can be done for you, and you know that I love you, but that fellow there your brother Corny, is the moſt prodigious ſcoundrel that ever——

Corny. Stop Maiſter Codger, you love ſiſter Nan here, and I'm a prodigious ſcoundrel; ſo in that caſe d'ye ſee, thus the world wags. (*takes her arm under his, ſings and exit with Nancy.*)

Codger. There's a fellow, came into my houſe only t'other day in a waggoner's frock; ay, ſet a Beggar on Horſeback, and he'll—his ſiſter's a lovely girl, but I can't, I muſtn't think any more of her—no, no, no bearing the intolerable impudence of this curs'd bumpkin; yet here I'm left a lone bird without a houſekeeper, or any body to look after my family affairs: but no more pretty girls, and yet a ſmiling little notable wench now might drive Nancy from my old fooliſh fond pate. I'm aſham'd to enquire among my friends for a young houſekeeper—Eh! let's ſee the paper, ſuch things are often adverti ſed—(*takes the newſpaper and reads*) "Gardener, "footman, wants place, groom, lady's maid, "houſekeeper, young woman, not unaccom-"pliſh'd"—Oh, ſeems near the mark—"ſuper-"intending family—enquire A. B." This may do, I'll conſider of it, throw on my cloaths and about it immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

HORACE's *Lodgings.*

Enter SCOUT *and* HORACE *meeting,* (*the latter throws himſelf into a chair agitated.*)

Scout. Well, Sir, have you ſeen the Manager, has he engaged you, what ſalary, how many benefits?

Horace. All over Scout, I'm refuſed, rejected.

Scout. Ah, Sir, if they refuſed you, I'm ſure theſe London Managers know very little of good acting.

Hor. Waited above half an hour before this King of ſhreds and patches wou'd condeſcend to grant me an audience, then after aſking me to favour him with a ſpeech—he ſtops me before I've got three lines, told me I had a fine voice—was a good figure—therefore, Sir, ſays he, I'd adviſe you to go into the country for a few ſummers—hey—ah—Cumberland or Birmingham; or ſtay, I'll give you a line to the manager at Coventry.

Scout. What the devil, Sir, was he going to ſend you to Coventry?

Hor. But now my chagrin is a little over, I dare ſay he was right, and I was a coxcomb to think of a profeſſion for which nature had denied me abilities. By heaven I've a mind to begin my acting with George Barnwell, and ſhoot my uncle the firſt time I catch him out of doors. To bring me up with hopes of an affluent fortune, and now abandon me to the blight of poverty!—

Scout.

Scout. Huzza! Sir the luckieſt thing—Pleaſe to read that card, it was put juſt now into my hand in the ſtreet. (*offers a card*)

Hor. Pſha! (*puts it aſide*) I almoſt think that the hand of Providence is on me for my villainous ſcheme upon poor Nancy, and if I knew only where to find her—

Scout. Read, only pleaſe to read the card Sir.

Hor. (*reads*) "The Stage.—Ladies and gentlemen of a theatrical genius, may have engagements in a reputable company, in poſſeſſion of a good circuit: For particulars enquire for A. B. the Hog in Pound, Oxford Street"—What d'ye ſhew me this for, ſirrah—d'ye think I'll turn ſtroller?

Scout. The fineſt—the moſt comfortable revenge Sir, upon your old uncle—The man gave me a whiſper that this is Mrs. Mummery's company, and you know that they play at the village of Nettlebed within a mile of your uncle's country ſeat. Ha, ha, ha! how he will fret and rave to ſee his name ſtuck in a play-bill againſt a malt-houſe—I warrant Sir, old family pride ſoon brings him down with the caſh, to keep you off the ſtage.

Hor. But where, or of whom am I to enquire. (*looks at the card*) A. B. Oxford-ſtreet—Come along Scout—Let's muſter caſh, thy counſel is my ſhield.

Scout. We muſt be brief when hunger braves the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Oxford-ſtreet.—The Inn in View.

Enter CORNY *and* NANCY, *her arm under his.*

Corny. Nan—

Nancy. Well?

Corny. Look behind, towards Holles ſtreet—Is'nt old maiſter running after you? (*in a low tone*)

Nancy. Not he indeed.

Corny. Nor Coſey?

Nancy. No.

Corny. Nor James nor Barny?

Nancy. I wiſh I cou'd get from him. (*aſide*)

Corny. Huſh—old maſter's calling you back.

Nancy. Not one of them.

Corny. Eh—I fear I've carried this affair too far—I believe there's a leg of pork for ſervant's dinner to-day.

Nancy. Yes, and that's your ſhare of it.

Corny. I wiſh I had eat my dinner before I came out, I'm as hungry——Nan, I thought you were a pretty girl, and now I begin to ſuſpect your handſomeneſs.

Nancy Why pray?

Corny. Or maiſter wou'd never have let you come away—I no more dreamt that he'd ſuffer you to come over the threſhold—Nancy you're mortiſh ugly.

Nancy. Well, I'm as heaven made me.

Corny. Heaven never made you with a Billingſgate mob you dab.

Nancy. Lord brother don't abuſe me in the ſtreet

ſtreet—How ſhall I get away from him? (*aſide*) Corny!

Corny. Well?

Nancy. If I cou'd but run into Mrs. Neighbourly's—I'll try—(*aſide*) As I live Corny, I believe this is the very ſtreet where I was ſtop'd t'other evening, by the ſilly fellow that ſwore he'd come home with me.

Corny. Eh—was it---but how was this you gave the fool the double?

Nancy. Oh I'll ſhew you---Suppoſe now I'm wanting to run away from you.

Corny. Well, now let's ſee?

Nancy. He, he, he! Now mind---I ſay to you, "Lord Sir, I deſire---Pray Sir, let go my hand." Then you know I pull it away---Then if you take hold of me again, I give you a box on the ear---juſt ſo——

Corny. Hold Nan---we'll ſuppoſe that too.

Nancy. Then I ſay, "Sir you wou'dn't dare to touch me if my brother was by---for though he is a ſtupid ſort of lad"——

Corny. Don't ſay that Nanny.

Nancy. "He wou'dn't ſtand by and ſee me affronted; and Sir, if you want girls for your purpoſe look yonder."—now you know you are to look yonder.

Corny. Well, there. (*turns his head aſide*) But I ſee no girl.

Nancy. Well now Corny I give the fool the double. (*runs into the inn*)

Corny. The deuce a girl, or if there was one, ſhe's hopp'd off with herſelf; but Nan is this the way you gave the fool the double?

Enter HORACE *and* SCOUT.

Hor. I think this is it.

Scout. Yes Sir, this is the very houſe.

Corny. (*without turning*) The devil a bit.

Hor. So now for Mrs. Mummery. (*goes into the inn*)

Corny. Pray do you love leg o'pork?——

Scout. Why yes friend, with a peaſe pudding. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit into the Inn.*

Corny. 'Od zountifiſh! (*turning round*) where's Nan? gone! halloo Nan! yes, ſhe has given the fool the double—Ah what an owl was I to think of building my fortin upon the mind of a woman—Nan!—where—which way did ſhe go?—Nan! Ah poor Corny! where's now my coachmanſhips—my gardnerſhip's—my buttlerſhips—All my ſhips are caſt away—I'll e'en go back—down upon my knees, and if old maiſter will but forgi' me, and take me into houſe again, I'll ſet my hand to any thing—take a ſcrub at a table—a whiſk at a carpet—a friz at a wig—tap the ſmall beer—feed Tib and Bob, or curry Dobbin—I'll wind up the jack for Dolly the cook, and turn down beds for Peggy the houſemaid.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

A Room in the Inn.

A ringing and confuſed noiſe without.

Enter NANCY *running and alarmed, and* MRS. NEIGHBOURLY.

Mrs. N. You may walk in here Nancy—(*calls off.*) Sam ſtep into the office and ſee thoſe parcels book'd for the Aylesbury coach. (*turning to Nancy*) My houſe is ſo full of one ſort or other —Paſſengers waiting for places, and—always in a buſtle.

Nancy. Oh my dear couſin Nighbourly ſhut the door, I'm ſo frighten'd, and ſo glad to get ſafe here to you.

Mrs. N. But how Nancy?—what's the matter, have you left your place? (*calls off*) You Dick bring up that ſhilling's worth of half-and-half to Mrs. Mummery, (*turns to Nancy*) a great manageresſ of three or four country play-houſes, we've got here in the houſe, and a ſpecial good cuſtomer ſhe is—but how and why? Lord 'twas rife about our neighbourhood, all the folks had it here, that your maſter had married you.

Nancy. Oh, Heavens! don't mention ſuch a thing—bleſs me, who's that?—ſhut the door—I'm not here if it's my brother Corny.

Mrs. N. Not ſee your brother!

Nancy. Ha, ha, ha! I dare ſay he's in a peck of troubles to know what's become of me.

(*aſide.*

Mrs. N.

Mrs. N. Huſh! [*Exit.*

Nancy. But what ſhall I do if I can get no place to ſuit me—Ah, cruel Mr. Tinſel, were you but here—Now indeed I want a protector.

Re-enter MRS. NEIGHBOURLY.

Mrs. N. I'm ſure I don't know what he means—here's a gentleman aſking for A. B.

Nancy. Oh that's me—my advertiſement has brought him; I warrant my face is covered with duſt, and no looking glaſs here; I wonder is he old, or young, or middle aged?—My dear couſin will you ſhew the gentleman up, but be you within call though.

Mrs. N. Lord Nancy, this is all very odd—for my part I've nothing to do with gentlemen, either up or down—This way, Sir, if you pleaſe? [*Exit.*

Nancy. Well this is luck indeed, if I get a place ſo ſoon—how ſtrangely my heart flutters.

Enter HORACE.

Hor. Ay, I ſuppoſe my female country manager here will be for ſending me to Coventry too—I preſume ma'am, you're the lady that adverti ſed for——

Nancy. Yes, Sir. (*curtſies, then looks with attention at Horace*) Mr. Tinſel!

Hor. My Nancy!—Why this is the moſt unexpected, the moſt fortunate meeting——

Nancy. If you think it fortunate, how could you leave me to the anger of my friends; ſcoff of the whole village; and my own bitter reflections at your ſudden departure.

Hor.

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